# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death

*The most interesting story to ever come out of GWAR is the one people know the least about. It's the story of my life, and nobody is more qualified to tell that story than me.*

APRIL 15, 2009; 7:30 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

**Note from Oderus:** Greetings, scum. Don't believe a word of what follows. This Brockie guy has been claiming to be me for years. I'd shut him up but I can never seem to get my hands on him! Anyhoo, the above shot is of Flattus, Jizmak, and Balsac, hard at work on their upcoming album, *Lust in Space*, at Richmond's Karma Studios. Notice I am not in the shot. Thats because I am taking the picture, you knob!

The most interesting story to ever come out of GWAR is the one people know the least about. It doesn't have anything to do with Balsac the Jaws of Death, Gor-Gor the tyrant lizard, or even the incredibly confusing Dr. Mr. Mrs. Prof. Skulhed...Face. It's about the people and the city that gave GWAR life. How a bunch of pot-addled art-skool rejects rose from the rubble of an abandoned milk-bottling plant on a mission to make the world a filthier place and put Richmond metal on the map in the process. It's the story of my life, and nobody is more qualified to tell that story than me.

Thats right, it's ME, Dave Brockie, semi-renown Richmond malcontent and proud portrayer of GWAR's be-nutted lead singer, Oderus Urungus. The only surviving original member. Two-time Grammy loser. For 25 years and counting I have been the shame of Richmond, and indeed, my own life. And if someone else isn't going to write my memoirs, goddammit I will! So lets get this obligatory intro section out of the way and wade into the river of smut and gore that my life has been...

For those of you that have been hanging out with Osama (ask him if he liked the sandals I sent him), GWAR is the most notorious metal band in music history. Never has a group been so successful with their asses hanging out. Our continuing displays of public sodomy, our "satanic blood orgies", the way our costumes smell...all point towards a group of artists and musicians who are deeply disturbed. But perhaps the most astonishing thing about GWAR is the legs of the project, which is now entering its 25th year of existence (on planet Earth, anyway). Who would have thought such an obnoxious concept (rubber monsters pissing on you) would be so endearing to so many.? But what's even more amazing is that

after 25 years of back-breaking labor (as my herniated L3 will tell you) and international exposure (to cholera) we are all still broke as shit.

It was a typical day. I was up early with a bong jammed in my face. There wasn't even any weed in the bowl; I was just loosely rubbing my lips on it and staring out the window. I was thinking about Municipal Waste and Lamb of God, two Richmond bands that used to open up for us were now out together on a tour where in one month they would make more money than I had in my entire life. Here I was after 25 years of slaving it out with GWAR and I barely had enough money to blow the rest of it on pot. And Campbell (Lamb of God bass player) was buying a stretch Hummer limo with a camo-paint job! It just wasn't fair. Then I realized there was a pretty good reason GWAR was never a commercial success, other than the fact that our art sucks and our music is even worse (just kidding, just kidding). It was because throughout 25 years of semi-success, I had been running around with around with my dick hanging out. I had even been arrested for it once, but did that stop me? Of course not! I just made it a foot longer and insisted in court that it was a fish. You see, I don't equate success with riches – I judge it by how much I run around with my dick hanging out. But the older and fatter I get, the more I find myself challenging some of my earlier, more idealistic notions about life. Like good things happen to good people. I was a bad person, and good stuff happened to me all the time! Like just last week, when I got sucked off.

But at the age of 45 there was one thing worrying me a little. I didn't have health insurance, and I was unlikely to get it on a GWAR salary. We are required by law to buy tour, building and just about every other kind of insurance under the sun except for… us. And ever since my ass rotted out out I have been more concerned about my health. But health concerns and funeral arrangements are just the beginnings of my lust for money! But what's an aging rocker to do, besides fill a bus with strippers and make a TV show? Then it hit me like a wet mackerel! I would write a best-selling novel filled with smut, blood, sex and rock and roll…and all of it would be true…except for the bits I make up. The story of the many lives that gave GWAR its. So let's start at the beginning…

Next time: I AM ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMALS

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 2

*Join Dave Brockie, "the foppish dandy of ye olde Richmonde Towne", and lead singer of rock-group-band GWAR, on this bi-monthy trek through the ruin of his mind. This episode: I AM ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMALS.*

APRIL 29, 2009; 9:41 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

***Authors note:*** *apologies are due to local rock superstar John "Camo" Campbell. One day, when I was cleaning out his toilet, I overheard John say (between lashes) he had recently purchased a stretch Humvee limo with a camo paint job–and actually believed him! Now I realize the folly of my ways...John definitely does NOT own a stretch Humvee limo with a camo paint job, in fact he just sold one. So, just to set the record straight, I have included a picture of John in his ride. Never let it be said...that...well, just don't say it. And thanks for the gig, buddy!*

Join Dave Brockie, "the foppish dandy of ye olde Richmonde Towne", and lead singer of rock-group-band GWAR, on this bi-monthy trek through the ruin of his mind. This episode –

# I AM ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMALS

Winter, 1966, Ottawa, Canada. One of my first memories is that of a rosy-cheeked lad in a bright yellow snow-jumper, flailing about the back yard of my families rural home. As I up-ended frozen birdbaths into the piss-streaked snow, unseen feral eyes locked upon their prey (me!) with malicious intent. Bursting from the undergrowth, a pack of wild dogs charged me, and within seconds had knocked me onto my back, surrounding me with hot snapping jaws and hot doggy-breath. The largest of the group locked its slavering grip on the hood of my ridiculous outfit, and began to drag me into the woods. Would it be long before I was licking my own genitals? Strangely, I made no attempt to resist, and began giggling madly as the pack wondered if they had picked the right baby. And any doubts they carried were doubly, nay, trebly realized with the appearance of my Mother, wielding a torn-off vacuum cleaner tube with devastating effect, as she beat the shit out of those dogs and reclaimed her youngest child..

Spring, 1984, Richmond, Va. Another drunken night in “Trashville”, a punk-squat-apartment-shithole, upstairs from the infamous “Couchville” (another shithole, but with couches). I pull myself from a Black-Labeled haze to the sound of loud voices yelling at me to wake the fuck up…o.k., o.k.…WTF? There is some weird dude in my living room holding a knife to my throat! Oh, boy! And his friend has a GUN! Within moments, me and my equally victimized roomates are gagged and bound, our arms and legs wired together with speaker cable and our heads shoved under pillows. I am pistol-whipped, poked with knives, and finally, sensing I am having too much fun, my tormentors comment on my nice ass, and how much fun raping it would be! Though we own nothing, they manage to take everything, even the pride of my life, my Mach 2 razor (hey, the two-bladed razor was BIG back then). Oh, thats right, they didn’t kill me, even when I made fun of them for accusing us of voting for Reagan.

Night, 199?– Recording “Carnival of Chaos” in Baltimore, Md., I smoke crack for the first time. Well, lets be honest, it was the first time I smoked a lot of crack. I am not a crack head (currently), in fact I didn’t really know much about it except that it was extremely naughty. There had been a headline in the Richmond paper…”Police see some Crack, fear it might spread.” After that I assumed it was just a joke! I certainly didn’t know how to smoke it, so when Racer X (that seems like a good way to avoid incriminating my bandmates—guess you’ll have to figure out who I am talking about for yourself) handed me a crack-pipe and a golfball-sized crack rock, I disappear into the bathroom and suck down about 10 lung-busters in a row. The next thing you know, I’m on the ground, the room spiraling madly, a deafeningly and high-pitched whine blotting out everything other than the fact that I AM

ABOUT TO DIE…they are pounding on the door, locked, of course, as I drag myself across the linoleum by grabbing the rim of the toilet and pulling, somehow attaining a sitting position…and proceed to splash handfuls of pissy toilet water into my cracked-out face…no wonder “Carnival of Chaos” is such a weird sounding record.

O.K., this episode wasn’t all about being attacked by wild animals, but reading it made me feel lucky to still be alive. Just wanted to get the ball rolling with some sick shit that was guaranteed to make you feel better about yourself. Now that I have lived through what I hope is the stupidest shit in my life, I am really looking forward to telling you everything about my life, and it would be a shame if I snuffed it before I got a chance to lie about everything. And I will. But for now, lets keep it smutty and violent…

**Next time: ABANDONED BY THE I.R.A.**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 3

*Join Dave Brockie, notorious Richmond malcontent, as he poops forth a pithy tale of the behind-the-scenes rise and continuing plateau of GWAR, Richmond home-town heroes and intergalactic douchebags!*

MAY 13, 2009; 7:30 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Join Dave Brockie, notorious Richmond malcontent, as he poops forth a pithy tale of the behind-the-scenes rise and continuing plateau of GWAR, Richmond home-town heroes and intergalactic douchebags! Tackle endless run-on sentences and continual shifts in tense! Gape in horror as you realize you can't read!

**Author's note:** *To protect the guilty (and their crimes are most foul...), I have changed all band members names to secret codes that can easily be figured out. They are featured in* ***BOLD FACE****.*

# ABANDONED BY THE I.R.A.

It was another typical day. I was up early, crapping in a bag, staring out the window, and wondering why the hell anyone would want to put a 40-foot tall piece of fiberglass cheese by the side of the road. I finally had some pot, but it sucked, and anyway, I had only been awake about three minutes (not long enough to find it). Outside, mile after mile of bleak middle American countryside rolled by, occasionally broken by a Walmart, a lurking State Trooper, or the aforementioned giant piece of fiberglass cheese. Around me, yet unseen, a bevy of bellicose bastards farted and bounced their way through their last couple hours of sleep before another day on tour with the smelliest, most tenacious band in rock and roll history: the mighty GWAR.

It's halfway through our 2009 "Fights of Spring", and I ponder the night before—**Racer X** (codename for band member) brought a horde of freaks into the dressing room after the show, including a couple hot-yet-wretched strippers. Sisters they were, and within seconds one was humping **Egg-Eye**'s leg. Voicing his concern regarding the proximity of her husband, he is told by her sister (who is giving an unwanted lap dance to our gay light man), "That's okay, our parents are bikers!" That explains everything!

Typical…yeah. In fact displays like that are so commonplace that I am sick to death of them (complete lie). So enough with the inflammatory stories of dubious origin! They were only designed to grab your attention for the first couple episodes until I could figure out what the hell I wanted to do with this thing. And besides, there will be plenty of time for that later. Indeed, smut will form the very backbone of this beast!

But first things first, like being born. I don't remember it, but I am pretty sure it happened. I mean, being adopted, I don't know anybody who was there…so I theoretically could be from outer space. So I had two sets of parents, the real ones, and the ones who joined the IRA. Confused? Me too, and it's my life!

I was born on August 30th, 1963 at Ottawa General Hospital in Ottawa, Canada. My biological parents were exchange students from Ireland whose strict Catholic upbringing meant any out-of-wedlock child would be stoned to death, so I was left in the care of the state so they could go back to Ireland and join the I.R.A. My parents found me eleven months later at an "every child must go" swap-meet. My huge head and whooping cough made me a stand-out. In fact they had put me in a nearby field after I blinded my nurse with a stream of caustic baby-pee. Projecting fluids has always been a strong suit for me– my phlegm-flinging could knock a maggot off a diaper-dumpster at three paces. But that was

good for my folks—you could take the sick babies home immediately; they actually paid you to take them away. That's how they had gotten my older brother, Andrew, a couple of years earlier (he had the plague). And thus destiny conspired to bring together the Brockie family, which upon my acquisition, was now complete…

My mom, bless her heart, was the strongest, sweetest, most generous, and talented person I have ever known. From her I got my love of art and music, and the occasional 20 I would pinch from her purse. My dad… was Scottish. Together they had fled a Europe devastated by the most destructive event in history. World War II was a very real event for my parents, and me as well. They were both teenagers at the time and hadn't been young enough to avoid service… and they didn't want to. It's hard for Americans to understand what it must have felt like to be a British citizen living on the home island during the year of 1940, unless you live close to Mexico. Hitler and the Nazi's had conquered most of Europe and were getting ready to invade England. There was just one little thing stopping him—the Royal Air Force, of which my parents (who at this point had yet to meet each other) were members of. My mom was a vivacious and energetic redhead and joined the Women's Air Corp, ready to do whatever she could to help her beloved England defeat the Nazi menace. My father did his best to take up arms, but his amazing mechanical abilities saved his life—they made him an aircraft mechanic rather than the pilot he wanted to be, which was a good thing as the lifespan of a combat pilot was about two weeks at best.

I have spent a lot of my life obsessed with war. I blame Hitler! If he hadn't tried to take over the freaking world maybe my folks would have had a nice, normal life. But he did, and they didn't. As the bombs of the Luftwaffe rained down on London, my beautiful mother threw herself into service, and within a year had witnessed more horror and carnage than can be easily be imagined, even in a culture like ours, completely inured to shock and tragedy. To whit–

1. Had a friend machine-gunned to death right next to her as they rode bikes to school.

2. Saw a soldier reduced to "strawberry jam" after being run over by a Sherman tank.

3. Was buried alive in the rubble of her house for three days. She held the hand of her friend as it went cold and stiff and survived on the drippings of a broken water-pipe.

4. Spent hours placing chunks of blasted humans into a wicker basket after a particularly savage air attack.

5. While working in the RAF morgue, leaned over the cadaver of a young pilot she was dressing for burial. She placed some weight on the stomach, which caused the corpse to expel gas, which made it half sit-up and moan.

Whatever horrors my mother had endured were apparently nothing compared to my dad's trials. From as early as I can remember, I was told to "never talk about it"–"it" being whatever had happened to my father in the years from 1939 to 1945. He had been shipped to Malta, a rock in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea that was a thorn in the side of the Axis for a good part of the war. Here his job was to somehow keep the few fighter aircraft they had still flying—no mean feat considering the entire North African Luftwaffe was trying to destroy them. At one point the defenders only had three fighters, all obsolete Gloucester Gladiator biplanes nicknamed "Faith", "Hope", and "Charity". One day the Germans attacked in force, strafing and bombing the airfield my father worked at. As my father leapt for a slit-trench, he felt a heavy blow, and realized he had been hit. A fragment from an exploding 20 mm cannon shell had struck him in the center of the back, passing through his chest and out the front, miraculously missing all bones, blood vessels, and organs. And he was the lucky one. A German bomb scored a direct hit on the command bunker, instantly killing everyone in my Fathers unit. He was the only survivor.

One day I came running into the living room with a new model airplane I had just completed. It was a German plane, an Me-109, the main German fighter during the Battle of Britain. My mom was napping, so I woke her up to show her, and as soon as she saw the outlines of the plane I held in my hands (I was making a strafing run on her), she screamed and fell off the couch.

I'll never forget that afternoon. The memories, long repressed, came spilling out, and I spent a long day with my mom, listening to these stories, trying to understand what kind of a world had created them. The veneer of our comfy home seemed to mask some kind of horrific hell-kingdom, a place where machines were torn apart, cities were obliterated, and people reduced to bloody pulp. The ones who survived were haunted for what was left of their lives, bearing the psychic and physical wounds in suffering silence. At the tender age of four, I had already decided the world was a completely fucked-up place.

Next episode: **THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE SLAVES**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 4

*Join Dave Brockie, "the foppish dandy of ye olde Richmonde Towne", and lead throat-thing of rock-group-band GWAR (the biggest blot on Richmond history since 6th Street Market), as he desperately tries to cash in on the sordid story of his life . This episode:* ***Take Off From the Great White North***

MAY 29, 2009; 7:30 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Join Dave Brockie, "the foppish dandy of ye olde Richmonde Towne", and lead throat-thing of rock-group-band GWAR (the biggest blot on Richmond history since 6th Street Market), as he desperately tries to cash in on the sordid story of his life . This episode–

## TAKE OFF FROM THE GREAT WHITE NORTH

Brockie, circa 1986, showing off his tiny nipples.*

I am four. In the frozen wasteland of suburban Toronto, the snow piles so deep that we shuffle through tunnels to school, the crossing guards waving flashlights to mark the way. I befriend a local badger named Violent Kenny, and a Mountie comes to my house to question

me about it. Even at this tender age, I don't snitch, and Kenny goes on to bite the Prime Minister right in the ass.

On a sidebar—it's a peculiar phenomenon that many Mounties are being murdered. Canada wonders: why are so many Mounties getting shot? Are you kidding? It's a wonder every single one isn't dome-ploded as soon as they leave the training school—I mean, have you seen those uniforms? Solid blood red, with a giant, stupid hat! They are just screaming, c'mon and shoot me!

My parents take us (me and my older brother Andrew) to the World's Fair in Toronto. We go on a ride into the center of a volcano. Inside the volcano is a giant Cyclops, which lays beneath us, clutching and grasping towards our roller-cart. This is life! I am unknown, alone, balanced on a track, above a maw, populated with fiends!

Yes, childhood is terror. Another problem I had was clowns. Any time I saw one I would break into hysterical fits of crying. One day my folks took me to a parade that featured tons of them and I freaked out so bad they had to remove me from the area. They sat me down and had a Mountie came up with his horse to try and calm me down. It probably would have worked if his horse hadn't shit on me…remember, I was only three years old, not very large, and a horse shits A LOT.

Around that time my dad had been working on the design and development of the Avro Arrow, a jet fighter for the Canadian Air Force. The project went belly up and he went looking for a new job—and found one in a new country—the good ole' U.S.A.! Dowty Rotol was a international aeronautical firm with a modest plant in the suburbs of Washington D.C. I didn't know a lot about the states, and was told, "it rained a lot" there. After snow tunnels and wild animals, that sounded pretty dull. But nevertheless my dad packed up the family and off we went.

So the Brockies (William and Marion, eight-year old Andrew, and me…) moved south and settled in Fairfax, Va. I was enrolled in Kindergarten at Oak View Elementary. There are many memories that come back in a confusing jumble, and almost all of them involve violence or weeping uncotrollably.. Within days of starting school, I had been separated from the class for threatening a classmate with a pair of scissors. Not content with eating paste and stealing milk, I launched myself into a one-man campaign of lies and destruction. Discovery of any offense would usually lead to me balling hysterically until snot exploded from my nose. I had to be the center of attention and if I wasn't I basically would scream

and cry until I was. In the meantime I discovered my life-long love for stealing and defilement. Yup, I was a bad kid.

But what was it that led me into this life of sin? And was sin even wrong? My parents weren't religious so I never had the church as a guide. Or rather I never had a priest guide me into a shadowy alcove and make sure I was "developing the right way". Thank god my parents didn't believe in that stuff. And of course the Ten Commandments were just silly.

I'm not gonna sit here and blame my assault on society on the fact that my parents lives were deserted by religion and ruined by war. I'm going to sit here and try to remember every horrible thing I did in elementary school. I warn you, you may not like me very much after this section…but hey, a lot of you don't like me now!

I was a bully and like a lot of bullies I started on helpless targets. Like…oooh…better not start using names. Lets just call her "Punching Bag", a girl I used to beat so mercilessly that they moved me out of class. One day I barged back into my ex-homeroom, ran up to her, and socked right in front of the teacher, all the while proclaiming it was "for old times sake." My next target was a male. Poor "Accordion Head" was wedged skull-first into a folding wall under a fusillade of blows. My violent rampage grew until like most bullies I picked on the wrong guy. Old "Fish-Lips" was a target of extended abuse, until he beat the living shit out of me.

Ahhh…my first ass-beating. After that my crimes became more surreptitious, more creative, and finally more destructive. My hatred was no longer focused on things that could hit back. Structures became my bane, flame was my weapon. Around this time I met "Slop-Mouth", a similarly twisted kid from up the street, and together we formed our first gang, the "Rat-Race-Zero-Messers". We had hours of fun beating each other senseless with his Dad's sole pair of boxing gloves (we took turns wearing the right-handed one). How I remember him, old "Slop-Mouth", as he rolled on his back in a puddle of mud, pants down, inserting his tiny penis into the barrel of a toy machine gun as he repeatedly screamed the words "Tommy Gun! Tommy Gun!".

Finally he moved away, but the cessation of the R.R.Z.M. did little to quell my twisted desires. I was a Prince of Liars, and would stand up at show at tell and make shit up that was considerably more interesting that listening to their crap (to me, anyway). Around this time I met "The Preacher", called so because of the station he eventually grew to attain. This kid was way sicker than I was, and in a way his hideous rampage finally put an end to my own. "The Preacher" was so crazy that a typical day would involve him running around the

neighborhood stark naked, occasionally returning to his house to shoot his Dad's gun out the window. It all came to an end the day he decided to show me his Dad's 45. What an ugly brute it was—the Colt. 45 was designed to knock down a Moro tribesman with one shot (the 38's just put holes in 'em) and I watched in awe as he pointed it at my head and pulled the trigger. You see, it wasn't loaded, and thats why a jet of flame leaped across the room, propelling the heavy slug towards my head, missing it by mere feet, ricocheting off the dresser and bouncing back across the room to shatter the mirror we were standing in front of.

Wow, I think this part of my life is worth a couple more episodes!

Next: **NUDITY, DEATH, AND 7TH GRADE...**

*only tiny in comparison to his huge head

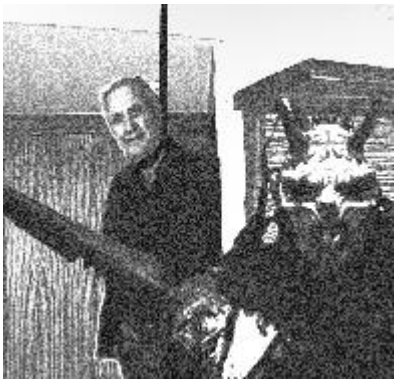
# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 5

*Take another journey into the diseased recesses of the mind of Dave Brockie, as we delve even deeper into the behind-the-scenes, tell all story of the sickest rock and roll band in rock and roll band history, the mighty GWAR. The names have been changed into code to protect the innocent, but it is almost all about me so what the hell.*

JUNE 12, 2009; 12:12 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Hold the presses! This breaking news story has just come into Slave Pit Central!

## NEW EVIDENCE SURFACES IN CARRADINE "STRANGLE AND DANGLE" PROBE



Police, still puzzling over the bizarre death of actor David Carradine, have released this grainy image, taken by a hotel security camera in the Bangkok hotel at which the actor was staying. It shows a shadowy figure thought to be that of Oderus Urungus, lead singer of the notorious rock-group-band GWAR.

"David was very interested in auto-erotic asphyxiation," said the bestial metal god, reached via carrier pigeon at the group's Antarctic fortress. "And I was interested in him pooping his pants. It was a no-brainer. And n ow he's a no-breather."

This is just the latest in a string of bizarre reports concerning the actor's death. First authorities heard rumors of a connection to the death of Bruce Lee and the famous television show, "Kung Fu", in which Carradine starred. Underworld figures allegedly

sought revenge for the stealing of the idea for the show from Lee, who was then killed to keep the crime a secret. Carradine was allegedly lured to Asia under the false pretense of starring in a new film, and then done it by a couple of Thai He-She's.

Another celebrity with ties to violence, rocker Jackson Brown, is also said to have links to the case. Brown is the ex-husband of actress Darrell Hannah, whom he was convicted of abusing in 1992. Brown was said to have held deep resentment against Carradine, who man-handled Hannah in the Quentin Tarantino film, "Kill Bill".

"Nobody slaps Darrell around but me." he is quoted as saying.

## NOW WE RETURN TO OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING

Take another journey into the diseased recesses of the mind of Dave Brockie, as we delve even deeper into the behind-the-scenes, tell all story of the sickest rock and roll band in rock and roll band history, the mighty GWAR. The names have been changed into code to protect the innocent, but it is almost all about me so what the hell. This episode–

# TO LIVE AND FRY IN L.A.

When we last left off I was burning and breaking my way through 4th grade. After I had figured out that people hit back, the non-human parts of the world became my victim. First my G.I. Joe 's died in a series of white-hot needle mutilations, complete with coffins made out of shoeboxes. These were buried in my back yard in elaborate ceremonies. Then scores of ants met their dooms as they waged their sidewalk-crack wars—I would hover over with a burning model sprue…that dripped melted plastic like the napalm I had seen on TV. We hurled bottles filled with sand at speeding cars, causing wrecks, we stole thousands of dollars of books, games, and models, we broke into a Baskin-Robbins and ate everything, we wedged great boards under palettes laden with bricks, four stories above the construction site, then pried and jimmied them all afternoon, until we finally jettisoned the load, to have it crash down upon a cement-mixer with a most satisfying crash (that almost took out the scaffolding we we standing on). Finally we were caught by the site security guard, who took us at gunpoint back to his shed and introduced us to the world of gay porn. We ran ,and he chased, and actually shot at us.

Undeterred, we set about greater crimes, but I have to save some for later so I'll shut up about that for now. I'm also a little worried people are going to start hating me more than

they already do if they hear much more about how I spent entire afternoons organizing the 3rd graders into warring factions…but you have to remember it was a kinder, simpler time. It's not like today when children are armed with assault rifles. About the worst thing that could happen to you was an chalk-dust coughing fit after getting pegged by an eraser. But this is supposed to be about GWAR, or something…maybe its time to switch gears, stop making up stories about how rotten I was, and start talking trash about all the guys in GWAR and how I am actually the biggest reason that GWAR is such a failure.

Oh wait, one more, we burned down a house. Awww, come on, nobody was in it!

Fast forward 40 years. I am sitting at a conference table in Simi Valley Ca., in the offices of Metal Blade Records, debating strategy with a room full of label employees. We are gearing up for the release of our new album, "Lust in Space", and the 25th anniversary of GWAR's de-thawing on planet Earth. At my side is "The Big Guy", my loyal and large manager of the last ten years, rumored to have ties to more than a couple Irish mobs. Arranged about the room is The Bagel, chief executive and hockey enthusiast, Flaily, his go-to-guy and published military historian, and finally right across from me (by design of course), a huge pair of tits. The agenda is happening, the staff excited, and I confidently steer the meeting through three hours of discussion regarding everything from internet sales, Hot Topic (can you believe that Cannibal Corpse actually sells the majority of their albums there?), and whether or not Oderus can sport his Cuttlefish in our upcoming video. I gesture, nod, and palaver, continually drawn to the mam-sacks across the table. After that me and The Big Guy drive all the way through L.A., down to Studio City, where we attend another meeting with the TV company that is trying to get us a reality show. We meet the president of the company, Yahoo Serious (not really, but I am sticking to this code-name thing, at least when I feel like it). I am erudite, clean, engaging, and most importantly not out of my mind on drugs. How different than my L.A. Trips of the past!

I have always been good at talking people into things, or at least getting them to not want to try and stop me. So when the opportunity to go to L.A. and meet with the label or whatever arose, I was always the first one to make up a bunch of bogus reasons as to why I was the one who had to go. One particularly drug-soaked episode occurred in…umm…o.k., I don't know when, but I am pretty sure it occurred. I was in town to meet the label, pitch a GWAR video game, and play golf with Tommy Lee. Things got off to a horrible start immediately…I went to a party the first night I got there and was having a great time. I was hanging out with Dark Cloud, an old Squad Leader buddy (geeky World War II boardgame), and a bunch of his hot model friends. I was particularly enamored with the leggy blonde that was having the party. Some candles were out on the table and she asked me to blow one out…I put my

face up right next to the thing and blew—causing the molten candle wax to go everywhere, especially my face. Screaming, I ran into the bathroom, knocking over several trays of coke in the process. My face was covered in livid wax-burns. I looked like Richard Pryor after his flaming freebase incident. And I had meetings all week. Wonderful!

But that was just the beginning of my spiral into drug-soaked idiocy. The week became a melange of various chemicals, as I smoked crystal, snorted coke, and finally ate animal tranquilizer. This led to me shooting a horrible round of golf at Malibu Country Club. After that it was back to Tommy Lee's house to drink huge glasses of vodka and watch him disappear with my female companion in an elevator that went straight to his bedroom. I ended up in my room at the Roosevelt, where I smashed through the glass of a coffee table I was dancing on, somehow managing not to injure myself. I guess the powers that be decided my molten face was enough punishment. Panic seized me! What could I do? The cops were going to come! I quickly piled the rooms contents against the window, then got on the phone. I called every escort service in town, all the while masturbating furiously. At one point some weird chick showed up at my door with lipstick smeared all over her face. Getting rid of her took several hours, and I managed to miss my flight…things were getting out of control. I was going to end up in a cell, a madhouse or worse…unless I could find that Xanex I knew that I had! Somewhere in the dripping cortex of my drug-addled brain, I remembered being handed one, along with the words "you are going to need this later…" This was the only substance that could possibly help me…and I proceeded to tear the room apart in my quest for it. This took another several hours until I finally located the missing tablet in the lining of my shorts. That was it! I was outta there. I didn't even check out, just ran to a cab, drove to the airport, and took my mangled face home.

But it wasn't over. As soon as I got home I got a frantic call from my bank—over the weekend somebody in California had gotten a hold of my credit card—and charged up over 6000.00 dollars worth of room charges, including a destroyed table.

I'm not like that anymore. I decided I wanted to live. Unfortunately it took a couple brushes with the Grim Reaper to reach that conclusion. So you have that to look forward to, if you are enjoying reading this!

Next episode : High School, The Ramones, and Nuclear Dog Shit…

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 6

*Well, I'm back! I went on vacation, and it's over, so it's time to get my nose out of the coke-pile (it's all gone anyway) and back into the grindstone, start scraping the bong and become the broke-ass artist I was before I blew all of my money pretending I was rich. This episode: Back in the Saddle, or at Least Under the Horse...*

JULY 10, 2009; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## BACK IN THE SADDLE, OR AT LEAST UNDER THE HORSE

### Oderus on Fox News's Red Eye

Well, I'm back! I went on vacation, and it's over, so it's time to get my nose out of the coke-pile (it's all gone anyway) and back into the grindstone, start scraping the bong and become the broke-ass artist I was before I blew all of my money pretending I was rich. But that's what vacations are all about, right? You save up your cash and go to a magical, all-inclusive kingdom of endless buffets and bikini-clad nubiles...for a week or so. Then you are broke as shit again. Was it worth it? Hell yeah!

I was really on a roll with this column, and it might take a while to get it going again. So bear with me as I get my shit together. This one might not be as fudge-packed as you may like, but you know there is plenty of shit up there.

I apologize deeply for missing the last installment, but I needed a break. This year has already been packed with drama and action—and its been a hell of a lot better than the start of last year, when I almost croaked on my bedroom floor, my body poisoned with narcotics, surrounded by EMTs, slobber blurbling down my face as I screamed repeatedly "HELP ME PLEASE I DON'T WANT TO DIE!"

Well, I didn't, and so far, this year has been a big improvement over the last. The fact that I'm not in a pine box being feasted on by maggots is a big plus! Even the quality of life between right now and the way I felt when I started writing this column has improved substantively. And when I say quality, I figure it like this: if you took a bunch of different indicators of life's joy, like how interesting my work is, how good the food tastes, where/ how I am sleeping, my sex life, and my financial situation…what else…oh, how I am shitting…VERY important (especially after coming through a period of about two years where I could not make a solid one) – Ok, if you took all these things, threw in what new toys have I have recently acquired, and discovered that most/ all of them were either acceptable or even awesome then you would be one happy mother scratcher! And that would be me, because with the exception of one category, I seem to be doing quite nicely here! But I am not indulging in a bunch of self-congratulatory flab-jabbing. I recognize all too well that at any moment everything could turn to shit. As a recovering drug addict and alcoholic, I can never forget that. I am simply recognizing that good stuff is popping off all over and life has been wonderful enough to give me another chance. But unless I am on top of my game things could flail-out quickly. So now is a good time to pause and reflect on what has been done, what has yet to be… and hopefully how to do it right.

Vacation was good. I went somewhere beautiful with some people that love me, and I love back with all my heart. That's all you get of that. Then it was back to R-town to hook up with The Lurker and go out to the World Series of Poker in Las Vegas, to cheer on my buddy Buddha-Buddha (I love making up nicknames for my friends), who had won his way into the event through a satellite event. He had just busted out of the tournament but still had his suite at the Rio so we went to console him and ourselves at the Rio's famous all-you-can-eat seafood buffet. Its truly a testament to the disparity of our society when many lower income families can barely afford to give their kids macaroni, but here we have hordes of fatsos and their fatter wives (nothing against them, except they are disgusting, and they have even fatter kids…) shelling out 40 bucks a pop to gorge themselves on mountains of

sushi and shellfish in the middle of the desert. But then again, nothing about Vegas makes much sense.

While I was there I did my third episode of Fox News Red Eye, a late-night news spoof hosted by the delightfully miniature Greg Gutfeld, former MAXIM editor. I am not quite sure how I ended up with this gig, all I know is that I have parlayed my first appearance into two more, and have somehow gained the title of "Interplanetary Correspondent." My face (my hideous, meaty, Oderus face) appeared on the Fox website right next to Bill O'Reilly's, and in fact my spots have been the most watched video clips of the week. Does this mean I am rich or even any better off? Of course not. Such events are invariably chalked off as "good publicity" and therefore any cash handed out would be redundantly rewarding.

But the Red Eye thing is just another sign that big things are happening for GWAR. This whole summer has been a blur of me traveling to one press event to another, all the while with my ass hanging out. One weekend I am terrorizing the Fangoria Convention in NYC, the next I am choking out Tracy Smothers at some bizarre West Virginia Wrestling Federation event. Then it's back to the Slave Pit to work feverishly preparing for GWAR's first ever appearance at Wacken, Germany's largest metal festival. And right around the corner– for twenty years we have tried to get GWAR into the San Diego ComicCon, and for twenty years we have been less-than-politely refused. This year Vice Magazine and Electronic Arts are paying us ass-loads of cash to be there.

We're back with Metal Blade, and the new album is set to drop August 18th… and damned if it isn't our best yet. Guitar Hero is calling about "Gor-Gor", and…who knew? The very band I was bitching about riding around in stretch Humvee's (yes, a complete lie…), Richmond's other hometown heroes, Lamb of God, are re-paying the favor we did them years ago (taking them out on their first major tour) by taking us out on their gi-normous fall-winter tour!

Could it be that after 25 years of endless labor and soggy shorts, wretched excess and lost Grammys, that GWAR could actually be on the verge of the commercial success which we have always lacked? That maybe we can actually hook up these loyal slaves with not only with free pizza, but a decent salary, or even a health care plan? That perchance they can stop blaming me for listening to my bloated lies and wasting the better part of their lives?

It's been like jerking off for 25 years and not blowing a load… but what is that tickling feeling… is GWAR getting ready to come for real, and not just blow a bunch of water with coffee creamer mixed in it? Could it be that maybe… just maybe… things would be different this time?

Probably not. But goddamn it, that's the nature of the beast. Every time you think you are going to make a breakthrough, they just give you enough to think that maybe you will next time. And that's just enough to keep you going… until you lie broken and wasted on the rocks of your own demise.

But wait… for those of you who have been reading these episodes, and who are wondering where the hell are the disgusting stories about all the crazy shit I used to get up to… well, you are gonna have to wait until the next episode. Too much has happened in the last couple weeks for me to report clearly on what the hell came before now. So this one has just been to get me caught up again, and get back in the groove of pecking out my life story on my trusty Toshiba laptop. I promise I will be back in two weeks and we will pick up right where we left off—I believe I was about ready to introduce you to my gay brother, bring you along through the birth of punk rock, and explain why Ian Makaye is such a fucking asshole. Hell awaits!

NEXT EPISODE: SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 7

*Corresponding all they way from Comic-Con 2009 in San Diego, Dave Brockie picks up where he left off in his always-shocking, never-boring tale of how he became the man we know today.*

JULY 24, 2009; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

*Brockie, Summer 2009, the Slave Pit.*

It's 1978. Somewhere, Sid Vicious is shooting up. I'm standing in Dulles Airport with my Dad, waiting for my brother Andrew to come through the doors of the international arrival lounge. He's been in England for the last couple months, hanging out with the relatives and having fun in London. Actually he was learning how to take it up the ass, but more on that later.

As I have explained in past episodes, my parents were both immigrants to this great country (Canada first, and finally here), and had left the great majority of both families in England and Scotland. We would visit on occasion but this time my bro had gone on his own, a reward for his amazing academic achievements – never my strongest suit, unless you considered urinating in the water fountain to be worthy of scholastic kudos. As I went down my path of suburban terrorism, my older brother went in a much different direction. Standing there before those swinging black doors, my Dad and I were about to find out just how just how different a direction that was…

The doors swung open wide, and there he was. Andrew, gay as hell. The first thing I noticed was his foot-high platform boots. Then, in quick succession, his handle-bar mustache (he was a hairy high-schooler), his swishy scarf, and finally the Frisbee-sized gay pride button. The huge smile on his face offset the lack of one on my fathers as my gay bro minced across the arrival lounge and shook his tiny ass, setting off an explosion of fabric from his gigantic bell-bottom pants. Later, I would think that this was one of the last truly happy moments of his life. He had just returned from an amazing journey of self-realization, in an environment where he was surrounded by like-minded people, people who had helped him come to grips and acceptance of his sexuality, and blown him. To find yourself after years of searching must have been a great feeling. As I rushed to my beloved brother, embracing him in a mush of clattering buttons, I realized and accepted his homosexuality in a heartbeat. I didn't give a shit! My mother would have a similar attitude. But my father and society in general had other ideas… one's involving hatred and humiliation, scorn and ignorance. America in the mid-seventies was not exactly the most accepting culture for such behavior. Sitcoms like "Will and Grace" were a long way off. As we gathered up Andrew's gear (gay luggage as well) and drove back to Fairfax, we had little understanding of the word of hurt that lay in store for him… and us.

Andrew had always been pretty awesome in my eyes. His gayness made him even more so. He never backed down to the jock assholes who would tease him mercilessly. He had some balls, balls that would be tongued and fondled, balls that would be rubbed raw by the hairy jowls of the weird men my brother had sex with in the D.C. bathhouse scene. He never beat the shit out of me or did much of that "older brother" crap. He never tried to blow me. My

brother was one of those guys that teachers loved. He was always staying after school in the "computer room", teaching kids way older than him how to write programs on seventies-era Commodore computers. He was a genius whose near-perfect SAT's landed him in the "Who's Who of America High School Students". That made him one of the few students so honored that actually failed to graduate high school.

You see, we went to Robinson High School, one of the largest in the state, encompassing 7th through 12th grades and accommodating close to 5000 students. And of those 5000 I believe 4999 weren't gay, or at least wouldn't publicly admit it. High school is one of the cruelest of camps, and he had no problem walking around looking like Elton John from the Captain Fantastic era. And as the abuse from his schoolmates grew, Andrew's interest in attending school became less and less.

Andrew was so important to me in so many ways. Besides being a fearless pioneer into the world of alternate lifestyles, thus encouraging me to do the same (just not with cocks), he was the person that introduced me to music. He was there when I bought my first album, "Welcome to my Nightmare" by Alice Cooper. On that day he picked up "Young Americans" by Bowie. I don't know what upset my parents more—the black widows all over the "Nightmare" art or the womanly, manicured fingernails Bowie was sporting on his record. But it was notable to me that it did upset them!

I think my brothers realization of his gayness led me to question my own role in life and seek my own path of self-expression with a greater fervor. Up until then my subversion had been fairly low-key, or at least I hadn't gotten caught yet. To all appearances I was a fairly normal-looking teenager (with a head the size of a watermelon), not allied with any particular group or movement. Andrew had already gone gay so that was out, and besides, I didn't like the taste of human sperm. So I began to cast about for something a little more substantial than D+D, shoplifting, and vandalism. And it came… on the television.

One night, my Mom and I were watching the "Tomorrow" show with Tom Snyder… and my life changed just as dramatically as my brothers did the first time he had a penis rammed up his ass.

Tom was talking about this crazy new music coming out of England and the freaks that loved it. "Punk Rock" was the latest in teen angst and the report featured footage straight out of London clubs showing leather-clad and spiky haired kids "pogoing". It looked like they were beating the shit out of each other! Apparently the leaders of this movement were a band of snarling snots who went by the name of "Sex Pistols", and their antics were pissing

off everyone from the Queen on down. As Tom Snyder's nasal monotone became a sub-sonic rumbling of unintelligible babble, I was instantly and forevermore riveted to this thing, despite his best efforts to report on how this music was the greatest threat to civilization since gay people.

"That's just terrible," said my Mom from the couch where she was to live the last two decades of her life. "What's wrong with kids today?"

"I don't know, Mom," I said. But I wanted to know. I wanted to be wrong, too.

In my glue-damaged brain, I actually thought that KISS was probably a punk rock band, what with all the spikes and stuff…

NEXT TIME! HARDCORE! POT! ACID! AND THE FIRST TIME I GOT A BLOW JOB!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 8

*After a brief hiatus (during which he basically circled the globe multiple times) Dave Brockie picks up where he left off in the sordid tale that is his life. This time Dave gives us a glimpse into that most pivotal time of his life: when he discovered punk rock.*

AUGUST 14, 2009; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

*Alex Skolnick (Testament), an unidentified German fan,*
*me, and a couple of borrowed vests, at the Wacken Open Air Festival, 2009...*

Wowsers. In the last few weeks I have been from Las Vegas (for the World Series of Poker) to San Diego (for Comi-Con) to Germany (for the Wacken Open-Air metal festival), to Cave-In Rock, Illinois (for the Gathering of the Juggalos), to Amsterdam (for the weed!), the whole time with my dick hanging out. Oderus has been slaying (and flying) non-stop in a series of promotional events all leading up to the release of our latest and greatest album, LUST IN SPACE, dropping (is that a rap thing?) on August 19th. And I'm glad to say my gig on FOX News is getting more attention all the time. I just did *Red Eye* again, and the next time I am on I am doing the whole show! How long can it be before Oderus gets his own TV

show? How long can I keep this up without a dental plan? Could the success we have been chasing for 25 years be just around the corner? Being in GWAR has been like masturbating for 25 years and not getting off. If I don't blow a nut this time around I think I might explode.

Which makes keeping this thing going more important… this is crazy shit going on, right in front of our eyes and deep within our nostrils. Its easy to forget what has come before when there is so much to the now. Yet we must not!

I have no doubt that people are going to look back on what we have done and mention us in the same breath as Carrot-top and Boxcar Willie. So lets get back to…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH:
# SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL PART 2

I was ready to leave behind the cruel and destructive ways of my childhood and move on into the cruel and destructive ways of my teenage years. Punk rock was just starting—this was a chance to get in on the ground floor! To a completely self-obsessed, selfish and desperately insecure little shit such as myself it seemed the perfect way to express myself. Carefully I began to construct my brand-new punk rock personality. I didn't have a lot to go on…just the TV (no MTV yet!) and the record shop up at the mall. They actually did a pretty good job bringing in the new music. I was listening to The Buzzcocks, the Dickies, The Clash and of course the Pistols in 1977. I was 15 years old. Then I found out about the Ramones, and read a review of their live show in Rolling Stone magazine. In a few days I had a copy of Rocket to Russia on my stereo…and it was over.

Much to my shame, my Ted Nugent records died in a blaze of betrayal and kerosene (years later I met him and he was a complete asshole, so I am not too tortured by my decision). He hadn't put out a good album since "Cat Scratch Fever" and I craved new kicks. So I was a convert to punk. I was probably the first "punk" in Robinson High School, and considering this was just two years after my brother had proclaimed himself as the first gay student, threatening episodes in the halls of high school horror were commonplace.

My first crude fashioning of my punk-rock persona was fucking pathetic. I was kinda a mix between Johnny Ramone and Sid Vicious. I had long gay hair and the trademark leather jacket…except it wasn't. I had saved up 200 dollars from my job at McDonald's and went to the local leather store to claim my black motorcycle jacket, but they were all out. Always the impulse buyer, I instead chose a brown bomber-style one. Duh! It didn't look as cool but hey, it was leather, and more importantly it was mine! A trip to the local pet store and an elaborate lie (something about a costume for a drama class production) got me a bunch of dog chains which soon festooned my new jacket, along with a bunch of homemade punk rock buttons. A pair of combat boots completed the outfit. I was a punk rocker! And in an 1980 hostile, high school environment, that could be downright dangerous…

It all came to a head one day in the smoking lounge. As unbelievable as it sounds, back then high schools actually had areas set aside for students to smoke in-between classes. Today that seems completely insane but back in the 80's there was no doubt that we were Virginia—hell, one of the things you learn at school is how to smoke.

All the different cliques had their little areas that they hung out and smoked at in between classes. The break after second period was actually called "Smoke Break" by the school! Ahhh, those days… but I dither… our little gang of malcontents had our corner and our main rivals, "The Grits," hung out in a outdoor staircase overlooking our spot at the end of the bench. From this strategically inferior position I often met the sullen glare of the groups cretinous leader, the dreaded Rusty. Rusty was a mutant mongoloid redneck type, short of stature and long of high school…because Rusty had failed his last three attempts at getting out of the 10th grade. With the short-billed biker cap, the denim vest and the biker wallet, Rusty was the picture of redneck menace, rumored to be at least 20 years old. And we were on a collision course with each other.

The war began as most wars do… for no reason. First with rumors, then then words… something like…

"Hey, Brockie, how's that faggot brother of yours?"

Actually Andrew wasn't doing all that well. His interest in academics was rapidly being replaced by his love of his new gay lifestyle and the pre-AIDS D.C. gay scene. Clubs and bathhouses… and, as I discovered with horror, hard drugs, had replaced his computer buddies and the Latin Club. It wasn't too surprising as every time he showed his face in the halls he was the object of abuse. Courage only lasts so long.

What was needed was a gesture of defiance, so we decided to strike back. Late one spring night, I snuck from my parents house and met The Mantis and his VW bug, the Herbacious. I had a basement bedroom with it's own door at the bottom of a stairwell. The frame was always swollen with moisture so opening it produced a loud groan I was sure my folks would one night hear… but they never did. Our midnight rambles were legendary.

So that night we scaled the roof of the school and ran furtively across it in the pitch darkness, our goal being the cement staircase the Grits called their own. Suddenly a great gulf yawned in front of me! I had run right to the edge of a 30-foot drop-off and only my instincts had saved me from tumbling head first into it. Aghast at this brush with death, with trembling hands I completed the rest of my mission—which I beheld the next morning.

I had purposely gone to "smoke break" with this brainy senior named Gabby I was trying to make-out with. With pride, I motioned towards my vandalism with which I had defaced the wall of the Grits sacred smoke-pit, around which they were now clustered, looking upon my handiwork with loathing and then at me with malicious intent.

The words "SID VICIOUS LIVES" had been marked with bloody red spray paint, for all to see. Beaming, I turned to my be-titted companion. I was gonna so get to second base!

"You misspelled "vicious"," she said, snapping her gum, "it looks more like "vichyssoise"…" Her young, firm boobs were replaced by a vision of cold potato soup, and Rusty's scowling visage, his dull eyes promising vengeance. It came later that afternoon in the form of a hurled paint balloon. It didn't score a direct hit but its message was clear—it was the Punks vs. The Grits, after school, in the smoking lounge…

I geared up for my first gang fight.

**NEXT TIME: The colossal showdown, Ian Makaye, sexy scenes, genital shaving, my first blow-job (whoops thought I was supposed to do that this time, just remembered), and finally NUCLEAR DOG SHIT.**

Here's an excerpt from the next episode… kinda a "excerpt-sode".

"Still I wasn't getting laid. I had accidentally discovered masturbating and was in the process of wearing great red holes in my still-growing member. But when I finally got a chance to actually have sex, my penis went inexplicably limp. Here I was, in the woods before a basketball game, pants down, penis in the mouth of a 14-year-old girl, and nothing

was happening, even when I thought about my Mom. At the time I didn't realize that jerking off eight times a day was sapping my potentcy to a certain extent."

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 9

*So we were set. The smoking lounge was chosen, the time was set. It was "the punks" vs. "the grits" in a fight to the death. Or at least until the bus got there.*

AUGUST 28, 2009; 11:59 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## CLASH OF TITANS

(Photo by Matt Boron)

It's been a busy and rewarding time. As long as you consider just barely keeping it together "rewarding." My gig on Red Eye is still going strong, and I am surprised as anyone. I will be on again September 2nd, this time for the whole freaking hour. I swear I will bring back a picture of Oderus and Bill O'Reilly. Then we will know the Mayans were right!

I have been doing all kinds of inane stunts, from wrestling a savage redneck to diving into a gigantic pile of nachos. All of this in celebration of our new album,LUST IN SPACE and our 25th anniversary. Apparently there is nothing I won't do, to whit...

Under a baking sun, and after shot-gunning several beers, I flung myself and about 50 pounds of rubber and leather into a gigantic pit of nachos. As I flopped about in the chips and goo, surrounded by people hurling wads of greasy corn meal at my nether regions, I sorta felt like The Hunchback of Notre Dame being whipped on the public block, except it wasn't a whip, it was nachos, and I'm no hunchback! I pulled my head from the muck with a prolonged squish, and found myself staring into the face of Lamb of God singer, Randy Blythe, who was standing a few feet away from me with an expression that could only say…"Dude, I am so glad I am not you…"

## Last time, this was what I wrote I would write about next time…

The colossal showdown, Ian Makaye, sexy scenes, genital shaving, my first blow-job (whoops thought I was supposed to do that this time, just remembered), and finally NUCLEAR DOG SHIT.

I always say that but never do! But using the miracle of the copy and paste keys, I shall keep my word!

## The colossal showdown

So we were set. For the affront of hurling a paint bomb at me and my proto-punk friends, there was gonna be a rumble. And remember, this was from an era where such things were real– I could actually get punched or maybe even stabbed with a sharpened pencil! The smoking lounge was chosen, the time was set. It was "the punks" vs. "the grits" in a fight to the death. Or at least until the bus got there.

I spent the afternoon cutting classes and ended up hanging out by "The Little Theater," as they called our… umm… little theater. For some asinine reason Conway Twitty was playing there, so we stole the last two letters of his name and drew a huge axe through his skull on the marquee. The rest of the day was spent getting a group of seventh-graders to beat the shit out of each other. I had a talent for manipulating people into doing awful things. Still do!

The hour finally arrived. Pretty much the entire school had heard about the big fight and everybody was there, smoking. The patch of cement between my now-iconic "Sid Vichyssoise Lives" tag and our end of the bike rack was the designated battleground. But there was some debate amongst the ranks as to who would be our champion. Being largest

and loudest, the natural choice was me, but being at heart a wormy coward, I was all-too-quickly moved off my self-appointed pedestal as we began arguing about who got the honor of kicking Rusty's ass—or visa versa.

As we argued we didn't notice our enemies closing in on us. Suddenly Rusty stepped forth from the wave of denim and let loose with his peculiar war-cry, kind of a cross between some kind of prehistoric moose and a beer-belch. Sulfurous vapor (Marlboro Reds) escaped the plaquey chasms of his rotted mouth as his stout, keg-with-legs body marched right at us, expertly flicking his burning cigarette to the exact point where the soul of his boot met the ground and moved on—the features of his grotesque, pimply face writhed like a can of worms, actually bursting pimples. It was horrible!

Things assumed a slow-motion quality. Rusty was coming. My buddy Stiv (once again names changed to protect the guilty), a tallow-skinned individual with a rat-like countenance, reached into his jacket, hand emerging with a seductively uncoiling length of steel chain. Rusty pulled up short on his attack, his beady eyes fixing on the weapon which went from seductively uncoiling to completely ridiculous as it hung from Stiv's hand, limp and useless. He looked like he lost a dog.

Always remember: SWING chains!

Everybody in the Smoking Lounge was looking at Stiv with amazement. Nobody had ever seen a chain used and it looked like they weren't going to any time soon. To his credit, Rusty was the first to break the tableau. That and Stiv's jaw as Rusty stepped up and teed off. Aghast, I watched him wind up and deliver his meaty fist into Stiv's face with pulverizing force, a meaty sound that said ouch. The follow-through almost took Rusty off his feet but not Stiv. Stiv just stood there, wavering in the breeze, until a bright dribble of blood emerged from his lips, slashed down and off his chin, and onto the idiotic thin-tie he was wearing (Stiv was more New-Wave than punk). Then the lights went out. Stiv slowly toppled backwards, gaining speed, the forces of gravity and mass becoming clear, and as the shadow leapt to its maker they became one, and his journey ended with a colossal impact. He was out cold.

Now things went to fast-motion. I looked at Stiv. Rusty looked at Stiv. Then we looked at each other. The next thing I knew we had wrapped our bodies around themselves in a frantic embrace which took us to the ground and around the bike rack in a series of messy wrestlings. At one point I was able to get my adversaries face between my legs (lucky me!) and release a fusillade of blows on his juddering features. His crab-like eyes, wide with

terror, rolled in their sockets. I could tell by the grease on my hand that I had struck home, and as he wrapped his stubby legs around my waist we continued to thrash about until Stark the Narc (real name and nick!), the schools security supervisor, burst in and put an end to the fray.

We didn't get into any trouble. We never did, even though Stark said that we "got what we deserved" because we "dressed provocatively". It was hard to declare a victor, so basically there was just a loser, Stiv, the dumb-ass who pulled out the chain and got knocked out with one of Rusty's hammy hands. Rusty was a beast, and I had wrestled him to a draw, so I came out of it pretty well. The respect that followed was certainly better than what I had garnered from what would later be dubbed "The Vichyssoise Incident". I did a lot better with "The Battle of the Smoking Lounge". Maybe I could get laid now!

**Next time : Ian Macaye is a dick!**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 10

*After a wild and crazy summer and just as he embarks upon a three-month tour, Dave Brockie is back to add to his sordid (but always entertaining) collection of tales on how he became the man he is today.*

SEPTEMBER 25, 2009; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

My office, appearing daily, for the next three months. Note the Kindle 2. Those things rule! And yes, I am my own screen saver. Pathetic!

Whew! I sure am glad that is over. This summer I mean. Yeah, it was awesome and amazing and full of crazy events, and yes, I am still picking nachos out of my crack. Check out some of the nutty, wacky, STUFF I have been up to, at the following places...

- ODERUS appears on Opie and Anthony
- ODERUS appears on Fox News Red Eye and speaks on Sex and the City
- ODERUS appears on Fox News Red Eye and speaks on smelly people in Hawaii
- ODERUS appears on Fox News Red Eye and sings Happy Birthday
- Some hack and impersonator named Dave Brockie interviews ODERUS URUNGUS

So now we are out on the big "LUST IN SPACE" Tour with Richmond's finest, Lamb of God, as well as Job For a Cowboy and later Red Chord. What can I say…it's loud! Over three months of touring, done by Christmas. So many people are going to see my ass.

Ya know one of the bummers about being in GWAR? I will never get to see my band play! Maybe that's a good thing. Nevertheless, you people better be at The Nationalthis year.

But let's not dither on about my life as a pseudo-rock star. We have to get back to…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Part 10: IAN MAKAYE IS A DICK!

After my face-off with Rusty, I set about two things above all others: playing in a band and trying to get laid. Surely someone, nay, something, would have sex with me now. I had face-smeared few hotties over the course of high school, but I never quite reached discharge. I had my penis mouthed while playing my guitar… that's right, not a blow-job, a penis-mouthing. A few times my dick was actually poking about close to a (human) vagina, getting all tangled up in panties and fingers, but never quite making it into the squish-zone. I was getting pretty frustrated. Then one day I ran into Big Boo in the smoking lounge.

Someone had told me she wanted to make out with me. I blurted out some story about helping me "look for some pot I had lost" in the woods out next to the school. So innocent back then, these woods today conceal a minefield. But back then we had no such worries, we just had to keep an eye out for Stark the Narc who was known to occasionally bumble about through the bushes using a yardstick as a machete. But not today, and as soon as I got her into the foliage I set upon her. Within seconds it was over, and we were stumbling down the hill and back to class, without the pot which had never existed. Already anticipating the rest of my life, I never talked to her again!

Meanwhile I was was busy doing the things I figured a punk rocker would do: drink, vandalize, and generally cause havoc. Me and my pal SS formed our first band, NUCLEAR DOG SHIT. We tried out for the talent show with our theme song, "Theme Song." The lyrics went something like this…

> Nuke nuke nuclear—nuclear–dog shit!
> Nuke nuke nuclear—nuclear—dog shit!
> Have you heard about the hot tub craze?
> A rock in your shoe makes you limp for days!
> I think camels should all smoke grass…
> I like to eat…raw bass!

At that point SS flung a dead fish at the judges. It went over so horribly that I ran down the hall and put a trash can over my head. The waste-paper basket wouldn't fit!

Nuclear Dog Shit was my first band, and my first band break-up. After that was the Sub-Urbans. We did all Ramones covers. I played guitar and looked just like Johnny Ramone, even if I didn't sound like him. Practice was always fun–we'd do "Blitzkrieg Bop" about ten times and smoke weed. But then for some inexplicable reason we added a female singer (a chick, and not even very hot), and another guitar player. We changed the name to "The Suburban Punks" and started playing Zeppelin… and it sucked. Low points included un-plugging myself at the talent show while threatening a special ed. kid that was trying to take photos. Nobody cared, but I wouldn't give up. We kept coming up with weird, funny projects to keep us occupied. We had to do something other than take acid, which we did pretty much everyday!

My first "avant-garde" project was an acoustic band called "Yams on Wheels". You might as well have just called it "Dave on Drugs". We did a take-off of the "Westworld" movies called "Deathworld" about cowboy robots (named "Yul", "Bren", and "Ur") killing high school kids. I would die to see that fucking movie again. It was one of mine and The Mantis's first creative hookups. If you had told us then that in only ten short years GWAR would be born, and we were gonna be in the coolest band ever… well, I think we would have just shit!

But that was a long way off. I hadn't even gotten my first blow-job yet (though I had had my penis mouthed). But life was changing. Around there in 10th or 11th grade, my brother moved into D.C. Sick of the incessant teasing (and the occasional beating), he had dropped out a couple years before and was spending all his time downtown., getting his gay on and selling us Orange Sunshine. Me and guys like Mantis, SS, and Suh-Hed would pile into my

VW Fastback and take the 20 minute drive to my brother's house on Capitol Hill where he would protect us from his gay friends predations and give us really good acid. We'd listen to music together and laugh about what dicks our parents were. Out of high school, Andrew seemed so much happier. He might not of graduated but had still made the Who's Who of American High School Students for his almost perfect SATs.

It didn't seem too much to think that after he settled down with the all-night gay bath parties that Andrew would find something to do besides shoot drugs, which he had just found out about, and I had just caught him doing. I can remember being so young and naive that the very idea of drugs ever entering our family was just inconceivable. I mean, those anti-drug commercials were scary (and kinda enticing in a weird way… I mean, who didn't want to see their brain fried like an egg, at least for a couple of hours?). And there I was smoking weed while lecturing my brother on how stupid he was for shooting dope.

Drugs and music were everywhere, and we fully indulged in both. I mean it was 1980! Rock and roll hadn't been around long enough to really suck yet… well there was the Greatful Dead, they always sucked. I had been to a few arena tours at the venerable Capitol Center where I saw lots of the days big arena acts like Styx, Priest, Springsteen, and The Who. In fact my first ever show was Ted Nugent, The Scorpions, and Blackfoot. Then with my brother's guidance we started going to catch acts like The Police, The B-52's and U2 in places D.C. like the original 9:30 Club or the Warner Theatre. When we heard the Ramones were coming we went ape shit. We used to go see "Rock and Roll High School" at the midnight movie, totally on acid, stand up in front of the screen and pretend we were the Ramones! Finally we made the trip up to Maryland and saw them play on the "Road to Ruin" tour. I got right in front and caught one of Johnny Ramone's guitar picks. But the plot thickens! The band that opened for the Ramones was called the "Slickee Boys." If you have never heard of them, they were pretty big around D.C. for a while. They were a goofy Dickies-esque kinda band, featuring notorious guitarist Kim Kayne, who rocked a Fender Mustang with a plastic pork-chop taped to his ankle. We started following them around because they seemed to be having more fun than us, and finally caught them at a notorious D.C. dive bar called D.C. Space. There were two opening bands I had never heard of and we got there just as the first one was starting.

It was a band called Minor Threat.

The first time you see a real slam pit can be a shocking experience, especially when you have little in the way of frame of reference. This was my first hardcore show, and I had never even heard of it! It was so new that I had no idea it existed, and I considered myself a "punk." The

band exploded with the fastest shit I had ever heard. WAY faster than the Ramones, light-years faster… and the floor just erupted with a snarling mass of glowering skinheads seemingly bent on getting the shit beaten out of them. Then I noticed a strange hierarchy. It was the more skinny-tie or new wavey looking types that were getting slammed into walls, kicked in the chest, elbowed in the nose, etc. I didn't want to be that guy. "The Georgetown Punks" were a loosely knit group of proto-punks who were just starting the D.C. Hardcore scene. Based around their label, Dischord Records, and their "straight edge" lifestyle. And that night was my first impression of them. I gaped in shock and awe as the band pummeled its way through its 20-minute set and was quickly replaced by another band that did the same thing. This band was called SOA (State of Alert) was led by a young Henry Rollins who was at the time mere months away from joining seminal L.A. hardcore band Black Flag. It was a pretty formidable collection of music, ideas, and personality, and even if I didn't agree with all of their philosophies. I loved the shit out of their bands. They were building an empire and I wanted in. But how to make friends with them?

I would pretend to be from England! And vandalize!

Operation "Make Friends With the Georgetown Punks" started with me driving deep into the city in search of a hardcore show I had heard about at an old high school. When I arrived I immediately began to win over people by pretending to be from England… surely if I convinced them I was from England, and hung out with the Sex Pistols, they would love me. So I talked in an overly-loud obviously fake accent about how I was from London and "needed a light for my cigarette." People just ignored me, and my friends abandoned me out of embarrassment. Just then Ian Makaye and the Georgetown crew showed up, including Henry Rollins. They were quite a scary looking bunch with their bald heads and combat boots—I was still rocking the Johnnny Ramone bowl-cut and Converse, because that's how English people dressed, especially when they were from Brooklyn. People started to make fun of me and also were figuring out that I was probably the guy that had vandalized the Coke machine. An ass-kicking seemed imminent. I snuck out the back door and ran for my car… but before I did I decided to exact one last measure of mindless vandalism. I ran up behind the school and located a row of small windows at ground level, glowing with the light of the event within. I drove my boot through the first one, sending glass spraying all over the band below! Within seconds I had kicked them all in and was running back up the hill towards the parking lot, filled with the love of destruction. I heard angry shouts behind me, and ventured a look back down the hill. I saw an angry knot of skinheads pile out the back door, looking about in confusion, until their leader motioned up the hill towards me. It was Ian Makaye!

“Get that mother fucker!” he screamed.

With a cry of blood lust usually reserved for hippies, they started running up the hill after me. Somehow I got to my car and escaped, barely avoiding a hail of rocks and causing a major accident when I flew up the on-ramp which was really an off-ramp. The sound of the car impacting the wall was so horrible that I couldn’t bring myself to look, so I just puttered off, lucky to not have gotten my ass kicked, and hopeful I hadn’t just caused a deadly traffic accident.

Ian Makaye wasn’t a dick, I was!

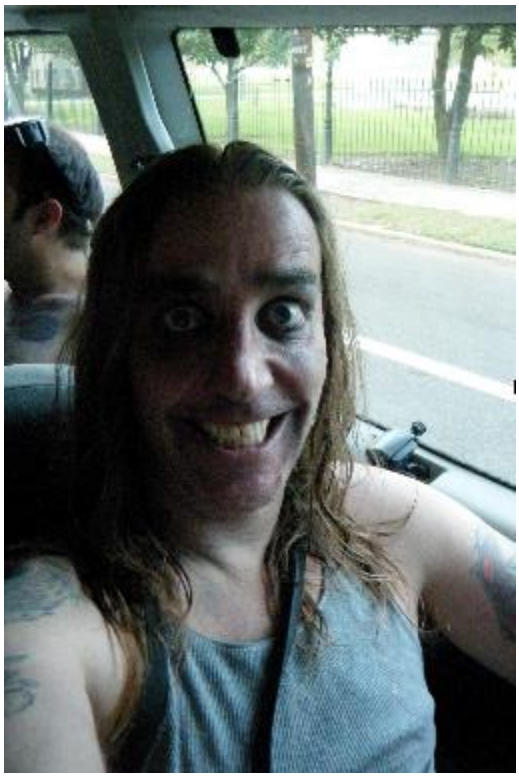
**NEXT EPISODE : The Brockie family moves to Latvia, then moves back, then doesn’t move, but for some fucking reason I move to Farmville… but wait, I still gotta graduate!**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 11

*The saga continues as Brockie graduates from high school, engages in one more summer of debauchery before college, and has his mind blown by the greatest punk show that ever was.*

OCTOBER 9, 2009; 11:30 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## WELCOME TO MY BUNGHOLE!



Brockie, looking very much "up-the-cream-bun-and-jam," on his way back from yet another asinine publicity stunt, GWAR 25th Anniversary "Lust in Space" Tour, October 2009

The tour has entered its third week and really hasn't settled down yet. We have done a amazing job sharing venues with Lamb of God, but it's been a real struggle. People are getting an amazing show, but they are missing a better one: the day-long work-out of frantic activity that it takes, day in and day out, to keep GWAR running, much less combine it with

Lamb of God… and somehow these guys rise from their stinky bunks again and again, to put on the sickest show in rock and roll. Bless their black hearts.

But I still have some very disturbing information to report… I have taken to pee bottles and hot bags with an alarming frequency. I love to go to my "rack" with a full bottle of chocolate milk, and slurp it dry as I slowly pass out, bathed in the glow of my cool little in-bunk media system, playing the same damn movie I have been trying to make it past the credits of for the whole fucking tour. And inevitably I wake up needing to piss. Now, crawling out of the lower berth and then having to negotiate the darkened corridor can be a daunting prospect, especially while bouncing down the highway at 80 miles an hour. How much easier it is to grope about in the darkened bunk until you find that empty bottle, the one that you left the top screwed on—because you KNEW it was going to come to this, that you were going to pee into a bottle, screw the top back on, and sleep with a container of piss within two feet of your mouth.

But it gets worse. You know what finally drives me from my bunk? My need to shit. But guess what? We still have three hrs til' we get there ("there" being some Kansas SHITHOLE), and I can't wait for the next rest stop… oh no, not with the bus jumping up and down like that. No, you only have one choice, unless you want to entertain the notion of soiling yourself with gouts of hot semi-poo, yes…hot bag! You crap in a bag! And wipe your ass with a towel and throw that in the bag, too. And then throw some other garbage in on top of it to further muddle up the situation. But the most important thing is to get it off the bus as soon as possible. A forgotten "hot bag" can have disastrous consequences.

Enough about my ass, let's get back to the next episode of GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death. When we last left off I had just left the local skinheads in the dust and caused what was almost certainly a fatal car accident. But then I realized something. I have spent ten episodes covering 17 years of life. I am 46 years old (I know…what the fuck happened?), so if I keep spewing at the current rate, I estimate we have another 18 or so episodes. At two episodes a month that's nine months to go! Oh shit, what am I going to write about then? Maybe I should start making shit up…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Part 11: The Beginning of the Ending (of the first part)

My time in Rock and Roll High School, for all it's triumphs, would end ignominiously. I was busted plagiarizing a Ray Bradbury story (duh!) for the school newspaper. This totally knocked me out of the running for the coveted "Most Talented" page of the school yearbook. So disgraced, I shuffled through the formalities of escaping high school with an eye forward to one last summer of debauchery before I got shipped off to the only college I had bothered applying to: Longwood University in Farmville. I hadn't put a lot of thought into my decision, I was just happy to be getting out of there. Lives were falling apart around me, and in my cloud of blissful teenage ignorance, infused with a healthy shot of punk rock hatred, I couldn't really see it. Pretty much as soon as I had graduated (along with a better-late-than-never Rusty), my mom let loose on Pops with a private investigator, who succeeded in capturing my dad in several less-than-flattering compositions along with a leggy Lufthansa employee. One son was gay, the other had shaved his head, and the wife had just dropped a lead hammer on his balls. Never one to waste much time on communicating with actual words, my dad made his feelings on the situation known through a series of grunts, some marathon gardening, and a flurry of checks dispersed to the appropriate agencies, institutions, and individuals. Within a couple of weeks, my dad was outta there, and would have a completely new family in just a couple of years. My mom and myself were left in the house for that final summer, and soon I was to be gone, off to freaking Farmville for whatever the fuck reason. Life was changing faster than I could understand it.

The stage was set for a fittingly excessive expression of life in all its forms, and the country, at such a unique point in its short history, unwittingly provided us with one, both in a real and symbolic sense.

The canvas of the country was was begging for paint, and times could not have been more interesting for a young raconteur such as myself. The sixties were ten years old, and the country was still struggling with the gaping and bloody wounds they had left. Vietnam and Kent State, JFK, Malcom X, Bobby Kennedy… after this parade of horror Charles Manson had murdered the sixties with such finality that for a while the seventies existed for time-tracking purposes exclusively. It was such a cultural pothole that just about everything the seventies could muster, be it disco or the death of Elvis, was completely swallowed, leaving

us like a naked baby, struggling with tools, trying to beat reality into a shape worth living with.

After the Iran hostage debacle, the country was in pretty bad shape. There was a recession that just wouldn't quit, an increasingly bellicose Soviet Union, and a new President that scared the shit out of just about everyone. Getting shot didn't slow Reagan down a tick; if anything it made him even angrier (and more delusional) as terms like a "winnable" nuclear war became part of our vernacular. There was real fear in the air when it seemed like the Russians might invade Poland. And then there was this "gay cancer"(AIDS) that was killing young gay men at an alarming rate. It seemed to me that even after the incredible horror of World War II, which had brought mankind to the very brink of destruction, and showed with crystal clarity the fate that awaited us if we did not change our violent ways, we had not learned our lessons, and humanity was already well down the path to whatever new holocaust awaited it.

My brother was still getting great acid, and we were still taking handfuls of it, roaming all over Virginia, D.C., and Maryland in our quest for music and fun. Any diversion that would take our minds off our own questionable futures was more than welcome.

Right around then I started realizing that pretending to be from England was a pretty bad way to make friends in the local music scene. The turning point came one night in 1980 at a Government Issue show in downtown D.C., where the locals stomped my wind-up cow into oblivion. I gave up on trying to impress them with my inane lies and got on with the more serious business of amusing myself. Even if they wouldn't accept my cow, the Georgetown Punks had somewhat begrudgingly accepted my presence, even though Henry and Ian still wouldn't talk to me (and never would). I had escaped detection as "that asshole who kicked in the windows and talked in a fake British accent" as luckily I had altered my appearance drastically after that particular fiasco, ditching the home-made buttons and doggie-chains for a pair of combat boots, a shaved head, and an old "Washington Post" newspaper bag from which I handed out copies of the homemade comic, "Mister Donut." Punks from the "'burbs" were a growing and powerful force in the those early days of D.C. Hardcore and increasingly we had bands to represent us. The D.C. Scene had become part of the U.S. scene, which was in turn part of the worldwide explosion of punk… and it was really happening, right then and there! So when I saw Scream play in 1980, I was locked-in, increasingly leaving my high school buddies (with the exception of the Mantis, of course, truest of the true) behind for weekend-long acid-fueled binges. When Scream put out their first record on Dischord it was a huge event for all of us NOVA Punks…and we all wanted to do the same thing.

The final event of this period was probably the greatest punk show that ever happened, the "Rock Against Reagan" free show held on the Mall right next to the Lincoln Memorial. It was the crowning event of hardcore. Every punk band you could possibly imagine was playing there (Minor Threat, D.R.I., Agnostic Front, the Crucifux, Millions of Dead Cops, etc. etc.) and then, finally the headliners, Jello Biafra and the Dead Kennedy's took the stage. It was fucking unbelievable. At one point, Jello pointed up at the Washington Monument and called it "the eternal Klansman with the burning red eyes." His ability to take our country's symbols and use them to expose the beast within…well, even the dumbest skinhead was impressed. As I rolled around in a huge heap of slam-dancing bodies, Jello's jabbering ringing in my ears, I finally felt that I was really part of something, something that mattered. I wasn't thinking about how I got there, or where I was going. I was just thinking about how great it was to be there.

Years later, I still am.

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 12

*I am using this very column as an opportunity to promote my band! And so what? I am also going to take this opportunity to promote my drawings and paintings...and my custom snow boards. Oh, you didn't know that in addition to being Oderus (and a great big galoot), I am also an artist of considerable merit.*

OCTOBER 23, 2009; 12:13 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## GWAR IS CROWNED "KING OF THE PRESS RELEASE" BY POLLSTAR MAGAZINE!

Sez Pollstar, the paper that we as artists more vehemently desire to be in that any other...

"We see a lot of press releases here at the ol' Pollstar.com ranch, but if we were to give out an award honoring the best press announcement today, we'd probably hand it over to Gwar for the band's "Meat & Beat" proclamation."

"You gotta love a press release that promises "Fans will then have an opportunity to 'Meat' the band, and be 'Beaten' by them."

"What the hell are they talking about? Simply put, it's a chance to meet the band. Gwar says the special privilege will be offered to "certain specially selected (selected by them paying) Gwar fans. The band also offers a kind of tongue-in-cheek quote for press flaks like us to use.

Brockie at this years “Bamboozled” fest…but which one is his true face? Especially when we can’t see his butt?

“This is actually an opportunity for GWAR to take the time to personally express all of our appreciation to our loyal fans who have kept us rocking for 25 years,” said band member Oderus Urungus. “And then beat off all over them.”

The “Meat & Beats” won’t happen at every Gwar show. Furthermore, we’re not even sure how much these special moments will cost. All Gwar is saying is to visit the merch booth on the night of the show to get your own “meat-up” with the band.”

# THE GWAR “MEAT & BEAT” VENUES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Oct. 31 at the Palladium in Worcester, Mass.
- Nov. 2 at the Sound Academy in Toronto.
- Nov. 14 at Marquee City in Tempe, Ariz.
- Nov. 16 at House of Blues in W. Hollywood.
- Nov. 24 at the Regency Center in San Francisco.
- Nov. 28 at The Knitting Factory in Spokane.

- Nov. 29 at the King Cat Theatre in Seattle.
- Nov. 30 at the Commodore Ballroom in Vancouver.
- Dec. 2 at the Edmonton Events Center in Edmonton.
- Dec. 3 at the MacEwan Hall Ballroom in Calgary.
- Dec. 7 at House of Blues in Chicago.
- Dec. 10 at 9:30 Club in Washington, D.C.
- Dec. 12 at the Electric Factory in Philadelphia.

Isn't that sad? I am using this very column as an opportunity to promote my band! And so what? I am also going to take this opportunity to promote my drawings and paintings…and

my custom snow boards. Oh, you didn't know that in addition to being Oderus (and a great big galoot), I am also an artist of considerable merit. Or at least of considerable squiggles and confusion. I do custom paintings and sculptures, cast Oderus heads and hands, and much, much more! In fact I have just started, along with Sined Snowboards, a line of my own custom designed snowboards. They are fucking cool! So make sure you keep up with all of my latest projects (as well as GWAR) at oderus.com. Or maybe try friending me on Facebook! There is a pretty good chance I will friend you, like I do to everybody. Just don't expect me to join you in little internet games, however you might enjoy them. I am sure I would too (except that stupid farming game), but I simply do not have the time to waste, what with ANOTHER episode of this story due before I knew it!

# GETTING THE HELL OUT OF DODGE

It was over, and I hadn't even had a successful blow-job. In fact that was one of my greatest humiliations. About a day or two after I got laid for the first time, I noticed a horrible itch in my crotch… can you imagine the horror of getting pubic lice without even knowing what they were? So anyway my Mom told me to shave my pubes and I would be fine. Bullshit! You don't have to shave your pubes, you just have to use that RID stuff. Well, I got rid of the crabs, but was left with a bald "area", right before my big date with Mary-Lou Rotten Crotch! I bet she was really wondering what the hell was wrong with me…but that's ok, so was I!

My final summer of high school was over, my brother had moved to Georgia, my Dad had moved out, and I had been accepted to Longwood College in Farmville Va. Don't ask me why! It was the only place I applied to… I think because it was the only place that sent me anything. I was over D.C. and Fairfax, and the feeling was vice-versa. I was pretty sure Ian Makaye and his crew of bald morons were probably going to kill me at some point, and Scream had added some hippie guitarist that looked like he belonged in a Led Zeppelin cover band. It was time to get the hell out of Dodge.

So I packed up and found myself in a dorm room, surrounded by bright-eyed and bushy-tailed college students, flush with book money and fake ID's. Actually, I think you could buy beer at the age of 18 back then…jeez, between that and the smoking lounge sometimes I did feel like I grew up in the sixties.
Told ya this was going to be the shortest one yet! What can I say, it's hard to keep these things going when you are on tour. But I will be back in two weeks with the full and shocking story of the most wasteful year of my life…my first year of college!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 13

*Hello there, kiddies! It's your good buddy, GWAR lead singer, and FOX Interplanetary Correspondent Oderus Urungus bringing you some good news. I have ordered Brockie to quit f*cking around and start writing. No more of this extraneous crap… after all, he hasn't even moved to Richmond yet! So let's get on with it…*

NOVEMBER 6, 2009; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Hello there, kiddies! It's your good buddy, GWAR lead singer, and FOX Interplanetary Correspondent Oderus Urungus bringing you some good news. I have ordered Brockie to quit fucking around and start writing. No more of this extraneous crap… after all, he hasn't even moved to Richmond yet! So let's get on with…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH:
# PART 13

So, because I think I guess I was supposed to, I was off to college, like many of my friends. Unlike many of my friends, however, my decision wasn't one arrived at after careful consideration. My complete understanding of what college was came from repeated viewings of "National Lampoon's Animal House." Nobody had sat me down and really explained to me what the fuck was going on as far as college. Hell, Dad hadn't even explained sex to me…really hadn't talked to me, period, for about four years. My mom didn't seem overly concerned with the course of my education, though she was glad I'd graduated—that meant I was the fuck out of there! And she was really enjoying having the house to herself. Now she could watch TV all day (there was this new thing called cable) without fear of my dad coming home and demanding mince and tatties. And my brother was far too busy smearing himself from head to toe with caustic man-butter to explain to me that college was hopefully going to have a lot more for me to do than getting wasted and vandalizing anything in sight, which up until that point had been the two main components of my life.

So one day my dad and myself loaded up the Caprice Classic and took the three-hour drive to Farmville, Virginia, home of Longwood College. That time together was probably the best chance father and son had ever had to try and have a meaningful conversation. But between my skinned head and my Dad's jutting nose hair, both parties were pretty terrified of each other.

I found myself in a seedy dorm at a shitty college. I shared a room with a country boy named Mike. Mike was pleasant enough, even if he didn't know quite what to make of his "punk rock" roommate, especially one day after I realized he'd been awake while I was masturbating. He had a couple sick friends down the hall whom I bonded with immediately. We formed a crude "anti-frat" that culminated with me urinating on an unconscious pseudo-pledge. Then next day, dude came to me, crying…

"Dave… did you really urinate on me?

Horrible, I know. The repercussions of this act bounced me down the hall, where I ended up with the other weirdo on the floor, Knoblauch. Kloblauch smoked pot and seemed cool enough, besides the fact that he had actually come from New Jersey to go to school here. I

really don't know why I was such a dick to him. Within days I was going through his stuff. Within weeks I'd moved out, this time to an entirely new dorm, taking my old key with me. Pretty soon my new roommate and me had entered Knoblauch's room while he was at class, and set about sawing the lock off his foot locker.

We knew he had pot, but we were hoping there was more, like we didn't know what. All we knew was from my carefully ogled intelligence when the locker was open in my presence. There were either a bunch of pills in there or a carton of Tic-Tac's HOLY FUCK KNOBLAUCH IS COMING THROUGH THE DOOR.

We had only seconds to act. As one, myself and my brother in burglary sat down on the bed as I palmed the hacksaw blade into my pant-leg. Caught red-handed, we beamed with the practiced confidence of an experienced liar as we smiled into Knoblauch's (and until that moment I hadn't realized how big he was) reddened face.

"Hey man, just came by to drop off that key!" I said without missing a beat. Luckily the saw marks were on the underside of the the hasp.

Right around here, Vincent Price came to town and hosted a wine-dinner for the English department that I lie about attending until this very day.

My new roommate Tom was actually pretty cool. And the dorm I ended up in had that "party" vibe. I was stepping up to keggers and blotter acid, but still wasn't getting laid, despite of my occasional bush-bound encounters with "Sloppy-Chops" Magillicutty, the mildly-retarded campus hippie (and whore). The rooms had actual living areas and attached bathrooms shared with the next room over… which sometimes led to interesting combinations of roommates. Tom had the bong, and Freddy had the bass. Chip from down the hall had a set of drums, and we were ready to rock! We purloined a key to the basement, started practicing, and ta-da!!! My latest shitty band, "The Flashbacks" was born! Well, actually it was two bands…my contribution, a bunch of crummy hardcore songs, and Freddy's contribution, a slew of Police covers. At that point I was still deluding myself that I could play guitar, and Freddy thought he was a black Sting. The awfulness of it all came together (or apart) at some horrible party where our own friends threw garbage at us.

Let me just interject that any success I had with GWAR was not the result of a series of preceding musical experiments, a series of adjustments of increasingly subtle yet powerful effect, finally culminating in the entertainment colossus you see before you today. No, it was more like an increasingly desperate series of failures, until, with the help of a bunch of

ridiculous costumes (built by other people) I finally lucked out and had a successful project. But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Success at this point was a long way off.

Around then I met Pauly loitering at the dining hall. Pauly wasn't a student but possibly had been at some point. We hung out with Brain-Dead Ed, heir to a large plumbing company, and spent most of our time trying to shoplift bottles of Mad Dog 20/20 at the local "Par-Bils". My penchant for urinating on people soon came to the forefront yet again, and I did so on a crowded party from the over-looking fire-escape, only escaping a beating by feigning unconsciousness while continuing to urinate all over myself.

Pauly actually had sex with hot chicks, and that looked fun. I started working on this hot gypsy-looking girl named Mary. We smoked pot and studied for art history tests together. After listening to our teacher scream at the class about the dangers of "being up on pot" we bonded when we were the only students to do well on the mid-term. Things were going great. She looked like Cher or something. But then I almost blew it. I offered to walk her home so "no one would rape her." Somehow I talked my way out of that one and finally managed to have sex with her. And this time, for once, it wasn't completely awful!

I dicked around at Longwood for a year, but half way through it I realized I wasn't going to stay there. I think I had finally realized maybe it was time to try just a little bit harder. I had pretty much been going along with the art thing, not really sure where it would lead me and not too worried. About the only thing worthwhile about the Longwood art school at that time was the art history (Jansons, of course…) and if nothing else I realized that if I ever wanted to be a part of it I better get my ass to a school where you couldn't hear Klan rallies echoing down from the surrounding hills. For the first time, a bloody little blip appeared on my screen. A name already well-soiled, possessing a impressive art school and a burgeoning punk rock scene; a city burned and trashed, yet reborn…yet still reviled! It only took one visit. I ended up at a random show at the Biograph where I ran into Dickie Disgusting, notorious singer of the Degenerate Blind Boys, to confirm all I had heard as truth…and by the beginning of the second semester in Farmville, the paperwork was done. I was transferring to VCU, in Richmond!

And the Gods wept.

**Next : The Dawning of a Nude Error**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 14

*Wowsers...one of the most fudge-packed years of my life is drawing to a sloppy conclusion, and all I can do is lie here and weep. I barely have enough strength to get the needle in my arm. And I have to get my pet monkey, Mr. Fibula, to depress the plunger! Ahhh, urine...*

DECEMBER 4, 2009; 1:30 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Dave Brockie's Canadian Rockies. See more here.

Wowsers...one of the most fudge-packed years of my life is drawing to a sloppy conclusion and all I can do is lie here and weep. I barely have enough strength to get the needle in my arm. And I have to get my pet monkey, Mr. Fibula, to depress the plunger! Ahhh, urine...

Fuck it. I'm pretty darn proud of myself and the GWAR machine in general. In an economic environment like this one (that SUCKS), a lot of the tours on the road this year are EATING SHIT. That's shop talk for losing money. Yet the GWAR juggernaut, 25 years old and counting, is still a hit. There are lots of reasons why...the obvious one being my nice ass (crap comes out of it!), but there are many others...like the make-up of our fan base. GWAR's demographics are all-inclusive, and more than ever we see whole families coming out to the show. Paw has brought son who brought all his friends...and the next thing you

know you have a special “kids only” area during the show, where a group of 6-10 year-olds get drenched in filth and sing along to every song. And I have met more than a few bloodstained grannies–fucked a couple.

Rock and Roll used to be a way to tell your parents to fuck off. Now you steal their Ramones albums!

In the next couple weeks will we wrap up the longest road-trip in GWAR history and my body has impressively withstood the ravages of extended touring. Things I once thought unthinkable I do on a daily basis. If you had told me 25 years ago that I would still be doing GWAR shows a quarter-of-a-century later I would have asked you for some of what you were on. If you had told me I would still love doing it I would give it back to you.

My role models have changed from more traditional rock and roll self-destructive types to guys like Brett Favre. If guys in their 40’s are starting at QB in the NFL, then it’s not too hard to picture me in the monster suit for another 20-30 years. At that point I would hand over the crown of GWAR to a suitable replacement…probably the same one that would have been doing more and more of the show for the preceding 10 years at least. I can see myself, enshrined onstage, lounging in some kind of murderous La-Z-Boy, goading my replacement onto the stage at the end of my dildo-tipped cattle-prod. I’ve often said, even when not high, that GWAR is the only band around today that will be around forever, and that we would breed our own replacements, or maybe adopt. I personally would like to see a completely ripped twelve-year-old Asian boy with full sleeves take my place one day. Adopt them at twelve, that way you miss all the shitting and pooing stuff. No need to go to high school, he could learn at home. Learn how to cook my meals, how to wash my clothes…get all the domestic slavery one could hope for out of a marriage, yet with none of the sexual obligation or financial responsibility. My boy will follow me and my Hover-Round everywhere, collecting my drool buckets and selling them on ebay! And then, when I have squeezed every last drop out of my battered carcass, I’ll sluff off all my band-related responsibilities onto my hapless slave boy,uh… I mean my son, but not before he signs a contract granting me full rights and ownership.

I have found it helps to live in a dream world. I mean, what is reality but what we make of it? But enough of the present, let us get back to the past…the story of the humble, behind-the-scene origins of the mighty GWAR…let us get back to…

# GWAR, ME AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 14: “BOHEMIAN RAPE-SODY”

I was dropped off at The William Byrd Hotel, which was in 1984 was being used to help house the over-flowing population of one of the city of Richmond’s few success stories—VCU. Yes, even back then VCU. was a ravening beast-thing, gorging its gaping maw with fistfuls of tuition, seeking to ever expand its environs. At that point they were doing it by being the cool school with the hip art department that opened its doors to herds of talented-yet-clueless middle class kids like me. At that point I don’t believe they had a business school, much less a basketball team! And from the start there were not enough dorm rooms for all of us. In my first semester I lived at the William Byrd Hotel, The Downtowner Motor Lodge, and finally got shoved in with the medical students at MCV. My double mohawk tended to stand out, especially down there.

The Byrd was cool because they had a live phone in the elevator room that we used to call up to every U.S. Embassy we could think of. I talked to the marine guards in Lebanon at one point! The Downtowner was cool because it had double beds and a color TV sticking out of the wall. And the MCV locale was cool because the food was better down there.

I lucked out on my new roomate, whom we’ll call “Psycho”, for reasons that will be revealed later. Psycho had a huge shock of flame-red curly hair and mouth always coated in slobber. He was from Fredericksburg so he had a little country in him, but not enough to make him a racist boob. He loved to swill beer and smoke weed while turning me on to all kinds of new music…stuff like Eno and Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp and King Crimson… in return I would play him my punk records, which he dug, so we got along pretty well. He ended up following me through all the moves of that first semester.

So there I was, 20 years old, with Richmond spread out before me, a dark playground of alleys and parks, parties and bars…and tons of hot chicks. My trusty skateboard was my only means of transport, and I set out to make friends and influence people. Oh yeah, I was also going to school!

The Richmond locals were friendlier than the DC dick squad but still had a distrust of outsiders, especially when they were snotty little shits like me. At that point I had worked my way through my “pretend like I’m from England” stage, past the “act like I’m a mean

skinhead" portion, all the way to the final transformation, the one I am still rocking, the "I am a complete ass" stage.

I had some support as the Mantis was also present…he was a year behind me, and had planned to go to VCU—I was happy to join him. Another Northern Virginian present on the grounds of VCU was the notorious "Bam-Bam". I had met him in a huge heap of entangled bodies at a show in DC As we got untangled (could be a lengthy process!) we got to know each other well enough to figure out that we were both headed to VCU, that he played drums, and that we should get a band together.

We didn't know it at the time, but that innocent conversation was going to have staggering consequences for a lot of people. The wheels had been put into motion. Though we couldn't see it at the time …the road to GWAR lay before us.

I set about meeting the locals and taking the lay of the land. Richmond had an amazing scene centered on a few clubs that consistently brought the biggest acts in punk rock. East Coast bands like the Bad Brains, COC, and Minor Threat played regularly, and about once or twice a month heavy weights like Black Flag from California or The Exploited from England would show up. There were at least a couple shows a week and at least that many parties. And of course anytime a cool band came from out of town every band in town jumped on the bill. So it wouldn't be uncommon to see Minor Threat with White Cross, Honor Role, Graven Image, The Prevaricators and about 10 other local acts on the flyer. There were several clubs that did shows but the epicenter of the Richmond scene was a tiny dive bar located across from the swings in Monroe Park…the infamous Benny's. Of course Bob at Hard Times did his best to compete…and then you had Casablanca, Going Bananas, and later PB Kelly's…so there was never a shortage of places to play. But Benny's was the spot where you could drink dollar Black Label's, hang around on the swings, and try to get laid, and seemed to get the majority of the shows. It became the focus of my attention and main hang-out spot as I began my attempts to break into "the scene".

Richmond was a young rascals' dream world…the scene was barfy and hot, replete with tons of hot slutty punk chicks (gawd, the hair-do's!) and lurking malcontents. Disaffected youth from all over the state had gathered here, casting the production with characters of CRAZY. Dirtwoman, Crazy Jimmy, and Dickie Disgusting were not moldy rumors, they were very real (and at times very scary) PEOPLE. When I first met Dickie (lead singer of The Degenerate Blind Boys, at the time Richmond's most notorious punk band) he was fresh from a dog-food eating contest vs. Dirtwoman, and was on his way to hurl himself off the

old Lee Bridge and try to catch a tree on the way down. He did this all the time, and swore by it!

The parties were fucking insane. There was one where the stated goal was to destroy an entire house. We spent all night out in the country, attacking this abandoned cottage, and didn't leave until we had attached a chain to the center brace, wrapped the other end around the truck hitch, and driven off in an explosion of pissy mud and empty beer cans, collapsing the rest of the structure. Ask Skillet if you don't believe me!

At that time the undisputed "Kings of the Scene" were White Cross, and my new hero was their lead singer, Crispy. Crispy had a venomous look that masked a sweet disposition, and I was always right up front any time they played, sucking his cock. Between my mindless flailing and Mantis' patented "Zombie" move, we had made quite an impact on the local slam pits. Soon I had cracked my head wide open. Blood always makes an impression, and the locals didn't seem to hate me too much.

But Psycho was starting to. He didn't want to go out, he just hung around in the room, smoking pot and doing what I assumed was his homework on his typewriter. He was an English major so that made sense. My only interaction with him was our weekly Dungeons and Dragons sessions, where Psycho would act out violent elf- rape fantasies. One day I read some of his writing—an essay describing the graphic rape and murder of his teacher. Apparently he had turned this in and received an F. This drove him into a rage, and Psycho unleashed a slew of creative writing, every sentence focused on the ultra-detailed description of a slavering humanoid mutant creature which did nothing but rape and murder people, mostly women and usually teachers. He had even illustrated the work. But for all his prodigious efforts Psycho received failing marks "across the board".

Everything came to a head one nameless night. I came in late, drunk, and stumbled into my room, to find my bed was gone. There was Psycho, snoring in the corner. The room was trashed, and smelt of char…a trail of ashes led to the shower where I found my mattress, or rather what was left of it, still smoldering. This was bad. I was already in trouble for the giant obscene drawings I had plastered on every floor of the stairwell. I never really got the story of what happened that night, but Psycho left school the next week, and went back to Fredericksburg soon after. And me? I has hauled up on charges by the Residency Board, and thrown out of the dorm…

Next episode…The Richmond Punks to the rescue! Medium-sized game-hunting in the big city! And the birth of Death Piggy! All this and less in the next, mind-shattering episode…

**“And she goes by the name of…Domino”**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 15

*So I found myself cast out of the heavily-vandalized Rhodes Hall, and not a minute too soon. Because everybody knew that Rhodes Hall had a dangerous lean and was supposed to collapse any minute. I'm surprised it's still standing! Luckily, I had a place to stay...*

DECEMBER 18, 2009; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Seasons Beatings from GWAR and Slave Pit Inc.!

We are back from yet another pummeling tour...but you can read about that everywhere else. Right now, it's time for...

# GWAR, ME AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH
# PART 15: “AND SHE GOES BY THE NAME OF…DOMINO”

So I found myself cast out of the heavily-vandalized Rhodes Hall, and not a minute too soon. Because everybody knew that Rhodes Hall had a dangerous lean and was supposed to collapse any minute. I’m surprised it’s still standing! Luckily, I had a place to stay…

After my evening drawing class was over, I would usually make a beeline straight towards my friend “The Pot Goddess’s” apartment on the 1100 block of Grace Street. This in itself could be a dangerous proposition. Richmond has always had serious crime problem, and back then there was no sprawling VCU campus to serve as a haven from the criminals who were drawn towards the Fan for the sole purpose of victimizing its inhabitants. This was not just limited to the usual beatings and strong arm robberies. One night my friend Barbara Powers was attacked and stabbed to death in the 1200 block of Grove. Her assailant was never caught.

I met Pot Goddess through people I’d met at punk shows, and her place was treasured hangout spot. Pot Goddess ruled the comfy confines of her cube-cluster with a weed-giving hand. All kinds of people would drop by, flop into any number of over-stuffed couches and chairs, and wait for the bong to be handed to them. When it finally got there (and it usually didn’t take too long) it was a really cool one made out of a cut-off aluminum softball bat. We would suck it silly while listening to Pot Goddess’s extensive record collection and eating whatever she had made that night. Occasionally more people would drop by and give her money, Pot Goddess would give them pot, and we would start smoking it. Inevitably I would doze off in a room full of people blasting punk music. One night I dozed off, then re-awoke, muttered the word “Couchville…” to a crowded room, and fell back asleep. The name stuck. “Couchville” was my new home.

Soon after I had been kicked out of the dorm I showed up at her doorstep with all of my possessions. I couldn’t move in but was allowed to set my shit up on her first-floor porch, where basically I had a room with a roof and one wall. Soon the local bums were sizing-up my new pad with rheumy, envious eyes, and guarding my stuff every night became a real chore. But once again my new friends saved me.

Tim and Bender were a real pair. Both were out-of-town imports like me, trying to ingratiate themselves into the local community by being as obnoxious as possible. Tim was a squatly-built, almost-albino blonde, his face peppered with angry yellow-heads. Bender was a fanatically obnoxious loudmouth who sounded like he was from New Jersey. They were moving into the same building as "Couchville," in the apartment directly above it, and allowed me to construct a rude lean-to in their dining room, dubbed "The Bat-Cave." I would crawl in there, sometimes dragging a girl, on the nights I made it off the couch downstairs. Soon this place had added a more sinister alternative to the "Couchville" experience, like its evil twin. You went to "Couchville" to smoke pot and eat the endless casseroles that Pot Goddess cranked out…you went to "Trashville" to listen to Black Flag records and drink Black Label, smash furniture, and fuck up in general. It tended to attract crazy people like Butch the skinhead, who once (along with me) licked a gallon of spilled grain punch up off the floor. Dickie Disgusting was Butch's best friend. He had this weird disease that made his hair fall out in oval patches, creating these big shiny hairless putting greens all over his scalp. He shaved his head, I suspect to make them more noticeable, which it did. Dickie had just triumphed over Dirtwoman in the dog-food eating contest, had bent license plates bolted to the sleeves of his leather jacket, and came over all the time.

But our punked-out, puked-on, nirvana was about to be shattered. One night, wrecked, I passed out in front of David Letterman on our black and white TV. I awoke to see the unmistakable outlines of a pistol pointed at my face. Junior (another freak) had been living on the couch for a while… he was wide awake as he watched an arm break through our window screen, unlock the window, and then open it wide enough to allow this dude and his friend to climb through and point guns at us. We were hog-tied with speaker wire and forced into the bedroom, where we were made to kneel over the bed while they piled pillows over our heads, pistol-whipped us, and threatened to butt-fuck me! The highlight of the terror came when Bender walked right into the middle of it, and was beaten to the floor. Luckily my hot GF had just left, and even luckier than that they didn't carry out their threat to butt-fuck me. Add to that the fact that we had nothing worth stealing and it was a pretty unsuccessful crime. Before they left through the same hole they had made, we were actually joking with them.

"Don't blame us man," said one as he passed the TV out the window to his waiting friend. "Blame Ronald Reagan!"

"Do I look like I fucking voted for Reagan?" I screamed, as I cried, my butt-cheeks flecked with his wasted man-seed.

Later, when Junior was asked as to why the hell he would allow two complete strangers to break into our apartment right in front of him, without so as much as waking me up, he replied, “I thought they were your friends!”

It was holiday season in punkville and the food situation was looking grim. Pot Goddess had split town for a couple of weeks (to get weed) and left Couchville in our care. Butch and Dickie had moved in within minutes of her leaving, let in by “The Brit,” a misplaced Londonite with a dubious explanation as to how he had got there. He had actually been fucking Pot Goddess for a place to live, something I had never done. I was turning into quite the whore but still had my standards. She was an awesome girl but not an awesome catch, as she enjoyed her own cooking too much and was given to mad snorting fits that doubled for laughter. After a couple days we had eaten everything the apartment had to offer, so The Brit put forth an idea: why not slaughter an animal? He knew where there was a large herd of sheep on a private estate, and sheep made good eating. All we would have to do is climb a wall and snatch the unsuspecting animal, who, as just one amongst a whole herd, would not be missed. Sensing danger, I demurred, as the gang of interlopers piled into a pick-up truck and disappeared into the night.

The next day I got a phone call from the boys. The mission had been a great success, and a huge holiday feast was being prepared at a location suitable for the slaughter of a medium-sized sheep (it was actually a lamb). Pot Goddess just wouldn’t have understood why her apartment was covered in blood. I was invited, and showed up with a gapingly empty stomach. Here I found a great cauldron of bubbling meat, and gorged myself as I heard the details of the daring raid. Stealing through the night, the boys had climbed a fence and found themselves in a private estate, confronted by a solitary animal which had apparently wandered away from the herd. Dickie dispatched the unfortunate creature with a single heavy sledgehammer blow to the head, and together they threw the dead thing in the back of the truck. About halfway home the plucky trio picked up a hitchhiker, who lasted about three blocks before he leapt from the bed of the truck, screaming, and ran off into the night. Stopping the truck, they saw to their horror that the lamb was still alive, had somehow gotten to its feet (hooves?) and stood bleeding in the bed of the truck. But Dickie had the solution for that…he sawed off its head.

Hours later, drunk and swollen with sheep meat (one of the most delicious meals I had ever had), I stumbled out onto the back porch and unleashed a stream of urine off of it. The piss made a strange sound as it hit the ground, and I looked down my jetting piss-stream to see that I was urinating on the animals severed head.

The next day brought the Richmond papers and news shows, all broadcasting appeals to whoever had stolen the prized and beloved pet of a wealthy local family. A $2500 reward was offered to whoever could return or provide information as to the whereabouts of "Domino"…who at that moment large pieces of were forming a huge turd in my ass. We flushed the evidence and waited for the worst. I think The Brit actually tried to collect the reward money, and ended up in jail. Butch and Dickie fled town, never to be seen again. I had a great shit, but felt lousy about it.

Well, I didn't quite make it to the birth of Death Piggy, but that gives us more to read about next time in…

Part 16 of "GWAR, Me and the Onrushing Grip of Death"

Happy Holidays!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 16

*One day I was sitting in Shafer Court, scribbling evil things and chain smoking Marlboro red 100's. Just then Mohawk Beth plopped down next to me on the bench. She lit a smoke and watched me draw for a while.*

JANUARY 15, 2010; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH PART 16: FIGHTING THE LOVE WAR

One day I was sitting in Shafer Court, scribbling evil things and chain smoking Marlboro red 100's. Just then Mohawk Beth plopped down next to me on the bench. She lit a smoke and watched me draw for a while. The center of her attention became a cartoony pig face I had scrawled on the back cover of my notebook. It was just a circle with a couple of pointy ears, with the features drawn inside the circle in the simplest manner possible. At one end of its slit-mouth either a tooth or a tongue (it was often hotly debated) protruded.

“That thing looks like a fucking death piggy,” said Mohawk Beth (and she really did have a great Mohawk)…and so a semi-legend was born!

It was the perfect symbol for us, easily spray-painted and vaguely sinister. In fact lots of people said they liked the symbol more than the band. Soon they began to appear all over town.

Death Piggy was me on bass and vocals, the benevolent Buddha on guitar, and the irrepressible Bam-Bam on drums. The songs, at first, were pretty damn horrible, but soon we had found our sound and style (horrible). With the battle cry of “Smile or Die,” we did our best to both entertain and confuse the local scene. Happily I would pour a gallon of mayonnaise down my shorts and blast into a 20-minute long set full of idiotic ditties like “Bathtub in Space” and “Mangoes and Goats.” One night we had a transvestite horn-section; the next we brought all of our shitty furniture to the club and set up our living room on the stage, at one point ordering a pizza which was delivered to us as we “practiced.” Soon we had overcome the traditional Richmond resentment of new-comers and actually began to get a bit of a following. Word was spreading about that band that drew pigs on everything and their kooky front man whose head was way too big for his body (that would be me).

DEATH PIGGY PERFORMING AT BENNY’S, CIRCA 1982 (photo taken in the years before color film)

Bam-Bam had a buddy in DC that was forming his own label and wanted to put out our record. At that point we got our friend, Fatass, to be our manager. He started getting out-of-town gigs for us and we often made weekend trips to far-off and exotic lands…places like Charlottesville or Norfolk. Then finally the record came out. "Love War" was a hit, and was actually being played on the radio on DC's WHFS. At our record-release party, we brought out a homemade piñata filled with money and candy and threw a baseball bat into the crowd. Within seconds the thing had been ripped into shreds, and the several dollars worth of quarters jangled nosily to the club's beer and puke-drenched floor. This caused an avalanche of people to leap onto each other in a desperate attempt to grab some extra beer-money… or at least a Jolly Roger. The pile of bodies rolled around the slam-pit like some kind of multi-limbed undead horror, shoving quarters into their pockets and candy into their mouths. But then, faintly at first, the reek of animal excrement began to fill the room. We had forgotten to mention that we had also filled the piñata with a months' worth of kitty-poop, courtesy of Bam-Bam's cat. People were really mad!

The next step in Death Piggy's assault was to conquer the hallowed hang-out heart of the Richmond scene—back then Shafer Court would have big free concerts every Friday, and the concert committee was cool enough to book the occasional hardcore show. One night we showed up at one of their meetings, instruments in hand, and proceeded to serenade them with a non-stop acoustic barrage of silliness that would not cease until they promised us a gig at Shafer Court. We had triumphed!

And when the day finally came, we rose to the occasion. Several local bands were playing besides us, so there was a huge crowd. We were delivered to the stage via the S.S. Boat, a crude cardboard cut-out, from which we disembarked to the stage where we proceeded to launch into our set. Through-out the performance our friends distributed "Fun Bags" to the crowd—they contained several bananas, a flock of paper airplanes, and several tin-foil pie plates. Agents began to fan out across the crowd, filling the pie-tins with whipped cream. Paper airplanes filled the sky as discarded banana peels made the slam-pit a treacherous place. Yes, you really can slip on a banana peel! Then a pie was launched, and then two, three more…before long it was raging across the whole Court—the great Death Piggy Shafer Court Pie-Fight had begun!

The school paper claimed it was a riot, but the giant VCU cop was the only person hurt, having been blinded by a whipped cream pie and then bounced down the steps via a banana peel. I will never forget the image of that 6'7" bruiser of a cop wiping whipped cream off of his otherwise immaculate uniform. He was genuinely upset, but couldn't get mad…it was a cream pie for God's sake. Of course doing this today would get you shot.

But despite all the fun we were having, it was proving difficult to keep the band on track. Buddha was by nature a quiet and introspective character, and Bam-Bam and I were most decidedly not. Bam-Bam was often completely out-of-control and would drunkenly swing at just about anybody. I wasn't as violent (being at heart a coward), but I am sure I was just as annoying as Bam-Bam in my own asinine and drunken manner. By the time we had recorded our second record, Buddha was on the verge of bailing.

About halfway through that first year I got a call from my mom. She was living in Fairfax, still in the house. She had taken a job as a phone receptionist for a legal firm, where her beautiful English accent wowed the local lawyers. My dad had moved to West Virginia after the divorce, and my brother was off in California. In fact it was because of Andrew that Mom was calling.

My brother had contracted AIDS. And back then it was a death sentence. But for some reason I wasn't worried. People who had AIDS usually lived for at least five or six years, and I was fairly certain they would have a cure by then. Five years…? Back then, it seemed like a lifetime.

Next time–The Richmond Dairy! The Scumdogs of the Universe! And the birth of a band called…GWARGGHH? All this and less in the next episode–A GWAR IS BORN…

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 17

*The overall reaction to "Love War" had been pretty positive, and Death Piggy was actually starting to get some good gigs. We opened for Flipper at the old 9:30 Club, and Bruce Loose hawked a loogie onto my chest. I felt so privileged!*

JANUARY 29, 2010; 2:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Slave Pit Inc. shareholders meeting, Jan. 25th, 2010.

(From left to right, Mike Bonner, Mike Bishop, Don Drakulich, Matt Maguire, Danny Black, Bob Gorman, Scott Krahl, Mike Derks, Brad Roberts, Cory Smoot, Davis Bradley. Not pictured is me, as we couldn't figure out the timer on the camera and somebody had to take the fucking picture.)

Every time I write one of these things, I end it with a few brief phrases about the title and contents of the next episode. These usually turn out to be complete lies. Here's the last one…

"Next time–The Richmond Dairy! The Scumdogs of the Universe! And the birth of a band called…GWARGGHH? All this and less in the next episode–A GWAR IS BORN…"

You know what? That's complete bullshit! I doubt I can get through the Dairy much less describe the birth of GWAR, the death of Piggy, and the accompanying calamities. And I already know that's not the title…in fact the title is…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH PART 17: ENTER ASSHOLE

The overall reaction to “Love War” had been pretty positive, and Death Piggy was actually starting to get some good gigs. We opened for Flipper at the old 9:30 Club, and Bruce Loose hawked a loogie onto my chest. I felt so privileged! My punk-rock notoriety had certain fringe benefits, and I had hooked up with the unbelievably hot Licky Cockroll. Though I knew it couldn’t last, for a while I enjoyed some of my life’s sweetest blow jobs. Ahh, the fumbling of garments, lips smearing together behind the kiln, breathless sighs and soggy bottoms…art school love.

As I mentioned earlier, we had gone ahead and gotten a “manager.” We were trying to save up enough to put out a new single, and I was too careless to manage the money. Bam-Bam would have spent it on beer, and Buddha simply didn’t care, so it became imperative to get somebody else to handle the stuff. FatAss immediately came to mind, probably because he insisted. FatAss was a grad student at VCU who had worked his way into Pot Goddess’s weed business by having sex with her (probably no more than once). Since then this well-respected, yet frequently maligned, pillar of the community had become the closest thing to a responsible person that our little circle had, and for that reason he seemed to be handling A LOT of people’s money. For example, at his house on Grove Avenue his other housemates would give him their money to pay the bills and rent, since he was SOOOO responsible. Well, the whole thing went to shit rather quickly. It started when all the lights and gas got shut off at FatAss’s house, followed by the bellicose landlord complaining of months with no rent. At more or less the same time somebody made off with several pounds of weed from PotGodess’s house…just as we realized that nobody could find FatAss anywhere. A few inquires led to the fact that not only was FatAss not enrolled in VCU’s grad school, but also that a history department in aforementioned grad school didn’t even exist. Boy, did we feel stupid!

We immediately put together a posse and found actually found FatAss hiding in a local fleabag hotel. Confronted by his crimes, he fessed up, and offered his belongings (a nice stereo, bike, and record collection) as a hostage until he could retrieve the missing money from his parents. We escorted him to the local bus station and took him at his word. Boy, we were stupid!

FatAss showed up at my apartment about a week later while I was in class. Finding Bam-Bam on guard over a huge pile of his stuff, he informed him that he had talked to me and everything was cool. He handed out a couple bong hits, packed up his stuff and disappeared. By the time I got back from class everything was gone, including MY bike, stereo, and records. ARRRRGH!!!!!

It was around this time that Asshole came to town. I was starting my third (second at VCU) year of school, and it was his first, so I was light-years older than him, something he reveled in — that he was younger, and therefore somehow cooler, than me. At 21, I was a fossil!

I had established myself as one of the local reigning punk-rock goofball types, always raving on about myself and all the cool stuff I was doing. I didn't need some snot-nosed punk cock-blocking me. Unfortunately my penchant for fucking unconscious retards had already pretty much shot my credibility with the local uber-hotties. And it pissed me off that Asshole had quickly hooked up with City Tits, a complete hotty who wouldn't touch me. To make matters worse, his band was really good. The Alter-natives killed it, at least until they got that stupid flute player. How was I to deal with this audacious upstart? I was clueless.

I had been hearing tales of "The Dairy" — a hulking and ancient milk-bottling factory in Jackson Ward that had been taken over by a group of hippies in the sixties. There was a group of crazy rednecks living in it that were the local muscle, and had some kind of fortress deep in the bowels of the place. They rented out space in the structure for dirt cheap and as long as you didn't fuck with their meth lab you were pretty much allowed to do whatever you wanted with the rest of the place. Before long I was hanging around over there all the time, and Death Piggy had a practice space that would rain asbestos down on us every time we jammed. Luckily we didn't practice that much.

Early Dairy Pit Slave Shot, circa 1984. Myself (asleep), Techno, and Joye Slutman (GWAR's second lead singer), long before everybody started to hate each other.

It was fucking great. At the time Jackson Ward was a real shithole, and you did not want to be caught outside after dark, so if you went to the Dairy and let the sun go down you had the tendency to spend the night. The interior of the place was a labyrinth of chambers and corridors, all choked with palettes of forgotten dairy-product packaging and an extraneous amount of bizarre electrical equipment, which supposedly was owned by some shadowy super genius that had lived there in the sixties. Dusty equipment filled whole rooms, as shadowy forms scuttled about in the darkened passageways. There was always a stifling and horrible aspect to the Dairy. Most of the rooms didn't have windows, and the roof's many holes had water literally pouring into the building at times. Ceilings were in a state of perpetual collapse, and once I woke up to find my mattress surrounded by water, as my latest conquest's panties floated by.

Tons of different artists, bands, and outcasts in general had claimed the Dairy as their own, and at any one time there might have been 30 to 50 people living in there. And what a crew they were! On an evening's stroll you might encounter Pete the Piss Troll, whom you could always count of for a Milwaukee's Best on your way to the urinal, or perhaps you'd run afoul of Box-in-the-Hall, who always seemed to discover your missing belongings in his ever-mystifying "Box-in-the-Hall." Other dairy-dwellers included Kinky Ken, who ran the dubiously named "Richmond Philosophical Institute", which was a poor front for the local

Open High kids party hideout, which Kinky Ken allowed as long as he could try to molest their girlfriends. That kept hot little punk-rock and hippy chicks flitting about the halls at all hours.

But the most fearsome denizen of the "Milk-Bottle", as it was often referred to, was "The Redneck From Hell," leader of the basement dwelling enforcer squad, a brute of a man that went on to inspire the classic GWAR character of the same name. He was like a wandering monster, and you could run into him during any Dairy adventure. There were several stories of him murdering people, so you didn't really want to. Of course Asshole was in there as well, and quickly got over on me by claiming he had witnessed a transvestite getting ass-slammed in the alley next to the main Dairy entrance. It was a funny story, and he told it well. I wished I had told it, so I tried to convince myself he was lying about it.

I made a weird hutch out of sticks and garbage bags in the corner of one of the chambers. Down the hole in the floor was the shower, guarded by the Piss Troll. In the shower, there was a loose electrical connection that made contact with the water so any attempt at cleaning yourself was accompanied by random electrical shocks.

I lived there, in my "studio," proud of my weird world. I felt like a dungeon explorer who had set up camp in the underworld. Art school had left me completely delusional, and I was determined to be painter. But the Dairy didn't lend itself to high art. I would do these huge noodlely oil paintings which would suck up all the dust in the air and look like complete shit in like five minutes.

A typical night at the Dairy would involve 30 minutes of asbestos sprinkled practice, and then hours spent in Techno's lair, where I would bum beer and occasionally help lay strips of glue-soaked cloth onto foam forms in order to make these crazy space-pirate costumes. Techno was a blond-mohawked maniac artist who had moved to Richmond with his equally crazed but drunker buddy, Sexy. They had taken over a large corner of the Dairy and were in the process of building an elaborate set representing the bowels of an alien spaceship, for a 8mm film they were planning called "Scumdogs of the Universe."

See where this is going?

NEXT TIME—The death of piggy! The War of the Assholes! And hopefully–the birth of GWARGGH! Which has to include the short but fascinating story of GWAR's first lead singer…so don't you dare miss the next episode…"Johnny Slutman, Where Are You?"

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 18

*It is a typical day. I am up early, lying in bed, in the hospital, idly fiddling with myself as I plow through a sleeve of Pop-Tarts. I am still recovering from my accident, which involved driving into a barn-wide pothole on the Powhite.*

FEBRUARY 12, 2010; 2:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Cops finger Brockie after local pothole mishap

## LOCAL DICKWEED QUOTED FROM MCV BED…"OTHERS ARE TO BLAME!"

It is a typical day. I am up early, lying in bed, in the hospital, idly fiddling with myself as I plow through a sleeve of Pop-Tarts. I am still recovering from my accident, which involved driving into a barn-wide pothole on the Powhite. They didn't find me for minutes, so I had to eat my car's upholstery in order to survive. The only reason they did find me is because I drove through the EZ-Pass lane illegally, and the ticket-robot had caught me, as well as video of my car disappearing into a crater. They actually made me pay the ticket before they would admit me to the hospital.

But enough of that bullshit, here comes Mongo! Or better yet, Part 18 of…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

It was a crucial time. Somehow I had to defeat my nemesis, Asshole, a transplanted NOVA art fag who was getting hotter chicks than me.

Death Piggy was starting to "wob-out." Buddha was getting more into his studies (and, alarmingly, a dorm-room goth project that involved moaning and shaking chains), and the ever-berserk Bam Bam was playing in like five bands at once while trying to have constant sex with a steady stream of hot chicks, who he would get all fucked up on this horrible crank he made out of Clorox and ephedrine inhalers. It was a real handful! Fucker Fatass stealing all of our money hadn't helped either.

But we still had a chance. We had a huge show coming up opening for Suicidal Tendencies at the old 9:30 Club. I needed a way to have a great show where everybody loved me, yet somehow at the same time humiliate or at least neutralize Asshole. I conceived a bold plan. I was had started throwing weird fake "opening bands" into Death Piggy's set, bands like "The Nazi Jews."* But I had a new idea, one I had stolen from Techno. I would drape the costumes he was making all over Death Piggy, and create a barbarian band from Antarctica called "GWAAARRRGGHHLLLGH." We would play a couple horrible "songs" and then bail out, returning as Death Piggy. People would love me!

But I had an extra wrinkle on my crinkle…I would get Asshole involved in the whole thing, absorb him into MY world, and in working with him on MY project, somehow control or nullify him.

Plus, getting him on-board would also give me an extra body to drape armor on –Techno and Sexy had made a shit-load of costumes!

I had been hanging around the Slave Pit for a while now. Here I learned the ways of the "cloth and glue" and the ways of the "sit-around-for-hours-and-later-take-credit-for-other-peoples-work." The place was filled with a huge set depicting the engine room of a Scumdog Warship. It was about halfway done when I first saw it, and it seemed to stay that way forever, even though people were working on it all the time.

This was the Slave Pit, and on its front door was a simple edict.

"DON'T TALK ABOUT IT DO IT."

Techno lived by these rules, just as I lived by their opposite creedo…

“DON’T DO IT JUST TALK ABOUT IT.”

From the very beginning it was tough to get people into those costumes. I tried first with Death Piggy and ended up with me wearing ALL off the costume pieces. Bam Bam thought the whole idea of GWAAARRRGGHHLLLGH was stupid and insisted on taping feathers all over himself instead. And for some inexplicable reason Buddha had rejected the armor in favor of becoming “Mr. Magico,” a guy who did really bad magic while wearing a wizard’s hat with little cut-out penises all over it.

So the stage was set. I suggested an alliance and Asshole agreed. He would play bass for Death Piggy, and thus GWAAARRRGGHHLLLGH, and therefore be forever in my thrall. But I should have sensed he was onto my plan. As soon as he had accepted my invite to join the band(s), he proceeded to tell me it was a stupid idea, that I couldn’t play guitar, and Death Piggy was better without him in it. And he was right!

I was trapped. If I had agreed with him and kicked him out (which I should have done), I would have been perceived as a complete dick and idiot. I hadn’t realized at that stage of my life that people already felt that way! But if I kept him in, I ran the risk of falling victim of whatever snare he had laid for me…

I realized, with horror… I was becoming part of his game.

This whole damn thing was falling apart!

The day came. When we went by Asshole’s place to pick him and his gear up, I noticed that he had none. He seemed strangely unconcerned and I assumed everything was under control. So off we went, and a couple hours later we found ourselves in the rat-infested alley behind the 9:30 Club, the same one that John Wilkes Booth had fled down after putting a mini-ball into Abe Lincoln’s brain. We were planning on opening the show with a stupid skit that made no sense that, then rush offstage, become GWAAARRRGGHHLLLGH, who would play about 5 minutes, slicing open a hobby horse (do you know what that is? do kids still do that or have those?), which was full or Karo-syrup and red dye. Then finally Death Piggy was going play for about 20 minutes and it would be over. I didn’t know how right I was!

Right around this time I realized Asshole hadn’t brought any equipment with him. Not even a bass. When I asked him about it his face went a blank. Finally we have no alternative but to ask Suicidal if we can borrow their shit. And they said no! But Asshole didn’t tell me that

part, so when our set starts, he went ahead and used the Suicidal's dude's shit anyway, even though he had been told not to!

Things were going ok until I noticed the clubs monitor dude crouching at the side stage, glowering at me. This guy was huge and feared and was focusing double stinkeyes on me. I had no idea why, until I looked around and saw Asshole playing dude's bass! His usually blank face is now adorned by a huge grin.

Asshole!

I looked back at the furious monitor dude, who was joined by a member of the Suicidal crew, who immediately began making slashing motions across his throat, staring at ME!!!!!

But they didn't stop us, and we powered on. "Maybe we are going to get away with it," I thought.

I saw the hobby horse come out, held aloft by Manitis, a kitchen knife in his hand. He slashed the guts of the thing, which exploded in a shower of Karo syrup. I used a lot, and a great glut of goop poured directly into the cone of the floor wedge which was part of the brand new monitor system the huge dude had just installed the day before… destroying it.

We didn't get our asses kicked, the punishment was far worse. We were shunned. Nobody would talk to us. You have to remember we were up in DC, and they never missed a chance to slag Richmond. Death Piggy having success there was a coup of sorts…until then.

The next day DC Space cancelled our New Year's Eve gig, where we had been set to headline for the first time.

As usual, I blamed others…

NEXT TIME : Don't know! I'm sick of telling you what I'm going to write about and then not writing about it! So fuck it! But one thing I will tell you…it will definitely be Episode 19 of **GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death.**

IN TWO WEEKS!

*Jewish Nazi's who lived to kill the Russians, one of my more obscure musical projects. We would wear football helmets and Nazi-style armbands sporting the Star of David. We had three songs—"Kill the Nazi's," "Kill the Russians," and "Kill," which we would play as Sluggo and myself banged our helmets into each other repeatedly.

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 19

*The Fan, Richmond,1985. It was going to be a stinking hot summer day, and my skateboard sang as it flew down Floyd Avenue in an attempt to beat the heat. The oil-slicked tire-gully gave my stick wings, and I needed every bit of speed I could muster as I fled my latest crime.*

FEBRUARY 26, 2010; 1:31 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

The author, circa 1985. That is not a gay haircut, I usually spiked it up.

Oh shit, here comes another insane year for GWAR. Next month we head to Texas for the SXSW festival, and then soon after that we are off to Bonaroo to nasally violate the entire Dave Matthews Band. That's all part of a spring tour that also includes a show at the Skatopia-Fest and several hours worth of rats devouring my genitals. Then it's off to Europe for a summer of mayhem and strange cheeses. Somewhere in the midst of that we have to write a new album, buy a new building, and stage both a Crack-a-Thon and a GWAR-b-que! But is that what I'm on about? Hell no…I am wondering why the hell they never brought that crazy Russian back on The Sopranos, you know, the one that Paulie and Christopher took to the Pine Barrens, but got away? I mean, they really set that one up for a return…and it never happened. And I thought the last episode sucked! In my mind, the only thing that

can redeem them is the hope of a Sopranos movie, where that crazy Russian comes back and kills the entire worthless family. But fuck! That! Once again, its time for….

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 19: G-MAN, SATAN, AND ASSORTED NUTS

The Fan, Richmond,1985. It was going to be a stinking hot summer day, and my skateboard sang as it flew down Floyd Avenue in an attempt to beat the heat. The oil-slicked tire-gully gave my stick wings, and I needed every bit of speed I could muster as I fled my latest crime. Blocks behind me, in a sweaty room, on a stinky couch, a puddle of my jiz was slowly disintegrating. Generations were dying in a writhing swarm of seed, and within a couple of hours nothing would mark their passage save a slight crust and the vague smell of bleach.

And I needed a goddamn bong hit.

I guess I was pretty uncool back then. My idea of a “date” would be randomly showing up at some girl’s house in the middle of the night, covered in Dairy grime (I believe I was living in an old coal-scuttle). For some reason, she let me in. I think we might have made-out at some party sometime, or something. I was such a ho-bag back then that it all blobs together in my mind into some kind of multi-limbed sex-cow, sometimes in a bed, but more often on a couch or in a bathroom. There would be maybe one fumbling advance before I being either turned down or shoved in. If it was the former, a long and awkward period would follow while I basically wouldn’t leave and the poor girl wouldn’t make me. If it was the latter we would have sex and then I would leave as soon as she was asleep. In this case it was the former. We sat there for hours watching “The Rifleman” until she finally wandered off to bed. I waited a while, then gaspingly nutted on her couch. A quick sacking of the pantry led to a can of tuna fish and a half-full bag of stale cat-treats. Yes!

It was no wonder I was so fucked up about sex. No one had ever bothered to explain it to me, and I had discovered masturbation accidentally. My parents had slept in separate rooms, and my brother was openly gay. And I used to let the family dog lick the inside of my mouth. Basically I was French kissing the dog, a big, sloppy collie mutt at that. My brother had taught me how to do that and I have no idea why I did — it was fucking disgusting.

I whipped around the corner and hurtled down Harrison St., zipping past the art department which was back then located in the Pollack building. In this tale of wild punk rock adventure, I haven't talked much about the fact that I was actually in school this whole time and finally did graduate with pretty decent grades. I took my studies seriously, even though I was often to be found in the third floor bathroom, wildly masturbating.

I pulled up at G's house in a screeching power slide that wore a flat on my Kryptos. Expertly flipping my skateboard into my nuts, I limped up the steps. The G-Man had a place on Franklin right around the corner from the old Village Café. Pretty much everything I needed (The Village, Chicken Box, and about six of my friends' apartments) was within a couple of blocks of there so I came over A LOT.

I had met G about a year earlier at our infamous "Heaven and Hell" party. We'd built a tunnel that the guests had to crawl through while we banged on the outside with clubs. Their dark passage ended up in a throne room where I, dressed as Satan, held my infernal court. I was fried out of my mind on LSD, feeding people neon sherbet spiked with more acid and topped with a smattering of little plastic dinosaurs. I had set up my room as "Satan's Lair," heaping my belongings into a cave-like pile. Here I had encountered the G-Man for the first time, crouched in the murky depths, sucking on a bong. His love of weed was greater than his fear of Satan, and we got high, beginning a friendship which would span the eons…

After that I flipped the scenario and would often appear at the G-Man's door and make him smoke pot with me. We'd sit around, get high, and listen to music, occasionally venturing out to get a $1.99 box of chicken wings. People would show up, often with records or tapes, and we would rock out. Life was good, and music was better. We were so fucking lucky to be there when SST put out Husker Du's epic "Zen Arcade", and then like a week later the Minutemen (also on SST) responded with their classic "Double Nickels' on the Dime." There were good shows constantly and more often than not your band was playing its share of them. There were backyard jams and Shafer Court jams…jams going on in smelly basements or old walk-in refrigerators. Acid-fueled jams that went on all night until we'd stumble blinking into the dawn, to head for 7-11 and the glory of the "Big Gulp," which had just been invented. The scene back then was so fanatically supported and so full of amazing bands that it was hard to not feel inspired or at least severely entertained.

Two labels seemed to be the rallying points for the east and the west coast scenes: Dischord in D.C. and SST in L.A. Then you had Touch and Go in the mid-west, and Alternative

Tentacles in S.F. corralling all the weird stuff. No cell phones, no computers…hell, no CD's! When the first fax machines came out we were like…holy shit! What's next? Flying cars?

But at that point I was still just making music for fun, and of course to get laid. I was still thinking that I was going to make it as a cartoonist or illustrator and wasn't really serious about any of my musical projects. As I worked my way through school I slowly had drifted more into the fine arts and painting in particular. Thinking I was going to make a living doing that was even more delusional than thinking I could make it as a cartoonist.

Death Piggy was starting to flail-out, with Buddha becoming less and less interested until he finally bailed all together. More and more I found myself hanging around the Slave Pit and working on stuff with Techno and Sexy. Techno had at first ignored GWWWAARRRGGHHLLLGH, leaving me the costumes wrapped up in trashbags to pick up before the shows, but as they became more frequent and well-attended he began to fashion the character of Techno-Destructo. We were still opening up for Death Piggy, and the alarming tendency of people leaving after GGGWWWAARRR section of the show had begun.

At this point GGGWWWAAARRGGHHH was made up of a mish-mash of Death Piggy and Alternative musicians. Bam-Bam was still on drums and had finally agreed to stop taping feathers all over himself. We had replaced Buddha with Steve Thuglass, whose guitar sound was thick enough to cover up mine, as I was still playing guitar (horribly), Asshole was still on bass (though he pretended he hated it) and finally we finished up the line-up with the dubiously motivated Johnny Slutman.

I'm not really sure how it happened, but one day GGGWWWAAAARRRRRGGHH became GWAR. I seriously really think that the reason why was because we had gotten sick of writing so many letters every time we wanted to make a flyer. We got a show at P.B. Kelly's, a local dive club bordering the Farmers Market, and for the first time we planned GWAR as it's own entity. There was an attempt at a story line, a bunch of crappy jokes, and a big fight scene at the end where Techno got beaten silly. It was in my opinion the first real GWAR show.

A few things happened that night that gave me some real clues as to what my future would hold. First of all the place was packed. Second of all they loved it. Third of all, there was hardly anybody left when Death Piggy hit the stage. And lastly when it was all over Sal the bartender handed me a wad of sticky bills the size of my fist.

Oh yeah, and I got laid that night!

NEXT TIME! THE 20TH EPISODE OF WHAT PEOPLE ALL AROUND THE WORLD ARE CALLING WHATEVER IT IS THAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT AFTER THEY READ IT! THAT'S RIGHT, IT ONLY TOOK 19 EPISODES BUT FINALLY WE CAN GET THIS THING ALL ABOUT THE WHOLE REASON YOU WERE INTERESTED IN IT TO BEGIN WITH!

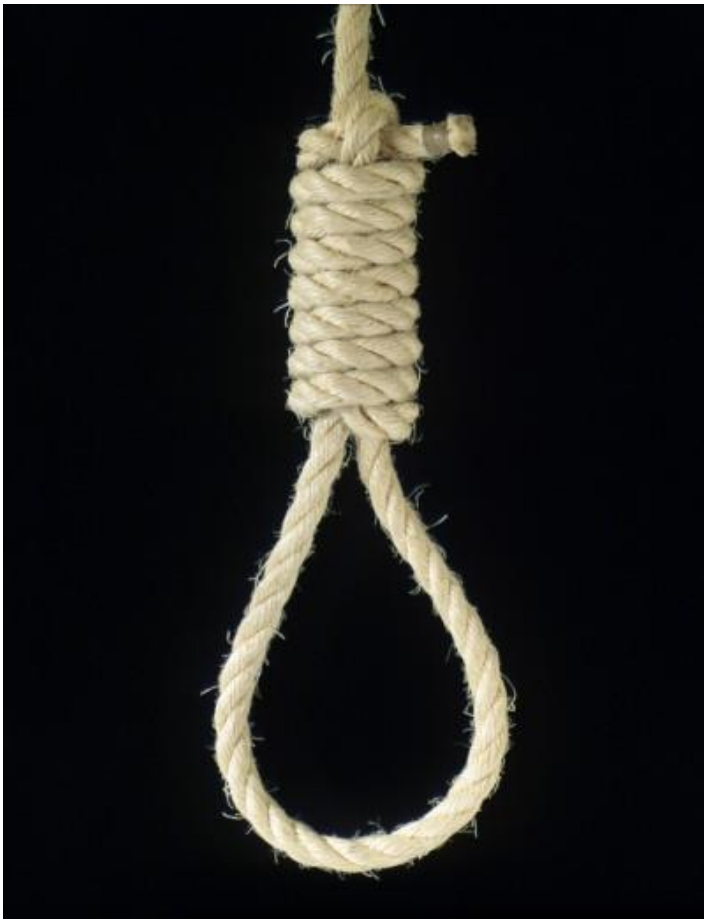
IN THE NEXT EPISODE—GWAR LIVES!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 20

*Dave Brockie is back! And in this episode, he plots someone's murder. Yeah, that's right. Come take a look — you'll be very sorry if you don't.*

MARCH 26, 2010; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

## GETTING THE HANG OF IT



After years of jockeying for position, I was poised to ascend into the stratosphere of what Dairy life could be...

I was moving into the milk bottle.

But wait, you say, weren't you already living at the milk bottle, wiping your ass with a shared bath-towel (the coveted "shit-rag"), and trying to avoid the murderous rednecks in the basement? Yes, but no…I was actually moving into THE MILK BOTTLE…the actual milk bottle! Those giant porcelain milk bottles that jutted so forbiddingly from the buildings corners were hollow inside, and one of the previous dairy pioneers (who shall go down in this tome as Dr. J, a kindly soul and medical student who ran a VD clinic out of the place) had taken the inside of one and transformed it into the ultimate dairy-dwelling. This immaculate (for a hovel) apartment sported a gas heater and its own shower/sink/shit-pot combo. Piss Troll, eat your heart out!

Dr. J had finally finished medical school and was moving on to greener pastures (which was basically anywhere other than the Dairy), and he was leaving his opulent abode wide-open with no apparent successor. Now in the Dairy there was a rude system of inheritance regarding the several different living spaces that had been carved out of the interior of the place. Basically the person who had been waiting the longest took the latest vacancy. But there was some controversy between Yoda and the Piss Troll about whose turn it was to step up to the plush life at the top of the bottle. So while they argued about it over a case of MB*, Awol, Hootie, and myself just moved in and waited to see if anybody was crazy enough to try and kick us out. They weren't.

By way of introduction, Awol was just that. Stationed in Norfolk on a destroyer, Awol wandered into a Milk show (yet another side project) and ended up following us home to the Dairy (dairies produce milk, get it?). He and his never-empty cooler full of MB and bologna sandwiches soon became a popular fixture around the joint. Hootie had likewise wandered in, as the Dairy was like a big piece bohemian flypaper. We got a "band" of sorts together…and "Dairy-Aire" became Richmond's first and last improvisational acoustic punk rock comedy group. We'd get up there, bang on some unfortunate guitar, and exhort people to "Be Like Rambo", or extol upon them the virtues of picking up women in the grocery store with the classic "Macaroni and Cheese." It was hilarious shit, but actually recording it hadn't dawned on us. So the majesty of Dairy-Aire was lost to time…and maybe that's good. Some types of music actually get better without listening to them.

Death Piggy and GWAR were still reeling from our defeat at the 9:30 Club (see part 19), and the subsequent ban on all Death Piggy shows in DC that was the immediate fallout of the "hobby-horse incident." Further discombobulating the situation was that A-Hole didn't seem to think he had done anything wrong, making it impossible to blame him. He would get this kind of far-away look anytime you would bitch at him,and wouldn't respond to anything you said. He vexed me at every turn! He had a hotter girl friend (the very desirable

“City Tits”), and a cooler band than me. Absorbing him into Death Piggy had completely backfired, and, in fact, the band was really starting to suck, mainly due to my delusion that I could play guitar. Something drastic had to be done.

So I decided to murder him.

But we were still allowed to play shows in Richmond and had one set-up at Going Bananas just around the corner. This was the perfect chance to fuck with A-Hole and maybe even physically end his existence. Then I could masturbate freely. I got together with Mantis (the person actually responsible for the 9:30 Club debacle) and conspired…and we had it.

Mantis fancied himself quite the knot-tie-er. Shit how do you write that? Is someone who ties knots with a level of skill not seen in the average man a “knotsman,” perchance? Damn, English is a confusing language. I should have just stuck with Dutch. Of course it’s a lot harder to learn a foreign language when you get old. You can only really do it when you are “baby-smart”. But I dither…

Mantis was quite the “knotsman.” He had learned the ropes (ha ha!) of the trade as a young lad, where his gangly limbs (he was over seven feet tall) would often get caught in escalators. If it happened near the top, people could be trapped for hours. But strangely enough, Mantis’s penchant for becoming inextricably entwined in the unforgiving metal teeth of the “snake who eats his own tail” had led to admirable knotsmanship. Several times he had to create a rescue lasso out of his own clothing, aided by a portable loom. One time in drama class Mantis had tied a fake hangman’s noose and hung it off the catwalk in the Little Theater. When class showed up they were confronted with the hideous spectacle of Mantis’s lifeless corpse dangling above center stage, the victim of an apparent suicide.

Funny! I think he got expelled for that one…

So the idea went like this: about halfway through the set we would stop, and I would ask the crowd what they thought about our new bass player. No matter what the response we would whip out Mantis’s fake noose (it had an extra loop to it that went under the armpits and prevented the person from actually dying) and string up A-Hole right in front of everyone. With any luck, the trick would backfire and he would actually die. A couple of sabotaged knots insured that would be the case.

To this day the most insane aspect of the whole episode is that he was actually crazy enough to let us do it, and we did, interrupting the set, making the announcement, and then

pouncing upon him. Mantis tied off the safety line, we threw the rope over a lighting truss, and then hauled his struggling form into the air!

It worked perfectly. The safety rope took his weight, but not so much that the noose became slack. Eyes eyes quickly bulged from their sockets as his legs kicked furiously. His hands tied behind his back, he was at that moment utterly powerless. If the safety line decided to fail, he would die…and that's exactly what happened. The knot that secured the line gave almost immediately, and with a rush of sheer terror A-Hole realized that he was closer to death than life.

From my viewpoint the trick was going great. A-Hole was doing a great job pretending to die (because he actually was) and the crowd was loving it. Everybody except Worse Than Elvis, A-Hole's older brother who was in the front row and could tell something was seriously wrong. As A-Hole kicked and jerked his way to an agonizing death, he sent out a psychic distress call to the one person in the room who would could somehow save him. Worse Than Elvis leaped on the stage and grabbed his brother around the waist and lifted him up enough to take the rope off his larynx and the air back into his lungs.

"Dude, cut it out, you're fucking it up!" I screamed.

Next time! GWAR plays Shafer Court, I fall in love with a surfer girl, and the jig is finally up at the Dairy…all of this and much, much more awaits you in the next episode of "GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death", episode 21…

**"A Saw is Coming Through the Wall"**

AND DON'T FORGET…THE CRACK-A-THON IS ON!!!!!

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* Milwaukee's Best, which at the time was battling Black Label for the title of "Richmonds Favorite Beer."

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 21

*Somehow, even after the carnage of the Death Piggy pie fight, the VCU Concert Committee agreed to allow GWAR to play a free show in Shafer Court, and actually pay us $750 dollars to do so! The story continues!*

APRIL 9, 2010; 11:36 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

The Crack-a-Thon is almost upon us! And we'll have guests like the guy pictured above. He's actually not a Jew anymore, he's just Jew-ish…remember be sure to tune into crackathon.tv on April 16th at 7:00 pm EST for the greatest entertainment event since the "For the Love of Ray J Season Two Re-union. And I thought he really cared about those hoes. Shocking!

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 21: A SAW IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL

Somehow, even after the carnage of the Death Piggy pie fight, the VCU Concert Committee agreed to allow GWAR to play a free show in Shafer Court, and actually pay us $750 to do so! That to us was a ridiculous sum of money. To think that someone would actually pay us to dress up like cavemen and wallop each other with over-sized foam mallets. After doing this for 25 years it seems like business as usual. But back then it was a major life-changing event, not just for ourselves but anyone who witnessed the spectacle of what I believe to this day to be the most spectacular performance in GWAR history.

By this point I had finally settled in as lead singer, a job I had always wanted but was more than a little leery of taking. I knew that whoever had that job was going to be run ragged trying to hold this tiger by the tail or at least be reduced to a drooling idiot by an art department that was already gnarly. I was content to stand around with my horrible guitar sound and occasionally mouth off. I didn't have a sick rubber mask, just a skateboard helmet with some spikes screwed in it. It was a real proto-Oderus, much more human than the sickening fiend so many know and love (?) today. But I wasn't destined to stay in the background. Each lead singer that we got was flakier than the last one. Joey Slutman kept trying to fuck Techno's girlfriend, The Temptress…Johnny Slutman had suffered a nervous breakdown onstage and had run off down the street, shedding costume pieces over his shoulder. And at one point CharlieO was going to be a "Baby Huey" lead singer character in a spiked helmet and an over-sized diaper. For better or worse, I settled into the job.

Wait, did I write about that part already? It's been a long day. I've been trying to get this Crack-a-Thon thing going. WebTV and all that. Check it out at crackathon.tv. Anyway we did our first live webcast tonight. Not much to brag about but at least it worked!

The Alter-Natives were still the core of the band but for the Schafer Court show our ranks swelled to include the members of Milk…and the yummy-licious Surfer Girl…

I had met Surfer Girl in Schafer Court (everything happened in Schafer Court)…she was from Va. Beach (or Reston, I can't remember)…well, she looked like she was from a beach,

or at least some exotic world where all the women were incredibly hot. She used to ride through the Court on a beach cruiser wearing nothing but a tiny red bikini.She ended up in my painting class and I ended up in her pants. She was so hot that was actually painful to look at her, but unfortunately she was also at times painful to listen to. The mooshy meta-physical mouth poop that constantly dripped out her pie-hole made me want to plug it up with a penis, which I did with vigor.

The GWAR Schafer Court show became a watershed moment for the Dairy art scene. Anybody who lived, worked, or hung out there came out to contribute something. We'd have these huge rehearsals where people would completely ignore my attempts at scripting the thing and just make up their own lines. The cast of characters were set against a ridiculous story with about 10 different monsters fighting each other at once. The band members of GWAR (all six of them at least, including Cornelius Carnage, Hans and Stephan Sphincter, and several that had no names) fought a long and confusing host of costumed creeps including the earliest versions of Techno-Destructo, Cardinal Syn and the Murder Chair, a gang of terrorists armed with these over-sized cloth and glue weapons Techno had made, Uncle Knobby (a cripple in a wheelchair, he was a holdover from a Death piggy show the year before) and finally the Chernobyl Cockroach, which got hosed by a giant can of bug-spray (we used a real fire-extinguisher and almost killed the guy inside, whom I believe was Sleazy P. before he had assumed that role).

The highlight of the show was when the terrorists detonated a bomb that destroyed a passing airplane. We had created a giant cloth and glue (everything was cloth and glue!) jet engine and stashed it on the fire escape overlooking the crowd. When the time came and supposedly airplane debris was raining down on the crowd we pushed it off the parapet and onto a metal guide line, where it hurtled down towards the stage to crush the unfortunate Uncle Knobby. The wire sagged, then went taut, and the engine, trailing strands of toiler paper, somehow made the journey from the fire escape to the stage without killing anyone. It was fucking beautiful.

It was an utter triumph. We'd never dreamed so many people would show up, and to this day it remains the most people I have ever seen in Schafer Court. But things were going to get shitty quick.

About a half hour after the show I noticed that the check for 750.00 was missing. Either I had lost it or someone had stolen it, and though it was quickly canceled and re-issued, it was "the last straw" for Techno. That was weird because I didn't know there were any straws before that! In the course of a day of two, he had gathered up all of his costumes, stored

them at his house, and left for Detroit to take a job as a security job in some factory. Suddenly, GWAR was naked.

But my sudden downturn of bad luck was not over. My tenuous hold on A-hole had grown as tiresome as his appearances in this story. He was ready to move on. He'd left Death Piggy, but stayed in GWAR, just enough to mock me. After Shafer Court the Alter-Natives pretty much quit GWAR to work on their band exclusively. I had lost my costumes and my band. I still had a hot girlfriend, but she was a fucking pain-in-the-ass.

One day I painted a weird squid-monster on the door of the abandoned deep-freeze that served as the Alter-Natives practice space. It was finally me giving in. I had recognized the Master and sought to pay him homage.

But he didn't like it! In fact, he told me to not do it again. That was kinda pointless, as it was already done. Soon after that the Natives had landed a record deal with SST. They were going to drive out to California and make a record with Greg Ginn. They piled into the Spectran, an old-hospital van that they smoked lots of pot in, and away they went. Even though I knew A-Hole was going to hate it, I had painted a screaming face on the spare-tire cover. It was the last thing I saw, my own painting mocking me, as the van bounced off down the alley, taking the Natives to a glorious destiny in California and leaving me and GWAR in the dust.

Lost, lonely, and confused, I wandered back into my milk-bottle and pondered my future over a six-pack of Black Label and a pack of swiss cheese I had stolen from Sleazy's refrigerator. Suddenly an ear-splitting roar filled the air as a shower of dust and debris exploded all over me. The drunk renovation crew had decided it was time to put a saw through my wall. And it was time for me to get the fuck out of there.

NEXT TIME! Escape! Weed! A new band! And this week is done!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 22

*Surfer Girl got unreasonably thrashed in the last episode, and I am sorry. I should have spent a lot more time describing the first true love of my life in the glowing terms that she deserved. But nevertheless it's time for the shortest episode yet of ...*

MAY 7, 2010; 2:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

**SURFER GIRL WAS A BEAUTIFUL PERSON, AND I AM SORRY I WROTE CRAPPY THINGS ABOUT HER IN THE LAST EPISODE (even if they were funny).**

I am indulging my comments section on this one. As usual I was having fun at the expense of others, and unfairly thrashed Surfer Girl. And I forgot another huge part as reminded by G-Man. So I endeavored to address these concerns. Now, that I have, I wish they'd never posted their stupid comments, they've made a mess of everything! So before this episode evens begins lets go back, apologize, revise history...fuck I wish I had never been born!

I could have spent a lot more time describing the first true love of my life in the glowing terms that she deserved. But fuck it, I didn't! We were both young and gay, and dirty, and

had our poor heads filled with all of that art school mish-mush– it's a lot easier to remember the stupid stuff, snipe away from cover, and hope the featured party didn't read the episode. But truth be told, Surfer Girl deserved better than what she got in the last installment of this sordid tale. That "metaphysical mouth-poop" (language learned from years of art school critiques), was interesting enough to reduce me to a droolingly lovesick puppy for a couple of years..she was arguably the hottest girl at V.C.U. at the time. The fact that she was hanging out with me, known slut and crappy lay (yes, bad sex after an extremely awkward pre-sex ritual) left me so stunned that I had no idea how to handle it or her. It's like she was made out of elemental fire or some otherworldly substance that I put my penis in.

We had feasted on each other's lives. Surfer Girl had been in the band Milk as well, and had even endured the rigors of dairy life. One time her Dad came down, saw where she was sleeping (a ledge) and immediately built her a log cabin in the middle of the Dairy. She was an amazing girl, and we just argued constantly about everything. One night a random comment from a homeless guy led to an hours-long, absolutely useless disagreement…but damn she had the finest ass I had ever seen.

There was a final conflict that ended our romance once and for all. Surfer Girl had built/painted a huge pair of underpants (about three feet across, four long…) that was pin-striped red and black with a huge backwards pink swastika emblazoned on the left leg. She was adamant about wanting Gor-Gor * to wear "Hitler's Underpants" in an upcoming parade appearance GWAR was getting ready to do. The rest of us were equally determined that it wouldn't happen. It was the final act in a romance that spanned a couple of years, but many times later I often found myself wondering what it would have been like if Gor-Gor had actually worn them.

I am a little scatter-brained as I try to get back in the groove of this thing. But as usual life is complete chaos. I missed the last episode because of that crazy Crack-a-Thon thing I was doing in New York. As a personal highlight I sang a duet of "Candle in the Wind" with Andrew WK. We have less than a month until our next tour and I have to move not only out of my house but move the Slave Pit across town as well. Throw in working on the new album, trying to keep up with a mountain of commissions, and my crippling weed-addiction and I am thoroughly discombobulated.

But nevertheless it's time for the shortest episode yet of …

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 22: LOOK MA, NO MUSIC …

Techno had left for Detroit, locking up the costumes at his parents house before he did so. The Natives were getting ready to drive to California and make an album for SST and Greg Ginn. The renovation of the Dairy was slugging along under the guidance of The Vet, a crazed Vietnam veteran who was going to get us all killed in his quest to strip every inch of copper wire out of the Dairy. Then another crew moved in and I almost got stabbed to death in a back corridor with cement trowel. The Dairy wasn't the bohemian playground it had used to be. It was only a matter of time before we got kicked out. Standing with Sleazy in the rubble of the Dairy , we wondered what to do…

"Fuck it, we'll just build new costumes," he said.

GWAR would not be stopped!

Right around the same time I started hanging out with Wolfman, called so because he is a Wolfman. He was also the Natives sound man and also worked at Radioactive Studios, back in the day when bands actually had to go into such a place in order to record their music–on magnetic tape, no less! Gradually I began my withdrawal from the Dairy and into Wolfman's house over on South Pine St., or "Spine St." as it was lovingly called. Mantis and G-Man lived there too.

We would have laughed if you told us then that one day Mamma Zu's would one day spread it's lovely garlic smell across the neighborhood…back then we ate grilled cheese sandwiches at the Pine St. Grill, and occasionally somebody would eat a bottle to the teeth, supplied by the psychotic locals!

BROCKIE AWAKENING ON HIS CARDBOARD BED, SPINE ST., 1985.

The Wolfman grew some amazing pot, and during one of our many bong sessions we came up with what we thought was a pretty good idea–we would actually record the soundtrack to a GWAR show in advance, complete with quad-tracked guitar solos, crank it through the P.A., and lip sync to the whole thing! What could possibly go wrong? The songs actually came out pretty damn good, and a bunch of people showed up for the gig…it worked really good in soundcheck, but for some reason when we did it in front of the crowd it sounded totally different. I was convinced the audience knew we were lip-syncing and that we totally sucked. As usual the opposite was true. People had no idea how the hell Cornielius Cranage could play four guitars at once so I guess the experiment actually went pretty well. But being an overly dramatic art fag I was convinced it was a complete failure. But that was the last project the Alter-Natives would be able to do with us. They were off to sunny California, and I was broke, bandless and sleeping on a piece of cardboard. It looked like GWAR might be over before it had even started. And crack hadn't even been invented yet!

The Dairy was done. Drunk George the one-armed welder had succeeded in collapsing half the building and no one seemed to notice. One day I woke up to a circular saw coming through the wall, vomiting a shower of asbestos-laden debris all over my drummer's girlfriend. Soon I had moved into Spine St. without asking anyone, and slept on a piece of

cardboard in the front room. The GWAR shop moved down to Shockoe Bottom inside one of those gigantic tobacco warehouses where we set about re-building all of the costumes. And with amazing artists like the Musel-Man, Sleazy and Sexy and increasingly The Mantis (who was being inexorably drawn into GWAR despite initially thinking it was “stupid”), we were soon suited up again…

NEXT TIME : The scourge of the later part of the 20th century becomes the driving force behind the silliest band in history–join us in two weeks for the next episode —

# POLICE SEE SOME “CRACK”, FEAR IT MIGHT SPREAD

* (the famous and first “camo” version that Techno had built, it still exists in the Slave Pit vaults and hopefully one day the exhibit halls of the Valentine Museum)

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 24

*When we last left off, we were getting kicked out of the Dairy, our band was bailing on us and Techno had packed off to Detroit, taking the costumes with him. For whatever reason, GWAR seemed destined to be exactly what we had intended it to be: a joke.*

MAY 21, 2010; 3:10 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Every time I do something stupid I write about it on my website. Much to my shame (and your amusement), it is one of the most popular pages. In fact, people can't seem to get enough of my stupidity, and encourage more of it. Here's a sample...

Incident on Hull St...

May 19th, 2010 I am running around like a maniac, trying to move the Slave Pit across town while at the same time trying to sort out the details of renewing my passport (extra-complicated Canadian model). The AC is out in my truck and my phone won't shut up. Somebody drives by with their stereo on "lose your bowels" setting, then, after my ass settles down, my radio explodes with a car commercial where by law they have to shove in a million stupid facts about title, tags, etc…so they speed up the voice so the words are there but you can't possibly understand them…and I am just standing there in the street, trying to make sense of this whole fucking spectacle, when I realize my truck isn't where it's supposed to be–it's supposed to be right in front of me, but now there is just a empty parking space. Like a pudding trying to congeal, my mind tries to recognize what is happening and put it in a reasonable context. But I can't. I'm too high!

Then I hear a crash, barely audible over the din which surrounds me. Sweaty and flabbergasted I look up and see the back of my truck, all the way on the other side of the intersection. The pudding solidify s and I finally put it together…I must have not left it in gear, and my truck has rolled off down the street, colliding with a Mountaineer (at the time I was sure it was a Lexus), bouncing off it (more like lurching, it was going all of five miles an hour), and rolling back into the street, where it gains speed and enters the upper portion of the huge hill. And if it goes down that hill, people are going to DIE.

No! Nothing but the word no– over and over again!

I snap into at a full sprint down the street in pursuit of my truck, my new (used) truck…which appears to be gathering momentum quickly, as for one sickening instant I think I might not be able to catch it. Oblivious to the traffic I run down the street, arms pinwheeling, howling at the the top of my lungs. Tears, sweat and saliva fly everywhere as I feel the full chaos crash upon me…my truck is barreling down the street now and all I can do is watch as a guy comes flying out of the bar further down the street, chases down my errant vehicle, leaps into the cab through the passenger door, and quickly corrals the beast before further accident or injury.

Breathless and sweaty, I am freaking out so bad that a small crowd gathers around me, obviously thinking I am on drugs…in fact a man identifies himself as “a mental health professional”, and informs me the police are on their way, then asks me if I am on drugs again. Faced with the prospect of cops getting involved, I calm down quickly, then am informed the reason that this had happened to me was because of the Washington Redskins paraphernalia dangling from my rear-view.

Once again I am one lucky son-a-bitch. Nobody is visibly injured injured, and there is not a hell of a lot of damage. My insurance should cover it. For all my freaking out and hysterical raving the situation is exactly the same way it would have been if I hadn’t worked myself into a tizzy.

After that asinine incident I have pledged to try to not to stress out uncontrollably any time anything happens. But I won’t stop doing stupid things, and I won’t stop writing about them either! You can find them on the “Stupid” at oderus.com, oh wait, here it is!

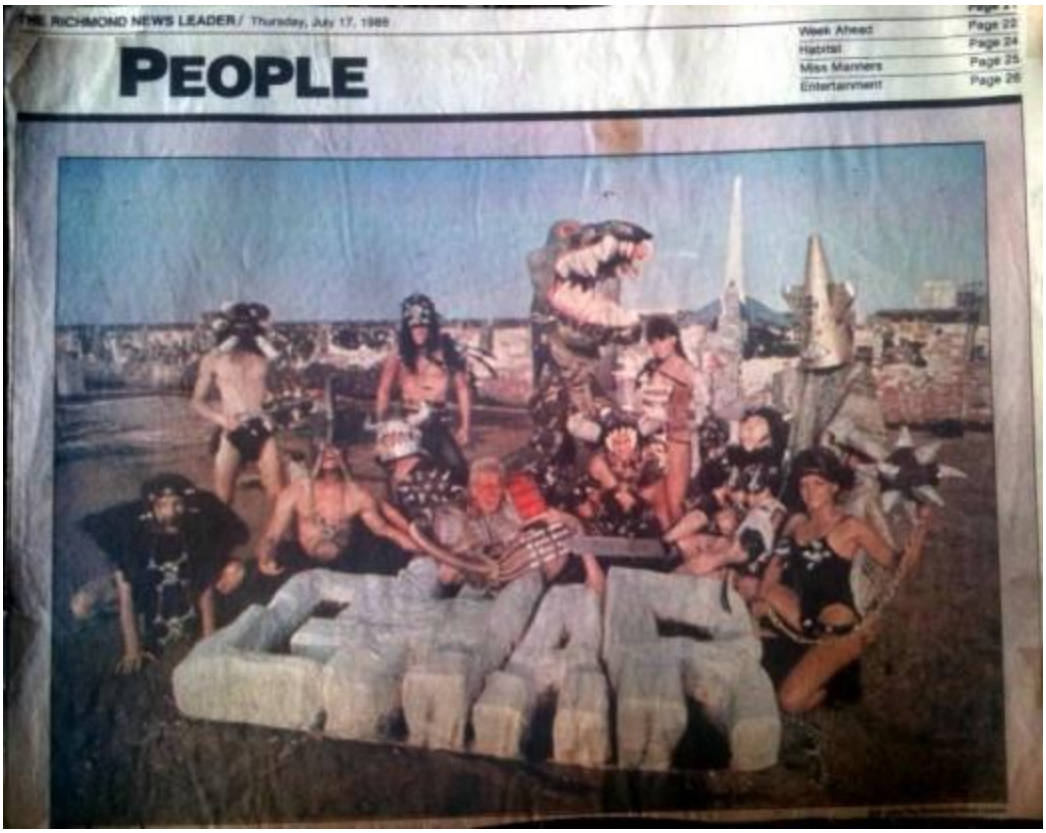
I’ve been keeping the page going for years so there is quite a collection of stupidity, preserved in hallmark examples of me at my worst. Enjoy, and thank yourself that you’re not me!

SO LET'S GET ON WITH TODAY'S PRESENTATION.

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 24: THE DEATH OF THE DAIRY

Episode 24? Did I screw the numbers up and skip 23? Man, the wheels are really falling off this thing. First he doesn't know what number episode it is even though he could look it up in like 20 seconds. Second of all he actually apologized to Surfer Girl, even then not apologizing for the right thing, which was to give her the idiotically un-original "Surfer Girl" for a moniker in this story. In fact Wolfman gave me shit about his name (also incredibly banal and wow, I shifted tenses twice already). So he folds (three) and re-names "Surfer Girl" "The Brown Beast" (it WAS a one-piece, I again stand corrected, there will be no Xbox for a week…). And "Wolfman" now is known as "The Weed-Wolf". Better names, to be sure. And finally he seems to have left his best friend, the ever-sinister "Dr Skull", out of the entire story!


THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER / Thursday, July 17, 1986
PEOPLE
Week Ahead Page 22
Habitat Page 24
Miss Manners Page 25
Entertainment Page 26
GWAR, on the roof of the Richmond Dairy, circa 1986

How young, how dumb, how fun. Before we bid adieu to the Dairy and the years we spent there, let us remember with profound loin-stirrings the original incarnation of GWAR, which came to hideous life in the murky confines of the Dairy during the what would later be called by GWAR elders "The Years Without Light" or even more famously "The Dim Time". When we last left off, we were getting kicked out of the Dairy, our band was bailing on us and Techno had packed off to Detroit, taking the costumes with him. For whatever reason, GWAR seemed destined to be exactly what we had intended it to be: a joke. But before all of that chaos descended we managed to immortalize that time, with the help of the now-defunct Richmond News Leader!

From left to right, first their character name and then their nickname for this story. Fascinating stuff!

**1) HANS ORIFICE OR SPHINCTER (details are sketchy) A.K.A. "Tommy Gun"**, drummer for the Alter-Natives, his Dad made amazing apple juice that was often our sole source of sustenance in the Dairy. Irrepressible, dashingly handsome, and supposedly hung like a mule, Tommy went on to become the consummate Richmond and then international weirdo–i.e. he was in about a million awesome bands that most people have never heard of.

Cares not one whit. Good friends with yours truly to this day, Tommy-Gun was recently tapped to stand-in for the unfortunately dead Bam-Bam at the hopefully upcoming Death Piggy re-union.

**2) STEPHAN SPHINCTER A.K.A "Jazzbo"** In the band from it's earliest inception, Jazzbo would go on to hate the memory and react like a hackled badger anytime GWAR was brought up. Found love with a mail-order bride.

**3) THE SEXECUTIONER A.K.A."Spike"** With his Sargent Rock jawline and Rat-Pack demeanor, Spike, along with Sexy, created the "Swamp", by far the most accommodating hovel in the Dairy, and was the original "Sexecutioner". Co-creator of "The Shit Rag", a threadbare towel which everybody used to wipe their asses, then left in the shower.

**4) BALSAC THE JAWS OF DEATH A.K.A. "A-Hole"** This local radio personality has bedeviled the author for years with his imperious attitude and rugged good looks. For years pioneered the development of a non-sexual "ball-washing" technique he learned in Kuala Lumpur. Sickened by his customers recurrent erections, A-Hole abandoned the cutting edge practice in favor of something that didn't involve massaging other men's scrotum's with his mouth (in a completely non-gay way, of course…)

**5) CORNELIUS CARNAGE A.K.A. "G-man"** Beloved Alter-Natives guitarist who was also called "Slug" by his less-enlightened (not high enough) friends, due to his early mastery of the relaxation technique which would later be described as "slack". Told Greg Ginn he didn't want him to produce his record.

**6) TECHNO-DESTRUCTO A.K.A. "Techno- Destructo"**, along with Sexy, was the original founder of the Slave Pit and the undisputed creator of GWAR's earliest look. Created the first "spew-dick" for Death Piggy's infamous Wendy O Williams show. Powered through the early days on a diet consisting of nothing but 2-liter bottles of Dr. Pepper and a substance he would create known as "glop", which could also double as construction adhesive. Later got mad and left, only to later return, then get mad again, but this time not leave, then leave.

**7) GOR-GOR** Not sure exactly who is in here, thinking it is probably Sexy though it might be The Mantis…

**8) JOEY SLUTMAN A.K.A. "The Italian Stallion"** replaced brother Johnny Slutman who had quit onstage earlier in the story. Left band after alleged hanky-panky (i.e. fucking) with an un-named band members girlfriend. Possessed the "Voice of Power" and did really

well on early versions of “A, E, I, O, U” and “GWAR Theme” but quit when he realized just how horrible of a guitar player I was destined to continue to be. Went to Philly and joined the mob.

**9)THE TEMPTRESS A.K.A. “Miss Not-Appearing In-This-Story”** is as completely forgettable as someone can be. Out there somewhere, doing something.

**10) ODERUS URUNGUS A.K.A. “Me”** This is the earliest version of Oderus and looks nothing like what the character would morph into. In fact there wasn’t a fake dick on anybody at this point! Am happy in this picture because I got to have sex with the girl next to me.

**11) CARDINAL SYN A.K.A. “The Weed-Wolf”** Though he never actually appeared onstage, The Weed-Wolf was smart enough to be around the day the photographer came by, slip on the most basic costume, and act like he was in the band.

**12) AMAZINA A.K.A. “The Brown-Beast”** Brought a level of beauty and spunk (and a great ass) to the band, but unfortunately sabotaged herself with the insistence that Gor-Gor be made to wear “Hitler’s Underpants”.

Slave Pit Rubble, 2010

It's only fitting that we bring the Dairy years to a close just as we vacate our current headquarters on Hull St. and head over to the new Slave Pit on Boulevard. It was almost 25 years ago that the Dairy finally folded, and we stood there, surrounded by piles of rubble strangely similar to the one you see above, wondering what the fuck to do next.

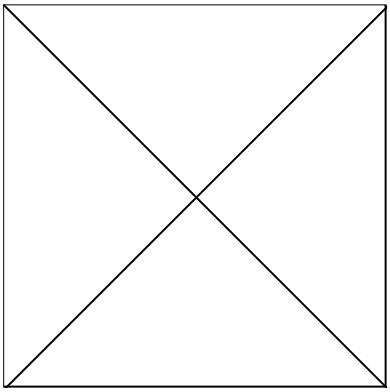
The Dairy was done, the band had bailed, and Techno had taken away our ball. Was this the end of GWAR? All this and less in the next episode of "GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death!!!!!!"

# Europe is different…again

*Dave Brockie is back! Sort of. GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Deathwill resume in two weeks. Until then, Dave gives us an account of his most recent tour in Europe, with a little insight and opinion thrown in there for good measure.*

JULY 16, 2010; 11:58 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Dave Brockie is back! Sort of. GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death will resume in two weeks. Until then, Dave gives us an account of his most recent tour in Europe, with a little insight and opinion thrown in there for good measure. Enjoy!



Welcome back…to me! That is correct, I have returned to this place, this perch, this palace of pimply prose, to once again import and impair upon you…me! Dave Brockie, shameless self promoter and your guide to things both nasty and not so. I am currently in Europe on tour with the mighty GWAR, hence the title of this story.

The image above is the view from our parked bus this morning in Holland. Despite their recent World Cup loss, the Dutch were happy to see us, but not half as happy as we were to see them!

And speaking of Europe, it's different! Here's an example… did you know that people in Europe call their countries different things than we do, and they even call OUR country different things too? ALL KINDS of things, and some of them are extremely rude. Everything is at least a little different, like this replacement computer keyboard I got in Lindau, Germany, after a dog vomited on my original one. It's like it was made for a different language or something!

So even though I wasn't even in Europe for most of the time I've been gone, I will still use it as an excuse as to why I missed the last few installments of GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death. Now where were we?

Hmmm…it seems I kinda might have forgotten what I was writing about. Maybe I should go back and read the last few, or maybe I should have them read to me, while I just lie there on the couch playing Nazi Zombies for hours. I love that fucking game. I have it on my iPhone, on the bus, and in my living room. I am so glad I still play video games with the same fanaticism I enjoyed in my snot-nosed youth. In fact that game is the real reason I haven't been doing shit on this thing.

Every time I come to Europe, I ask myself, didn't these people lose World War II? Or at least get the shit blown out of them? If they did, then we need a war like that…one we mean to lose, so the rest of the world will give us money so they can have a good future trading partner. Because if you judge the worth of a culture by the standard of living that the people enjoy Europe rules and Holland is one of the crown jewels.

And not just because of the weed…or legal prostitution, or assisted suicide, or strict gun control, or tons of other stuff that makes life better for the Average Joe, and that will take decades to get in the US…and we will be smoking legal weed in the US a lot earlier than the day we give up our guns, as ridiculous as that sounds. And it is.

That's a huge thing over in Europe. You can't get your hands on weapons. So the chances of getting shot by a gun is pretty fucking small. You are much more likely to get knifed or get the sharp end of an afro pic in your eye. And that's considering you are actually more likely to be abducted by aliens than be assaulted in Europe, unless of course you were fighting World War II. And while we are on the subject, didn't we make our nation a gun culture because it needed to be one at the time, like when we were protecting our families from bears, or massacring Natives? Do we really still need to do that? Because I tell you what, it feels pretty good to walk around late at night in a city, and not worry about the very real possibility of being robbed at gunpoint. And NO, it doesn't make it better that I have the right to carry my own weapon and maybe get the drop on my assailant and blast a chunk of his brain-case off. This is not the Wild West, the US is supposed to be a civilized fucking country, not a war zone…

I come over here and I look around, and I see the way these people live…they live very well… and I think about all the Americans that have died in European wars…that continue to die…for what? So the losers of the greatest war in history can live like kings while our

country looks like a third world shit hole…and we are pouring money into…Afghanistan??? Fighting a bunch of cave men???

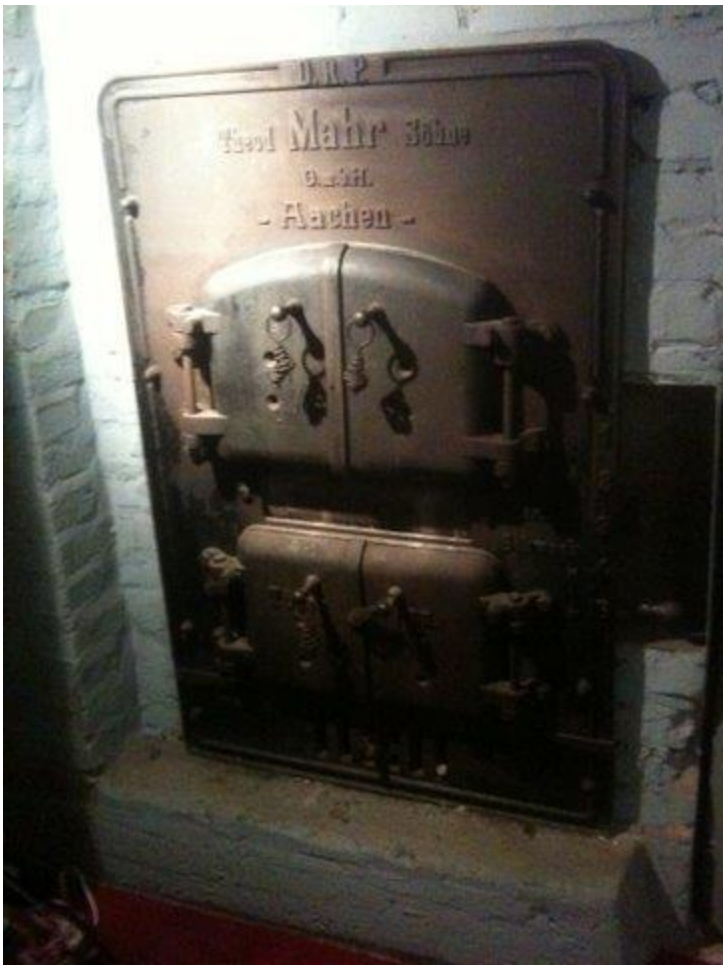
This is the bullshit we have waiting for us at home. The Republicans are busy tearing the Prez a new one, for the war, for the economy…same old shit, hell, did they at least cap the oil spill?

Did anyone ever stop to think that maybe the biggest reason, and maybe the ONLY reason, that the world wide economy has tanked is THIS STUPID FUCKING WAR? That maybe if we stopped shoveling billions of dollars into a flaming pit, if we stopped getting a lot of people killed and maimed and fucked for life and instead spent that cash on making this country as cool as Holland, then maybe everything would be ok?

But NOOOOO, all the Republicans can do is bitch. It reminds me of when Jimmy Carter was in office, one of the smartest, wisest, most capable Presidents we ever had. I mean the man was brilliant, and is still brilliant, well, he can still tie his own shoes; he just wasn't nasty enough to be President, and he was attacked relentlessly, his entire administration, until he was basically run out of office. Sure, brother Billy didn't help matters much when he pissed all over the runway at Andrews Air Force Base.

But I don't give shit! Republicans, shut the fuck up…you had eight years to sort it out and you failed us. Yeah, I know you were doing pretty good, but the rest of us have been eating shit too long. Let the man work, for is that not the fairest measure of a man? And unlike some people in our recent electoral history, at least he won the damn election fair and square. Shut the hell up FOR ONCE, and let the man do his job, then maybe, just maybe we might be able to get out of this ever increasingly unendurable black hole, which we struggle to escape the gulf of horror that 9/11 cast over our world. It has enveloped us in its deadly cloud just as surely as the people of Manhattan were engulfed in the pulverized debris of the destroyed Twin Towers. And I am fucking sick of it!

Life doesn't have to suck, just ask the people of Holland…




Here is the oven from the bunker. Himmler used it… to make bread.

I don't know where that came from but it was on my mind. So we will try to lighten it up around here. The other night we played at a huge concrete bunker in Aachen, Germany that has been converted to have a club down in the cellar. The fort was built in 1941 by the Nazis to serve as a an air raid shelter and later as a headquarters of the Siegfried Line. At one point, Heinrich Himmler, head of the S.S., held a big event here, right before the Americans attacked the place, kicking off three weeks of bloody street battles. At one point a 1,000-kilogram bomb hit the place, and the exterior is all chewed by the spattering steel. We played a great gig here.

Sometimes its rough going down memory lane when the past of today's present is pretty damn interesting.

Wow, I am all over the place today! But fret no more!!! For now it is time, now for, once again, and all that shit, the latest, the greatest, the not written quite yet but about to be, 25th Episode of…

GWAR, Me, and the On Rushing Grip of Death!!!!

In two weeks here at RVANews.com!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 25

*Sleazy and I eyed each other from either side of a rubble-strewn chamber, somewhere deep inside the bowels of the Richmond Dairy. The jig was up; the Alter Natives had left for California to record a record for SST, so I was out a band.*

JULY 30, 2010; 1:16 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Out of one Pit, into another... the NEW Slave Pit costume loft! Notice we actually store our stuff in plastic tubs. There are some nasty things in there! And yes, that is the old dead Pope...

THE GWAR-B-Q IS BACK!

Aug. 8th at the Bike Lot shall see an auspicious event in the annals of Richmond and Slave Pit history — after a 10-year break (because of 9/11, man!), the GWAR-b-q is back! Tons of bands, food, tattoos, beverages, and of course, sweltering heat. And as part of the entertainment we are proud to present a special set featuring many of the old members of GWAR, including the legendary Mike Bishop–the original Beefcake, Death Piggy guitarist Russ Bahorsky, and that lovable loudmouth, Christopher Maynard Bopst. 25 years of Slave

Pit music…using the actual original members whenever possible. Should be pretty damn fun! Get full details at www.gwarbq.com

But I didn't sign on to this column so I could use it as a platform to plug my various side projects…not today anyway. It's time to get this oft-meandering but always written in English epic back on track. So this is it! We are really starting this thing again. So rest assured this is not another attack on the mean old men of the Republican Party, disguising itself as a rambling travelogue.

# GWAR, ME AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH PART 25
# "I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL THIS ONE"

Sleazy and I eyed each other from either side of a rubble-strewn chamber, somewhere deep inside the bowels of the Richmond Dairy. The jig was up — the Alter Natives had left for California to record a record for SST, so I was out a band. The Slave Pit was getting bulldozed in the huge refurb the Dairy was getting, so we were out a studio as well. The "Dairy-Daze" were over. But the worst was yet to come…because at that point it seemed like GWAR might be over as well.

One filthy day as I was stumbling around the Dairy, trying to avoid the Pete the Piss-Troll and the homicidal rednecks in the basement, I walked into our beloved Pit to discover all of the costumes were gone. Techno's pick-up truck, loaded with all the pieces he'd made (and a couple that he didn't) was at that moment (we thought) barreling towards Detroit, where he had a job as a security guard waiting for him. I didn't get it. Techno had always, despite his Dairy-dwelling, held normal jobs and was a reasonably normal person (despite his beet-red skin and white-blond mohawk). I took his departure as him trying to find a little more security in his life. Despite creating the costumes that inspired us to come up with GWAR, GWAR was never really his thing. In many ways, he was.a lot like the character he played on stage, Techno-Destructo, meaning that he hated GWAR a lot and me (Oderus) most of all. Techno had a real vision of what those costumes were for and increasingly he was realizing that it wasn't going to happen with the current cast of idiot drunks. So he bailed.

As it turned out Techno had just stashed the shit with his folks…good thing he kept it a secret because we would have gone over there and busted that shit out. As it was, when confronted with our dilemma, Sleazy didn't bat an eye, he just said:

“Fuck it. We’ll build new shit!”

And so we set our plan in motion  We bounced out of the Dairy and ended up in the old tobacco warehouses past Shockoe Bottom. We had the Muselman to thank for that.

The Muselman was a graduate student at VCU that had been drawn into GWAR through Spike, a cohort at the Sculpture Department, where he had also studied. You see, it was really VCU that was most responsible for the creation of GWAR. If it hadn’t been for the cultural mecca of the VCU art school, none of the people that created GWAR would ever have come to Richmond. Unless of course it was for the fine crack and transvestite hookers that swarmed all over Broad Sreet. on any given night.

Muselman was an amazing sculptor with a low-key yet smoldering intensity. He, as much or more so than any other Slave Pit artist, typified what came to be known as “throwing down” — getting in the Pit, setting up your “glugs” (beers, usually Black Label but increasingly so Milwaukees Best), and building shit for hours and hours. That’s what it took and what it will always take to do GWAR. Tons of hard work, in hot, sweaty rooms, standing for days on end on hard-ass cement floors, swilling glugs, slathering yourself with toxic substances, cutting and carving foam, applying cloth and glue coverings, doing fiberglass, etc., etc. We used to cut foam with electric carving knives and then slop cloth and glue onto whatever it was we had created. We had a “hot wire” we used for cutting hard foam, which worked great except for the cyanide gas that was created when you melted your way through the stuff. The shop was always a disaster and nobody could ever find their scissors.

But the Muselman brought a new level of skill and craft to the Slave Pit. His shit looked so nice. And whatever he built lasted forever. With him, Sleazy, Sexy, Spike, myself, and increasingly Mantis and Boner, we set about re-building all of the costumes and getting GWAR going again.

I helped in the shop, but not much. That was probably good, as my sculptures had a tendency to suck. I was a GWAR- toonist, meaning I did a lot of the drawing, but my primary job was to get a new band together. So I went with what I knew– the local punk scene. I went straight to Spewy.

Spewy had used to play bass in White Cross and then guitar in Unseen Force. Both of those bands ruled and White Cross had even toured. He was a big, mellow, and most importantly friendly Richmond local, who was in the midst of a messy break-up of his latest band. He lived in a big house on Grove with his girlfriend The Ice Princess, and I would hang around over there until somebody fed me. I skated over there one day and put it to him, and he

responded favorably. He got on the phone and the next thing I knew I had Hoseby as my drummer, notorious drummer of White Cross. Hoseby was a known hood who never changed his expression except when playing drums, when his lip would pull back slightly. Plus he had the best naturally spiking hair ever, which I was very jealous of.

It was a great start! I had two local legends and a warehouse full of dudes building new shit…but the line-up wasn't set yet.

I didn't want people from other bands. I wanted people who were ready to throw down for GWAR, as their number one priority. I needed to do something here! I obviously wasn't going to pay the bills as a painter, and my construction gigs were getting fewer and more odious when they did occur. Working with idiots is hard for me. I needed to make GWAR a success, or my life was going to suck . The Alter Natives, for all of my jealous rantings directed at A-Hole, had inspired the hell out of me. Hell, EVERYBODY was piling into vans and hitting the road. Death Piggy had given me a little taste of success. GWAR and Shafer Court had given us a fabulous glimpse into what the future could be. But I needed a damn good band before I could go anywhere. My next move was a solid if not very daring one. I picked up Thuglass, the original Balsac. Nobody knew much about him except he was a little older than the rest of us and that he played a wicked guitar; his solid chops would off-set Spewy's sound nicely. So I decided to overlook the bald-spot and stories of crack-abuse. Thuglas was in!

Of course I was seeing this all through beer-colored glasses. I had no idea about the deep and distressing problems that all three of these people had. My "dream team", would turn out to be a total nightmare, and within a few years all of them would be gone. No, not dead, just out of the band.

I was happy with the progress, but the band was still incomplete.I still didn't have a bass player. For GWAR to step up, and nothing less than the best bass player in town would do — and he also had to be the fattest. And I knew just where to get him.

Tickled pink? Well, don't you worry, there will be more pink-tickling coming in just two short weeks, when the next, all new, on time, every other Friday appearing, and actually about what it is supposed to be about episode of "GWAR, Me and the On-rushing Grip of Death." Don't miss the next one as I tell the story of the reborn GWAR trying to take the step from Richmond joke band to actually touring the craziest show in history. So, see ya in two weeks with:

**"The Golden Battle Barge"**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 26

*Dave Brockie is back and better than ever with the latest installment in the exciting and sordid of how GWAR came to be...well...GWAR. This time we hear about how he lured "the perfect musician for the Richmond scene" into the fold. Plus there's mention of a dragon... oh just read it.*

AUGUST 27, 2010; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

(Here's a picture I got of a painting on the roof of the BeergaBurgerba– oh fuck it...anyway Hitler used to hang out here, with this guy checking out the show. It looks disturbingly like somebody I know, especially the two spiked shoulder pads and the love for beer!)

About a year ago, when we decided we were going to have a two-year celebration marking GWAR's 25th Anniversary, we knew we had to deliver the goods, and in doing so take full advantage of this milestone. It was/is our best and maybe last chance to get GWAR to the level it deserves — complete and utter domination. Not until the 50th Anniversary will we have a better chance to remind people how great we are!

But I think even the most optimistic of the GWAR slaves is surprised at how well the party is shaping up. At the end of the U.S. “Lust in Space” tour, we jumped right into working on our new album, establishing gwar.tv (with the Crackathon, remember?), and bringing back the GWAR-B-Que! Then it was off to Europe to crush festival after festival, and then it was the latest news…our new album, “GWAR’s Bloody Pit of Horror”, is set to drop world-wide this fall (TBA but in November), a huge U.S/ Canada tour is in the works in support of GWAR’s second studio epic in as many years…a tour that just had Australia and New Zealand added to it!

But that doesn’t excuse my lameness in neglecting this column, so let’s get back to the riveting, semi-monthly spectacle that has been forgotten as…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH PART 26 “THE BISHOP”

I had populated the new GWAR with the “crumbs of the crop”, true gems of the local punk rock scene, semi-stars, drunks and junkies to the man. My final and greatest score was “The Bishop”, local bass player and notorious malcontent. The Bishop was the almost the perfect musician for the Richmond scene, immensely talented yet sour about it. Throw in scornful of others and generally bellicose, yet still projecting a youthful cheerfulness that enabled him to get away with murder, and you had the tip of the iceberg that was The Bishop.The only thing he had working against him was the fact that he was from Hopewell, scene of the famous Kepone spill and a horrible smelling paper-plant. Despite it’s proximity to Richmond, Hopewell got none of it’s cool points, and fortunately that made him just as much of an outsider as I was.

Plus he was fat. Not like disgustingly obese (not yet, anyway…), but very fat as fuck. Big-boned at least. Big, FAT bones that needed beer poured on them constantly. What, with my over-sized head and delusional outlook we bonded as only fellow mental and physical freaks can, skipping practice to indulge in endless games of Cyberball at Station Break, during which “The Bopst Show” would occasionally show up at and kick both of our asses.

(Yes, I have changed the character’s name from “Asshole” to “A-Hole”, to “The Bopst Show”. Keep up with this shit!)

I'm not quite sure how he got in the band. He was at the time still in high school, playing with a band called The Guilty, an erstwhile but ultimately banal sorta-punk outfit. I didn't want to go at him directly, because I didn't want to feel bad later about him not going to college and ruining his life, so I left most of the wooing to Sleazy, done over pitchers of beer at Rockitz.

Around this time we finally moved into our first real Slave-Pit since the eviction from the Dairy. Located at Broad and Laurel, we had a ringside yet birds-eye view of the nightly carnage as the bars spilled into the streets. For $450 a month we got the whole upstairs level (and after some creative expansion/ lock-picking, the cellar as well) above what was back then Labor Pro, was before then a massage parlor, and is Aladdins Pizza today (You Ring, We Bring!). The walls were painted a garish red and there were several inner chambers that those of us requiring housing quickly took over. The Pit (an upstairs Pit, at that…) was right across from Rockitz,  where most of the cool bands played, right next to Ivory's, the most violent club in town, and right around the corner from the Grace Street strip. To say that it was the perfect set-up for all kinds of debauchery was a considerable understatement. With that on our side, it was was pretty easy to get The Bishop in the band.

Getting The Bishop cemented our line-up in a way that I felt was a mother-fucking Dream Team of punk rock power. Despite my gigantic skull, I anticipated a huge step-up in the level of hot slut-dom (and music) this new GWAR would bring to the table. As far as to what it was going to sound like, it was pretty wide open. I was still flying my punk flag, and really hadn't listened to metal since Double Live Gonzo. But bands like D.R.I. were bringing it into punk, and the early results were sounding good. As far as the then-current metal gods, I loved Motorhead, but they were pretty much the exception. I wasn't really into Maiden or Ozzy, and for the most part the double kick had always in my eyes and ears been associated with the self-indulgent excess of 70's hair bands or Rush-esque prog-rock crap. But now it was starting to sound pretty cool. And some little band from California named Metallica was starting to make a big noise. Metal was back (again) and though I wasn't quite ready for it in our band but I could see it going that way.

Spewy really had a lock on that early punk/metal style, as his previous band, Unseen Force, was livid testimony to. Thuglas had a great dirty-metal guitar sound that sounded great in contrast to Spewy's noodle-driven Gibson SG, (which has always been my favorite-sounding guitar in spite of all models being cursed with the amazing snap-off-if-you-look-at-it headstock. Spewy's had about nine or ten glued patches in his and somehow it still lived). Hoseby was a machine whose relentless toms suited us well (he was responsible for the classic "Horror of Yg" drums). But it was The Bishop that brought us the wild card…young,

fervent, and just an insanely good bass player and singer, with a completely warped persona to match. My only worry was that I was going to suck!

And I really needed not to. Because I had been doing a lot of sucking! I had blown it on guitar, after years of publicly deluding myself that not only could I play it, but that I was actually good at it. After that I had got the singing job by accident. I drew some pretty good cartoons, but as a fabricator I certainly had not distinguished myself. It wasn't that my ideas were bad, it was the execution of them that lacked. For instance there was the time I spent a few days knocking out a spike-covered pair of boots for Oderus, only to have all of them get knocked off the first time I used them. But despite my flails, I was good at talking my way into things, and soon had a job through the Muscleman at the Science Museum. Even after getting caught urinating behind a display I soon managed to bring home some side work from the Children's Museum. They wanted to pay me 300 bucks to build a Chinese dragon that could put on by children to run around in for an upcoming festival for inner-city kids. This was my chance to make a cool dragon out of scrounged materials, then blow all the money on beer and weed.

I bought a couple of ten-gallon buckets of construction adhesive (who wanted to spend all that time sewing?) and set to work finding my other supplies. This was one of my last Dairy projects so of course I turned to the labyrinthine tunnels of that place to find the materials I needed to glue together into a lightweight, durable structure that little kids could play with easily. So of course the thing to do was to gather moisture-bloated and half-rotted wooden struts from various forgotten corners and bend them into hoops which I duct-taped together after the glue refused to stick to the moldy surfaces. Then I covered the already alarmingly heavy structure with a huge piece of vinyl which I proceeded to glue thousands of cut-out vinyl scales to. Just moving it across the room took like three people and caused several of the hoops to crack. By the time I had attached the over-sized dragon head, made out of plaster, I knew the project was in serious trouble.

But what to do? I had to have the thing ready for a horde of screaming kids first thing the next day. Somehow I talked Sleazy and Sexy into helping me bring it to the event and show the kids how to use it. The only problem with that was the fact that the "dragon", and I use the term in the loosest of manners, was a broken and disheveled heap of upholstery scraps lying in a puddle on the Dairy floor. So when the appointed hour came, I was nowhere to be found, save for an apparently hastily-scribbled note (it had actually taken hours to write through the elaborate lie), attached to the completely inadequate puppet's ineptly-fashioned hide. It told of a family medical emergency that simply demanded my presence, so much so

that I was forced to slink away in the middle of the night and take a bus to northern Virginia.

The next day was a complete disaster. For Sleazy and Sexy, that is. (I am going to change these code-names soon, these ones are just too obvious)  By the time they had managed to get the thing out of the building every hoop had snapped and the duct tape was running low, as  I lay snoring and oblivious, many miles away at my Mom's house. Back in Richmond the day was spent by horrified parents watching the creature flatten the groups of disconcerted inner-city youths that were forced to play with it, until their splintered palms dripped blood, blood that was rudely smeared across their weeping faces faces in vain attempts at staunching the flow of bitter tears. Whitey had betrayed them again. And from the hateful message I got on my Mom's answering machine (back then they were huge things that recorded sound on clay tablets), it seemed that the six pack of Black Label I had promised the boys (a lie, anyway…) was a completely inadequate measure of comfort in the face of the shame and embarrassment my betrayal had brought upon them.

I endured four months of phone calls imploring my to return to the Children's Museum to "fix this fucking thing", which I ignored to the syllable. The creature ended up in the dumpster, along with what was left of my reputation as a fabricator or even a semi-responsible person…

Two weeks from now…maybe…it's…

**GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death Part 27**
**"The Golden Battle Barge"**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 27

*So we had assembled what I considered to be the finest bunch of musicians that the Richmond punk scene could muster up, and he band was a actually sounding like a band, at least until the point when I opened up my fat mouth.*

SEPTEMBER 10, 2010; 1:52 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Ahhh…the beer of Europe…in Europe. We have just completed not one but two swings through Europe, playing tons of festivals and guzzling gallons (I mean liters) of beer. The halfway point of our completely self-promoting two-year long 25th anniversary “slay-a-bration” has been reached, and everything is looking great. The new album, “Bloody Pit of Horror” is in the can and ready to be released on November 9th. The longest tour in our history, including our first dates in New Zealand and Australia, is starting in under a month, and somehow I have found enough time to deliver another episode of…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH" PART 27
# "THE GOLDEN BATTLE BARGE"

So we had assembled what I considered to be the finest bunch of musicians that the Richmond punk scene could muster up, and because nobody else wanted the job, I stayed at lead singer. We had all settled into the task at hand and began practicing in Spewy's basement. Up until that point GWAR only had a few songs: "Üaintshit", "Rock and Roll Party Town", "GWAR Theme" and a couple of others. And the way we played and practiced was every bit as haphazard as the way we wrote music. But when we locked ourselves in Spewy's basement an amazing thing happened… we actually started writing some good music. "I'm in Love With a Dead Dog" was the first fully realized composition, and more were soon to follow. The band was a actually sounding like a band, at least until the point when I opened up my fat mouth.

The art department was busy throwing down as we established new characters to fit our new line-up. Up until that point the look of the characters was pretty much decided by whatever costume pieces you grabbed, first-come, first serve, and our revolving door line-up had created all kinds of obscure GWAR-iors that would be lost to history without my pot-addled memories. Hans and Stephan Orifice, Corneilius Carnage, the Slutman Brothers, the Executioner, all were destined for the trash-heap in the great re-making of GWAR that occurred in the first half of 1987.

The Bishop inherited the bent-I-Beam helmet, a beautiful beaten copper breastplate fashioned by the Mantis, and a Roman-style skirt that remains the look of the character to this day. As much as he wanted to be called "Squidman Shitsucker", we wouldn't let him, and he became "Beefcake the Mighty". Wherever we could, we based the characters on some element of the real person's personality, and The Bishop's natural girth lent itself to the name "Beefcake the Mighty". Spewy was a vegetarian, known for his hideous farts, so in GWAR he became "Flattus Maximus". Hoseby was a very low-key person with a poker-face from hell, and therefore became the equally enigmatic "Nippleus Erecticus", a character with no discernible personality whatsoever. Thuglas stepped into the "Jaws of Death" and became Balsac, which was fine with us as the bear-trap jaws completely obscured his face, his bald spot, and the fact that he was considerably older than the rest of us.

The back-up characters had been coming together for the preceding couple of years and finally crystallized as Sexy became "The Sexecutioner". Our old friend Spike had been

playing “the Executioner” before then and was basically Oderus’s helper in the killing and molesting of things. But Spike had moved on and Sexy took it over, adding an “S” to the front of the word – and thus “The Sexecutioner”was born. Hoseby’s girlfriend had been dancing for another band he was in — the infamous MuddHelmut — so it seemed natural for her to take over duties as GWAR Woman, who at this point still didn’t have a name. Once you added the Slaves, and the various villains and victims they also played, we had a the beginnings of our mythos, a “proto-pantheon” if you will, though at that point we had no idea just how big our little fantasy world would become.

Sleazy had pretty much become the leader in the Slave Pit and right off the bat he had a dramatic effect on the evolution of our look. Believe it or not, we didn’t always spew; in fact after the notorious “hobby horse” incident and the banning from D.C. we had received because of it, we hadn’t done shit with blood since then. But Sleazy saw a way to do it that would look great and wouldn’t end up with us paying for ruined monitors. He had access to this stuff called “carrageenan”, which was a seaweed extract which was usually used to thicken dairy products. It was tasteless and colorless and when mixed with food-dye produced an amazingly realistic blood that stuck to stuff but would dry and flake off without fouling the surface. It was a huge improvement over the karo syrup we had been using. But that was just one of the several huge improvements that Sleazy brought to the table.

Sleazy also introduced us to latex rubber and all of its joys. He had created the amazing “Mutant Cockroach” for the first Shafer Court show, and soon had applied the technology to all kinds of GWAR props. Sexy took the ball and ran with it and had soon built the first full latex mask for the Sexecutioner. It wasn’t particularly sophisticated, in fact you could have gotten the same effect by wearing raw meat on your face, but it was a step in the right direction. I still didn’t have the full Oderus mask-thing happening, but it wasn’t far-off. I wanted to wait and see if Sexy could survive an entire show with that thing on his head before I made one for myself. So at that point I would take raw latex and paint it all over my face, and then as it dried texture it up with cigarette butts, corn flakes, and cotton balls, then hand paint it for the show. Time allowing, I would do the same thing on my ass as well. It looked great but would usually fall off halfway through the first song as I began to sweat profusely.

Sleazy was also pioneering other areas that were vital. He created an effect where a tech dude ran up on stage and tried to help Oderus with his microphone. He reached out with both hands for the mike, which Oderus grabbed and pulled away from him, ripping one of the dude’s arms off in the process. Feigning agony, the character would squeeze the hot-water bottle which was kept under his armpit. Dyed water-blood shot a good three feet!

Now, in these days of us blasting festival crowds with double Biledrivers, that seems like a pretty humble effort, but back then it was fucking mind-blowing!

But he wasn't done yet…the next thing he did was get his hands on some old fire extinguishers which he filled with water and dye. Before the shows we would find whatever gas station had an air pump and charge the tanks, then hook them up to the hoses in the costumes, and our famous "projectile spew", destined to soak millions, was born!

So we had a band, we had an art department, and we had a killer studio. But unless we wanted to be destined as Richmond's ultimate bar band, we needed a better way to get around than borrowing Spewy's van. So we went in search of transportation, and found it in Flat Rock, Virginia. There Spewy knew an old man, who went by the moniker of "The Old Man", with a huge lot full of old school buses for sale. Not having any cash, we instituted a system of "dues" where everybody was expected to kick in 20 bucks a month…that's right, back in the old days you actually had to pay to be in GWAR!

So we scrimped and saved and stole and pilfered until we had the thousand bucks we needed to buy our dream vehicle. "The Golden Battle Barge" (from Moorcocks "Elric" series) became our tour bus, after a few modifications. We ripped out most of the seats and piled a bunch of moldy mattresses and cushions on the floor. This was "the Pea Pit", and everybody slept, ate, jacked-off, and fucked in alarming proximity to each other. Right behind that was "The Squirrel Cage"", where we would just throw the stinky costumes in a huge pile after the show. And at the very back was the "Urine Cone", a funnel attached to a tube that would deliver your watery piss to the surface of the rushing highway below. Some random graffiti, a huge GWAR mojo, and a pair of steer horns glued to the roof completed the picture.

I was pretty stoked. Losing our band and our best artist had been a tremendous setback, but we had stuck it out. We knew that the idea of GWAR was too good to let it die, and we really didn't have a lot going on besides it. Death Piggy was pretty much over, my painting career wasn't going anywhere, and working construction was looking more and more like my future. GWAR was maybe our last chance to do something awesome with our lives. And now we had a band, a bus, and a studio, everything we needed. It was time — time to hit the road, time to ram GWAR down the countries throat…it was TIME FOR DEATH…

In two weeks, El Duce and the Mentors! Shady managers shooting up in stairwells! Even shadier managers smoking sheet rock and insisting it got them high! All this, and …this…in the next fudge-packed episode that shall be called…

**"Hey Kids, Let's Put on a Show!"**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 28

*The new GWAR made it's debut in July of 1986 at Rockitz, and I can't remember much of it so it must not have sucked too bad. What I do remember was taking the couple hundred bucks we had earned the night before and piling into the Battle Barge for our first real road show. We drove to some crummy bar in Nags Head where they pulled the pool tables together and told us it was a stage.*

SEPTEMBER 24, 2010; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

To say that the origins of GWAR were crude is a considerable understatement. Unidentified GWARrior outside Rockitz, circa 1987. Note: Flock of Seagulls on the marquee!

Before I get started with this latest bi-monthly installment to what has become, next to minor-league sports, Richmond's most cherished semi-recurring event, I would like to take a moment to piss and moan about people who stand WAY TOO FAR AWAY from the counter when they buy stuff. It happened to me last night—I was in Walgreen's buying a bottle of wine, a 200-pack of Benadryl, and a Cosmopolitan when the situation confronted me—there were two girls standing about ten feet away from the only open register, talking

amongst themselves (about me). I was pretty sure they were in line; it was just that they were so far away from the counter that it felt awkward to stand behind them. And then one of the worse variations on this predicament occurred—somebody got in line AHEAD of them because they were so far away from the counter in the first place, and even worse, this person was a bedraggled crazy woman who immediately started screeching like a cockatiel on crack when the girls politely informed her that she was actually supposed to be behind me. Then it got even worse! A concerned employee opened another register, creating another opportunity for potential homicide…why? Because there is no set course of action on who gets to step up to this register first—is it the person who has waited the longest, or the person who is the closest? Or perhaps the craziest homeless person? But at this point it was all too late, I couldn't hang, and I threw my evening's entertainment to the floor, exiting the store more quickly than Tia Tequila leaves an ICP show.

But enough of my personal hell, let's be off to my personal hell—

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH, PART 28

# "HEY KIDS, LET'S PUT ON A SHOW!"

Look, I never said this was going to be particularly accurate as far as the time line was concerned. But thanks to Blobby, a loyal GWARrior you have yet to meet, I have managed to gain access to an actual document containing a record of all the major events and shows in GWAR's history. This should keep the narrative pretty tight and ensure that I don't miss many juicy nuggets. But I'm happy to have managed to stay on track so far. Because you see, it's a lot easier to track the diseased efforts of my solo career, but now we are reaching into the group debauch of an elite group of miscreants whose exploits are still running strong after 25 years. And as this is a historical tome, we want our history accurate whenever possible. This isn't fucking high school!

The new GWAR made it's debut in July of 1986 at Rockitz, and I can't remember much of it so it must not have sucked too bad. What I do remember was taking the couple hundred bucks we had earned the night before and piling into the Battle Barge for our first real road show. We drove to some crummy bar in Nags Head where they pulled the pool tables together and told us it was a stage. There was this little hot redneck girl running around in these tiny jean hotpants, and of course I immediately forgot the whole reason I was there and bent my full effort into trying to fuck her. The show was a disaster—about ten people

showed up, and we were paid in coupons for free appetizers. I never ate so many hushpuppies in my life! But I didn't care, as we had wrangled an invite to (lets call her…Rotten-Twat) Rotten-Twat's house where she lived with her construction worker boyfriend, who was luckily out of town. I was pretty sure I was going to fuck her, even though she kept disappearing to go get fucked by Hoseby or Sleazy, I was never sure which one. By the time I finally nailed her it was basically like fucking one of them. But I was happy, laying there on her blow-up mattress, scratching my-soon-to-be infected cock. Happy until—

"SHIT! MY HUSBAND'S HOME!"

As the dagger-beams from her husband's 4×4 pierced the Venetian blinds, I leapt from our love nest, nearly breaking my neck as I slid across the room on a three-foot wide cum (I hope it was cum!) slick. Desperately I searched for my pants and slid them on just as Billy-Bob entered the room. By now I was cowering amongst my passed-out band brethren and was pretty sure I had gotten away with it. Billy-Bob came in and immediately began screaming at Rotten-Twat about having an entire band over but became calm after she blew him. We ended up talking and drinking with each other for a few hours, and not once did he notice that I was wearing his pants.

Sleazy after the “big hair injection”. Yes, that is rope glued to couch-cushion foam.

Just a few days later we were playing Rockitz again. Back then it seemed like we played Rockitz at least twice a month, and actually that was essential as it was the only way we could pay off our massive tab of tuna steak sandwiches and pitchers of beer which were our only sustenance for months. But this was not just any show—we were playing with the Mentors, led by their legendary drummer/frontman El Duce. The Mentors had quite the rep in the hardcore scene both as outrageous performers and some of the first punk music that was starting to sound metal. In fact it could be argued that they weren’t punk rock at all, just foul, and as soon as their smoke-belching 40-year old tour bus pulled into the parking lot I was on it, missing load-in and drinking beer with El for hours. We hit it off immediately. I had heard all the stories about him and was not too surprised to discover that little of it was true. El was a kind and funny man who loved upsetting uptight punkers with his “rape-rock” shtick—which was a total joke. In fact, he just loved upsetting everybody, like my half African-American friend who accompanied me that day. He worshiped El, that is until El started calling him a “high yellow.” They had a great show that night, and both Sicky Wifebeater and Dr. Heathen Scum were in fine form. We hung out for hours, listening to El’s stories about what a dick Henry Rollins was. I made a lot of good friends that night, including El’s roadie, Horndogger, who would turn up again and again over the years, always with coke.

But their was a lot more to this destined meeting than high-fives and beer-bongs. Before The Mentors left, we loaded them up with GWAR shirts and video tapes, which they proceeded to wear everyday for the rest of their tour, while showing anyone who would watch (and forcing those that wouldn’t) the videotape of this crazy band from Richmond, Va. We didn’t know it, but the rumors of GWAR were starting to spread across the country.

But we were clueless about this for now, as we were too busy adding any element of drama we possibly could to our lives in order to make it seem like they were really unique and important. Even though we only had a couple of shows under our belt, the band dynamic was becoming clear. First of all, we were “King Shit of Turd Mountain,” and you couldn’t teach us a thing. We were altogether too eager to become jaded, cynical, and bitter, and leapt to ourselves with alacrity. The Bishop hated Thuglass, mostly because Thuglass was a good ten years older than the oldest GWAR member, but also because The Bishop wanted his friend Dirty D to play guitar. Thuglass in turn looked upon The Bishop with a disdain reserved for people younger than him. It led to many nasty remarks and snarky responses in kind. Spewy was turning out to be a big blob. Instead of giving me the solid band-pro attitude I had first brought him on for, Spewy began to turn into a giant amoeba that

constantly whined for veggie pizza. He was powerless against the vicious needling we soon all began to indulge in heaping upon him. Meanwhile our drummer, Rox Hoseby, didn't say much. He was so completely dispassionate about everything that you were never even sure how you felt about him. And then there was the art department, which, despite my promises to the contrary, ended up doing all the work and quickly became hostile and resentful of the band members, with good reason! We were dicks!

In two weeks! I am not going to tell you because I am a big fat liar who always ends up writing about other stuff! So see you in two weeks for Episode 29 —

**"Why Did You Piss on Me?"**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 29

*We'd spent three years coming up with the greatest band in rock-and-roll history and become something of a small town success story in the process. But finally the word was getting out on a national level.*

OCTOBER 22, 2010; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Sorry about missing an episode, but we have been pretty damn busy. After spending most of the summer sacking European venues and then wandering battlefields, we decided it was time to come home and get our shit together. Our new album, "Bloody Pit of Horror" is out November 9th, so there was much evil afoot — mostly getting settled in our new Slave Pit and getting ready for the new "Bloody Tour of Horror", which will span three and a half months and shall see us blow load in weird places like Australia and New Zealand. In fact I am on it already! But there is plenty other cool stuff coming up as the two-year long GWAR 25th Anniversary begins to lurch towards the final stretch, and the finish line beyond (which is sometime early next year, I think). First off, we are web-casting live from Milwaukee our first pay-per-view GWAR concert event. Check gwar.net for details. And even crazier, the impishly cute Jimmy Fallon is letting us on his show October 28th! And this won't be an Oderus panel-appearance; this will be the whole fucking band, playing the opening track, "Zombies March" (also soon to be a video from Fangoria) from the latest and devastatingly sick new album that, yes, despite my constant hypocritical accusations of Rob Zombie, the title of is stolen from a classic Italian horror film (of the same name).

And it really does sound sick. We tuned down to the point where it sounds like the guitars are throwing up. But that's not the only evidence of our changing universe. Things have changed quite a bit since I started this writing thing almost a year and a half ago. At that point I re-dedicated myself to all things GWAR and pledged to make the next two years the greatest and perhaps last attempt yet at getting this band out of the underground and into the mainstream, (at least the part where you make money) which seems to be the best place to give these old road-dogs a shot at a health and retirement plan. And so far I would have to say we were doing pretty well — Red Eye, Fallon, cracking the Billboard Top 100 — these are all indications that the cult of GWAR is growing every day. But can we finally get this beast out of it's shit-smeared lair and down to the bus stop? Only my hairdresser knows for sure.

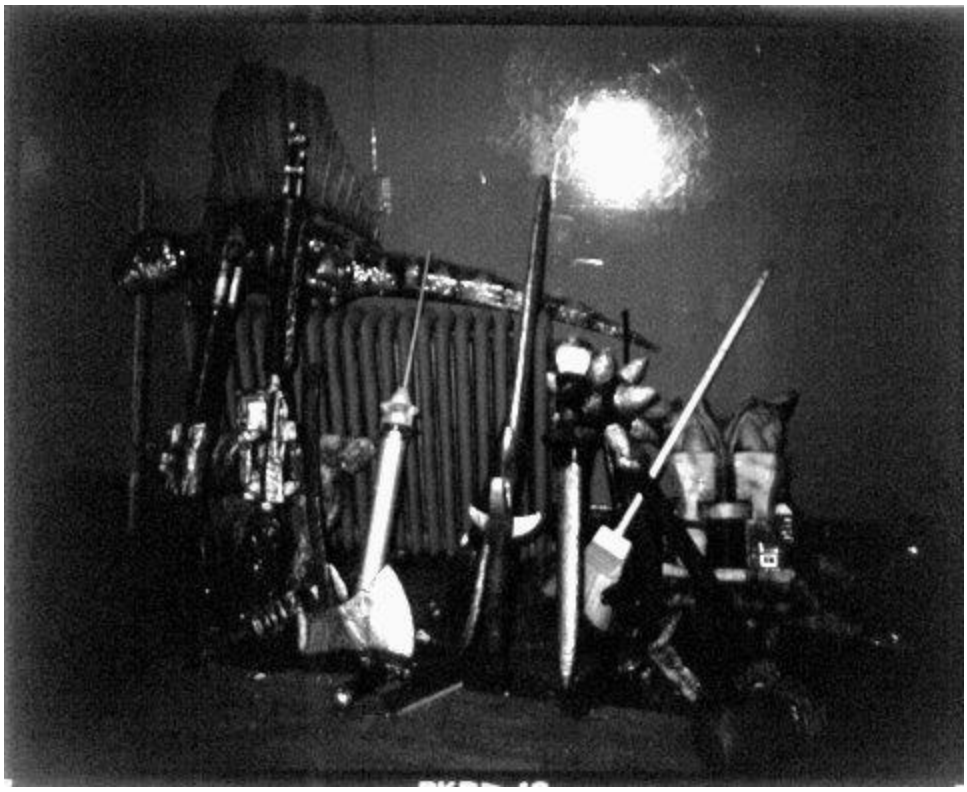
It certainly doesn't seem like it after playing a gig like last night's. We should have known we were in trouble as soon as we pulled up. I asked a local crew member where we could park our bus and was informed that he "was not my Dad." This enraged me so much that I followed him into the club and demanded satisfaction, at which point he denied everything. I huffed and puffed, and then fucked off back to the bus, hurling myself into my bunk in a spasm of demonstrative pique. When I later returned to the club I discovered it was more a flashy, trashy disco shithole, than a beer-drenched, rock-and-roll shithole, and that made it even worse. There was so little room on stage that we basically had to cut half the show, and getting ready for it was even worse. The only dressing area available was located at the bottom of a 30-foot spiral staircase which emptied out into a small maze of useless rooms, all too small and cluttered to have any function whatsoever. Everywhere you looked you saw nothing but boxes of ashtrays, file cabinets filled with old contracts, a confusing array of pipes and ventilation vents, and finally an alarming amount of rat traps. Our "dressing room" was a tiny chamber filled with jit-smeared couches and an ancient collection of old show posters, which had been defaced with every dripping penis and gay remark which could be Sharpied onto them. Everything was dirty, shabby, and bad, yet somehow the management had the balls to have put up posters imploring the bands to "keep it nice".

Fuck it! We rocked anyway! And now, back to the continuing adventure we can safely say is called…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 29

# “THE CUM BEFORE THE STORM”



Slave Pit weapons collection (and Dimetridon), circa 1987. If you look closely you can see someone stuck a broom in there.

It was 1987. We were firmly entrenched in the Bush years and the mood was one of nervous expectancy as waited for whatever he was up to with his C.I.A. cronies to actually happen. We’d spent three years coming up with the greatest band in rock-and-roll history and become something of a small town success story in the process. But finally the word was getting out on a national level. Not only was El Duce spreading tall tales about this band from Antarctica, not only were the folks at SST checking out the GWAR videos the AlterNatives had brought with them, but then out of nowhere Thrasher magazine published a photo of a GWAR concert along with the totally false claim that we had started a riot in our hometown.*

There was Oderus, and GWAR Woman, and The Sexecutioner in a grainy black and white photo showing a scene of confusing carnage…in an international magazine that's circulation was in the hundreds of thousands. It was the first major press event for GWAR and years later would be revealed as one of the biggest ways that people had come to know of GWAR.

But there were other people talking about GWAR. My friend Rebby Sharpe (yeah, I am not really going to be using the nickname thing anymore unless I really need to) had been talking about us to her friend Kramer in New York about her weird friends and their crazy band. Kramer ran a obscure yet pertinent art-rock label called Shimmy-disc. He was best known for his work with Ann Magnuson and their band Bongwater. Ann was also doing a band called Vulcan Death Grip that had a vague GWAR-ness to it, and she would go on to later appear in that movie Small Soldiers. For a while, she was the most famous person we knew.

Rebby told me to send Kramer a video. I did. More on that later.

We spent the first half of the year settling into our new Slave Pit, the old Joy Massage building located in what is now the Aladdin's Pizza building …jeez, how much can one building take? To be Richmond's premiere jit-parlor, then home to GWAR, and finally to deliver such delicious food? Well, that explains why they sometimes tear down what appear to be perfectly good buildings. Makes you wonder just how long it will be before the scythe of time chops down the reign of that most excellent edifice and harborer of all things vile, 801 W. Broad, our first true post-Dairy Slave Pit.

We thought we were pretty cool. We had the "golden battle barge", which we drove around town on various errands, usually involving weed or pussy. We'd park it on Broad Street or dump it over in Oregon Hill, then walk to our fort, our beloved Slave Pit. Our crimson-walled paradise squatted a floor above the throb of Richmond life, and we observed numerous beatings from it's windows. One night while we were doing just that, I got the great idea of pushing a huge plaster skull out the window where it plummeted to the earth and exploded on the sidewalk, right next to a group of late-night revelers who were more than a little pissed but couldn't seem to figure out where it had come from.

There were at least five bars on the block so there was never a lack of action. Bands played pretty much every night at Rockitz. Every year V.C.U. offered us a whole new crop of "hotties", and we were still young enough to know their names. We were already local legends and were smug and conceited about it. I was rapidly ballooning into a loud-mouthed egomaniac, and why not? We were young and snotty and fresh out of the school of

Hardcore, which we were already getting sick of. We had to come up with alternatives. That's why we created GWAR. Because we were sick of everything else.

And it was really a great idea. That's why so many amazingly talented people were drawn to it. So much so that while they did all the work I could fuck off and have fun with Richmond as my personal pussy-hunting ground. And hunting was good!

I remember encountering the lovely "Meow-Meow" at the Village (the old Village) in the early afternoon, bringing her over to visit the Slave Pit, and fucking her by nightfall. Two days later I was blowing her off as I banged her friend in the stairwell.

I was shameless and without class. We referred to women as "load barges", who existed for the sole purpose of sucking, jacking, and fucking us, and then allowing us to shoot "load" all over them, which they, as "barges", were obliged to accept.

We had our own Slave Pit vernacular and code words and slang for everything. Pot was "wizzy", or "wisdom", you were a "Ramses" if you held the bong for too long (because the Egyptian Pharaohs had those beards that looked like bongs stuck to their chins). Beers were "glugs", food was "glop". And of course there was the word that eventually found its way into the Urban Dictionary, "bohab". From the beginning a bohab was a person that was HABitually BOring. It came from the proto-hab, the one called Bob the Slob, also called Bo-Hab the Slow-Hab. He was a friend of ours who used to come over and lick envelopes and tragically drowned when he years later drove his car into a swollen stream during a hurricane. He was a lot older than us but was a really nice guy who always shared his "wizzy". So the term was an affectionate one and never was meant to be a negative title, indeed some of our greatest friends and supporters are pure bohabs, or "habs" as it was eventually shortened to. Indeed, we all have a bit of the hab about us — "bohabing" (sucking up to your betters) is something we all both indulge in and despise about ourselves.

I was still living on Spine Street with The Weedwolf (keeping the old nicknames in cases where they are funny) and Mantis (Scott Krahl). One night I was dreaming about New York City. I had never been there before and was driving around the city in a taxicab. I remember having to shit. Suddenly the phone rang, shattering my poo-smeared reverie. A series of hoarse shouts from the other room confirmed the call was for me.

"Who the fuck is it?" I yell back.

More muttering. Shuffling sounds. For a moment I think I can go back to sleep. But then…

“Some dude named Kramer. Wants you to go to New York and record an album.”

I had to get up.

IN TWO WEEKS: Noise! New York on two dollars a day! Growing dissension at home, growing list of gigs on the calendar — all this and much, much, more of the same in the next episode of GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death, Part 30…

## “Everybody Hates the New Album”

*I believe this was somebody mushing together the Schafer Court GWAR and Death Piggy shows. Death Piggy had caused a near-riot during our notorious “Pie-Fight”show.

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 30

*Greetings and welcome to all the faithful fans, friends, and followers that have followed this tormented tale for 30 episodes. It's often rushed and sometimes skipped, but writing these chronicles has proven to be a modest success thus far, at least as far as that I have not abandoned it out of laziness or frustration.*

NOVEMBER 10, 2010; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

We'll start this episode with a contest. See if you can answer the following question. Late one night, the GWAR bus hit:

1) A deer

2) The Travelocity Roaming Gnome

3) Something that emitted a hideous scream, then thrashed off into the bushes, leaving behind a puddle of steaming blood and a half-full Wendy's small coffee, which somehow ended up perfectly placed on the bumper.

4) All of the above

Greetings and welcome to all the faithful fans, friends, and followers that have followed this tormented tale for 30 episodes. It's often rushed and sometimes skipped, but writing these chronicles has proven to be a modest success thus far, at least as far as that I have not abandoned it out of laziness or frustration, which knowing myself as I do, was originally my biggest fear. But new concerns have replaced old ones. The column has gotten harder to write now that I am through with the pre-GWAR years of my life. It goes from being a one-man debacle to an outlandishly crafted attempt to tell the stories of many people, and how they came together (while circle-jerking into a soapdish) to make GWAR. Out of respect to them, I really want to make a decent attempt at getting the facts right. Ok, enough of that, let's get back to the half-truths, rumors, and outright lies that make this column great!

That's why I have brought in the services of Blobby, my long-time and stalwart Slave Pit colleague. He has always been known, in the GWAR vernacular, as "The Recorder", the guy that serves as the repository of all things GWAR-related, from original tape spools to obscure articles. His compendium of the majority of GWAR events and timeline of all the shows has been an invaluable resource (and his ruddy cheeks are to this day a source of great amusement for me). So 30 episodes later we are still going strong — and we haven't even got to the first album yet. I am hoping that this "Internet" is around for awhile because I am thinking I am not going to get done writing this thing anytime soon.

First, the general GWAR update. Right now we are about 1/3rd of the way through our "Bloody Tour of Horror", messily crushing the moistest regions of America under our clawed (and flaming) hooves. Then it's off to Australia and New Zealand to molest the minds of those dwelling in these exotic locales, despoil their livestock, and perhaps violate a hobbit. Busy, busy, but never too busy to keep up with my journalistic commitment to keep this city from being completely overwhelmed by the demented peckings of that Chris Bopst character! So let's get on with it. Welcome to the 30th episode of…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH:

# PART 30

# “ONCE AGAIN THE TITLE I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO USE DOESN’T REALLY FIT ANYMORE”

I stood there with the phone to my ear, scratching my balls with my removable pirate-hook. The voice at the end of the phone finally stopped talking. When it was done, we had a record deal.

It hit me! We were going to New York to record an album! This was the perfect way to get into the pants of the hot waitress that worked next door!

I skated over to the Slave Pit and then went to the pizza pub next door where the object of my lust was usually working. Confirming she was there with a surreptitious peek, I then bust into the place, run right by her (being careful to completely ignore her) and slid up to the pay phone. Here I made several phone calls to imaginary people who I loudly blabbed to about our new record deal, our exclusive producer, and how I had set up everything, all the while making sure she heard every word. Then I sat down and had a couple celebratory beers, chatting her up in the process and suggesting we hook up after work. We did, and I ended up at her apartment, where we had messy sex for at least several minutes.

“So this is what it’s like to be signed,” as thought to myself, as I rudely pawed at her undergarments. As soon as I had blown my load I realized I had yet to tell any of my band mates the good news — that we had been signed, not that I had blown my load.

“Gotta go to New York, baby,” I blurted out as I leaped out the window, barely pausing to go through her purse, denude the fridge of beer and food, and take the nicest bud out of her weed stash.

But the band was not the only entity that was getting ready to travel. At this point Techno had been gone for about a year or so. Sleazy had taken over the character of Techno-

Destructo and was pretty much our lead man in the shop. As far as I knew there were no hard feelings, but I think we all were pretty disappointed Techno (oh that's right, I said I was going to stop with the nicknames. Well, I lied…) had left us. His departure was more of a surprise than anything, and we had not let it slow us down one bit — in fact GWAR had been kicking ass with no sign at all that losing our co-founder had been a bad thing. We had rebuilt the costumes, re-tooled the band, and now we had a record to make. GWAR's rumblings were spreading across the country, so much so that Techno began to hear them at his new job as a security guard at a Ford plant in far-off Detroit, where he would spend hours drawing the catwalks and machinery that were his new environs. If I thought his departure was a surprise, boy, was I in for a surprise when he returned!

One day I was standing on the porch of my Spine Street (better known to the world as S. Pine) abode, waiting for the Weed-Wolf to wake up and get me high, when my attention was drawn to a giant cloth and glue robot stumbling down the street. Towering over all but the biggest ghetto-palms on a pair of five-gallon bucket feet, I was confronted by the onrushing figure of Techno-Destructo, screaming at me in that "viking redneck" accent that only the co-creator of GWAR and original creator of the Slave Pit could muster.

I was astounded and amazed! I had heard vague rumors that Techno was considering returning to us, so I wasn't completely unaware that this could happen. He was hating his job. He had come back to do some video with us and it was high-fives and dick-rubbing all around. The door was wide open for him to return, and we would welcome him…and suddenly there he was, clomping drown the street in his robot suit, ass hanging out, screaming what I could only vaguely understand as the surreal nature of what was happening drowned out everything in a wash of gurgling background noise.

Out of nowhere, Techno was back…but was that a good thing?

Next up, I swear to God I will actually write about recording our first album! But right now I have to rock the house with my dick hanging out!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 31

*Dave Brockie is back to continue his story of how GWAR became, well,GWAR. This time he tells us about the band getting ready to record their first album and the introduction of the material that changed everything: latex.*

DECEMBER 3, 2010; 2:30 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

It's been a busy time for your favorite group of swaggering undead warlords. Here we see my alter-ego, Oderus Urungus, gracing the cover of the new Decibel Magazine! It's the perfect capper for a year that has seen GWAR savage the world in an unrelenting assault, appearing on everything from the shores of Australia to the Jimmy Fallon show (and he was a bit stand-offish; Dana Carvey was way cooler). But enough of the bullshit, I am actually going to write about what I am supposed to for once!

# SLAVE PIT EVOLUTIONS

Shimmy Disc records was a New York-based, fairly obscure art-rock label that flourished briefly in the mid-to-late eighties. Honestly, I had never heard of any of the shit (like King Missile, Crackhouse, Bongwater and many more), and didn't really like it when I did, but my buddy Rebby (that's an example of someone already having a nickname) turned me on to it, urging me to send a video tape to it's founder, the semi-legendary producer Mark Kramer, (we could never really come up with a good nickname for him, unless you use "The Pot Jew", which I will…). Within two weeks we had sorted it out; we were going to New York to record a real album.

But first we had to write it! As it stood we only had about eight songs, and in those punk rock days that was nowhere near enough. The first true GWAR song was "AEIOU", (we started with the vowels), and classics like "Rock and Roll Party Town" were soon to follow. And for our first couple years of being infamous local jokesters we stuck with the hits like "Üaintshit" and "As Pure as the Arctic Snow". But this was a whole fucking album, and back then 16 to 20 songs on an album was not uncommon. We had plenty of work to do.

As the band settled into our new practice space at 801 W. Broad to begin the task of writing the rest of the album, the art department began setting up a new Slave Pit and reabsorbing old member Techno. Considering how much things had changed in the year he had been gone, that was gonna be interesting. Techno had never played well with others. And that made it hard for him to accept the fact that GWAR was a group effort. GWAR, in his mind, was always "his baby", despite the fact that GWAR never would have been GWAR unless tons of people had contributed countless hours to it. It was that environment that had driven Techno away and one that had become our credo in his absence. I wondered how he would deal with it.

The guys had stepped up in his absence. I will always credit Sleazy with making two of the biggest innovations that brought GWAR out of the "stone knives and bearskins" era, or as we used to call it, "The Dim Time", and into the future of a real, working rock and roll band. Sleazy was the new Hetman at the Slave Pit and had earned it with good deeds. I held him, and still do, in high esteem. The first was The Chernobyl Cockroach, the first Slave Pit prop to be made of latex rubber. Latex had many advantages over the traditional cloth and glue covering technique that made the backbone of those first generation Slave Pit costume pieces. Latex was flexible and bounced back to form (more or less, and dependent on several conditions) after being crushed. And getting crushed was an inevitable occurrence to any Slave Pit prop, whether it was getting slammed by a giant hammer onstage or thrown into a

giant pile in the back of the Golden Battle Barge after a show. It was more expensive to be sure — back then we used to buy it for 70 bucks a gallon at The Art Market (or "Art Mark-up", in Slave-Speech). Sleazy cut that shit with water and carefully doled out every drop to the hide of the creature whose body, 25 years later, is more or less intact, somewhere in the bowels of the Slave Pit costume loft. Latex would go on to replace the old ways completely, and we scrambled to learn the ways of this weird new material. I would smear latex mixed with flesh-colored paint all over my face, and then decorate it with cigarette butts and Corn Flakes. It looked pretty cool, even though it would sweat off after the first song. I was so ignorant of the capabilities of the stuff that I just poured it into molds I had made (poorly), where it would just skin over and never dry. Many times I recall the pained recriminations of my Slave Pit fellows as they witnessed me wasting hundreds of dollars worth of materials. But Sleazy and Sexy and The Muselman put the shit to good use. Rubber pieces replaced old ones, and soon Sexy had a new mask for a brand new character he was creating. Our old buddy Spike had played a character loosely known as "The Executioner". He had stopped hanging out with us, and Sexy had taken over the role. He changed it into "The Sexecutioner", and added the famous headpiece. In its most basic form, it looked like he'd pulled a sack of raw meat over his head. I was madly jealous, and started to think about a similar upgrade for Oderus.

Latex had the extra plus of looking hard but not being so. I'm not saying that getting slammed in the face by a rubber mace feels like getting hit by a pillow, but it was a big improvement over a rock solid lump made out of wood glue-soaked strips.

The second and even huger development that Sleazy brought was that of spew. We had fucked around with blood at shows, much to our folly. It's how we had gotten banned from the old 9:30 Club. Our shit was pretty primitive, just some sandwich bags filled with Karo-syrup. It was sticky and gross and limited in range. It ruined fun fur and was impossible to clean up with anything less than boiling water. I don't know where he got the contact, but Sleazy had an alternative called Karogeenan. It was a food additive made out of seaweed that came in these five gallon tubs filled with a colorless, odorless gel. When cut with water and food coloring, it looked exactly like blood, and even better, it dried up and flaked off on its own accord. It's the perfect blood and to this day I don't understand why people don't use it as such more often. But Sleazy wasn't done. He had pioneered the "spew" with the Arm-Rip gag, in which a hapless stage tech got his arm pulled off, and then, thanks to a hidden hot water bottle and some tubing, squirted a jet of blood across the stage. But then he got the brilliant idea of using old fire extinguishers to propel the blood. A "decap" would stumble out, look stupid, and then get his head knocked off by The Sexecutioner. But

instead of a half-hearted water bottle squirt we now had hydraulic pressure—and our famous spew, much to the chagrin of club owners everywhere, was born!

But that in itself brought dangers…not so much for us but for our fans. One night at one of the original Rockitz shows, Sexy knocked the decap head deeply into a packed house. That's right, we used to knock the heads into the audience rather than into the backline. And we also used to use plywood when we made them (the old ways died hard), which led to plywood decap meeting drunken fans face at considerable speed, which led to a deep cut and lots of blood, which led to the dubious tradition of our fans never suing us for sometimes hurting them very badly.

Yes, we had made great strides since Techno had departed, and upon returning, I am sure the Slave Pit little resembled the one he had founded years before. And I think maybe we had forgotten that none of this ever would have happened without him. Probably the hardest thing for him to take was the emergence of Sleazy taking over the role of Techno–Destructo…even though we let Techno be Techno again. We merely claimed he had a not-so-identical twin brother that went by the same name. But the damage was done. Sleazy had been doing it for the last year, and he was tapped to sing "Techno's Song"on the new album (actually "Hell-o" was in the can by the time Techno returned. In this sprawling epic, there are bound to be some mix-ups).

Of course back then I was my usual clueless self about any hard feelings Techno might have had. I was oblivious of the deeply rooted problems and on to the fun stuff. Maybe if I had been more aware I could have done something, but I doubt it. People are the people they are and usually nothing can change them. Techno settled into his first project, building the "Death Bulldozer" that Oderus was to ride on the cover of the new album, which at that point was being called "Hell-o!" I was happy, writing songs like "I'm in Love With a Dead Dog", and getting ready for my trip to New York. For the moment, everything was happy-time in GWAR Valley. And that lasted right up until the moment we played our new album for the rest of the guys.

Wow, I still didn't get to New York! It's like when I start writing this stuff I start remembering so much shit I never get as far as I would like. Ok, in two weeks I'll be back from tour, and ready to hit you with episode 32 of "GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death", and this time it definitely will be about recording "Hell-o"in New York with the infamous Pot Jew!

Next time: "Shitty Disc Records"

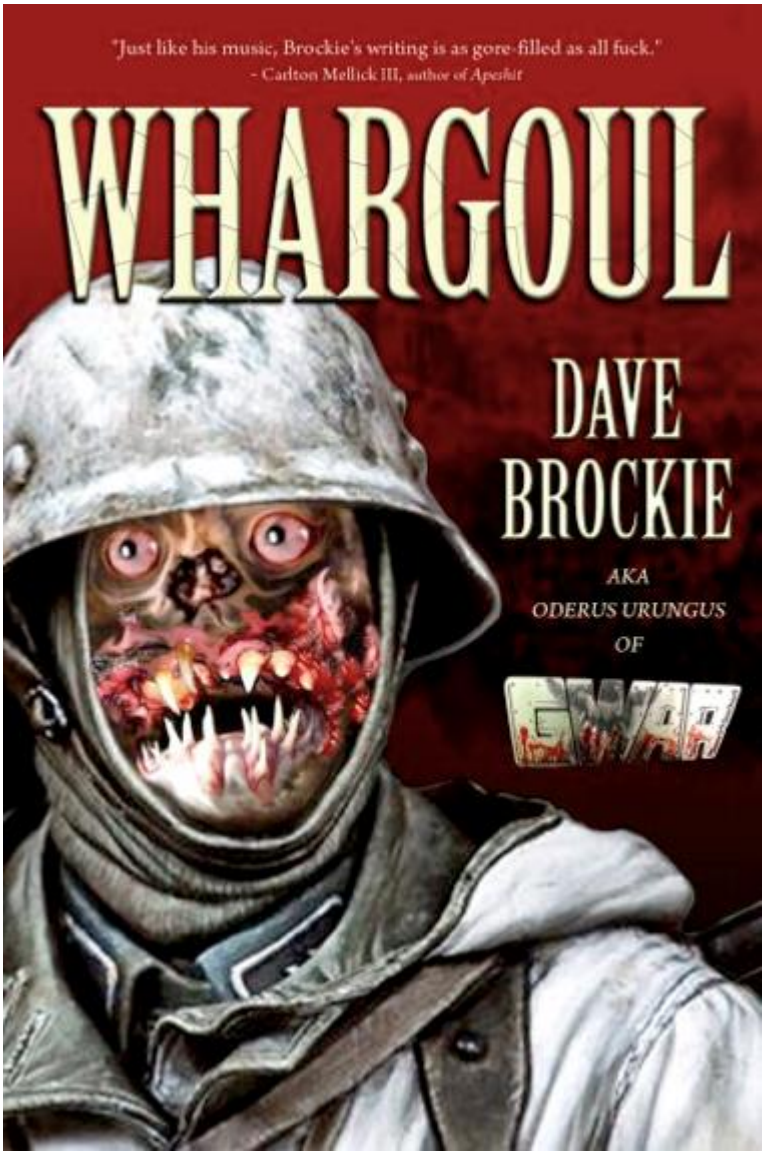
# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 32

*Writing from Australia while preparing to take the stage for yet another show on GWAR's most recent tour, Dave Brockie picks up where he left off a couple weeks ago, this time telling us about making his first record in 1987 New York.*

DECEMBER 23, 2010; 11:40 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

CLICK HERE FOR A GWAR X-MAS DELIGHTFUL FREE THING!

Season's Beatings from GWAR! We are currently wrapping up what has been an absolutely circum-navigational year for the hardest working band in show-biz history with a run of shows in Australia, New Zealand, and finally the U.S. Then we will finally be done with our light tour schedule and be able to enjoy a well fagged-off break. But before we do (and I really am going to write about recording "Hell-O!" this time, like I said I was going to the last couple times) I have an important announcement for those of you who just don't know what to get your Mom for X-mas. My first novel has finally become a physical reality...check out the press release for "Whargoul", and then read Episode 32 of "GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death". Muzzles off!




DAVE BROCKIE, A.K.A. ODERUS URUNGUS OF GWAR, PUTS OUT HIS FIRST NOVEL, THE WAR-HORROR EPIC "WHARGOUL", AVAILABLE NOW AT AMAZON.COM

DAVE BROCKIE IS THE VOICE BEHIND ODERUS URUNGUS, BELLICOSE LEAD SINGER OF GWAR, RICHMOND'S MOST LETHAL EXPORT NEXT TO TOBACCO. CHECK OUT HIS WEBSITE AT WWW.ODERUS.COM AND KEEP UP WITH GWAR ATWWW.GWAR.NET

*For many years Richmond, Virginia. artist/musician Dave Brockie has been known to the world as GWAR's pig-snouted and bellicose lead "throat-thing", Oderus Urungus, playing to semi-packed houses around easily 35% of the world. Never one to shy away from using GWAR's success as a way to gain attention for a bewildering variety of side projects, including a glut of bands (X-Cops, Death Piggy, DBX), a variety of bizarre performances*

*(F-Art Players, Chippy the Chippopautamus, The Crack-a-thon), and a slew of demented drawings and illustrations (see some here), Brockie has now added literature to his already bulging quiver of artistic arrows. Eleven years after its completion, Brockie's sprawling epic of modern war and ancient necromancy, Whargoul, has finally been released in book form by Eraserhead Press.*

Ok, that's enough blatant self-pluggery, on to the self-buggery! On to Episode 32 of

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

This week…

# SHITTY-DISC RECORDS

I'd never been to New York until Thuglas, GWAR-Woman Three (number one being The Temptress, number two being Surfer Girl) and I went up there in the early spring of 1987 to meet with the Pot Jew and try to score some cheap publicity. Walking around with our asses hanging out had worked at the Easter Parade — why not in New York? We piled into Thuglas's faithful red "crime van" and hit the road. I don't remember much of that trip other than that I decided it would be more effective if I made the other two wear costumes while I walked around wearing a stupid wig and a Hawaiian shirt, pretending to be GWAR's manager. I noticed immediately that we had far less impact on the denizens of the Big Apple than we did on the boob-esque bumpkins of Richmond, even with GW2's hot ass bouncing around Times Square. But we received a warm and pot-drenched welcome from the Pot Jew at his studio, the semi-legendary Noise New York, located just south of Canal Street and right next to the heart of Chinatown. His studio was upstairs from some kind of hat factory and was stuffed with overflow from the place. He had an apartment on the same floor and assured us it would be totally cool for us the crash there, despite the fact that his wife seemed less-than-thrilled at the prospect, as her glares and occasional screams from unseen rooms were livid testimony to.

We returned to Richmond and after a few more weeks of frenzied songwriting we were ready, more or less. Again we loaded up Thuglas's (great seeing you in Melbourne!) crime van with Hoseby, The Bishop, Spewy, and myself, threw in our battered gear, and set off for Noise, N.Y. Also in attendance was the Weed-wolf, who was the closest thing we had to a sound man/ producer (before the Pot Jew) and accordingly had horned his way into the

venture. Plus he had a tape filled with weird noises (smashes, crashes, animals in pain…) which we were unsure of how to use on the album but wanted to try anyway. After all "samples" were just about as unknown as CD's back then! The best thing about this tape was the breathy, oozing-with-raw-sex voice of his girlfriend, Tits Migilicutty, (who I had always lusted after, but that was really nothing, after all, at that stage of my over-sexed and under-fucked life if the sole criteria of a woman being hot was me lusting after her then this world would be FULL of hot women) saying the words that are the last thing you heard on the album — "it got so big". If we had only known just how big it would get, and what we would have to do to get it that way, maybe we would have packed it in right there!

But in addition to his studio skills, obtrusive attitude, and large-titted girlfriend, The Weed-wolf had an additional bonus which often proved vital — he usually had pot!

I did my best to keep my patented Richmond "cooler-than-thou" vibe going on, but in reality I was completely blown away. Not even a lifetime of hype could get me ready for New York. Just the first sight off the Manhattan skyline, glimpsed from the northward-bound Jersey Turnpike, was like sighting the skeletal remains of some far-off, immense and glittering beast, whose towering rib cage was still draped with great swaths of decaying, corroded flesh, studded with a dizzying array of pore-like windows and doors, decaying water towers, garish billboards and the like, all bursting with pus and scabby with age. As we went through the Holland Tunnel it was like being ushered into the bowels of some monstrous, ancient necropolis, still swarming with the legions of parasites that tended to its eternal funerary rites. Reigning above all was the sinister outlines of the World Trade Center, its twin towers jutting into the diseased sky like massive tombstones over an open grave. The first time I ever saw it saw it, I knew it was going fall down. How different is the skyline of Gotham today, where once again the Empire State Building is king, and awaits the return of Kong.

We loaded in and got to work, and almost immediately began to notice things were not going to be quite as cool as we had hoped they would. "Crashing at his place" was actually crashing in the studio, an un-padded and spartan environment that afforded us little comfort. Pot Jew's apartment was a no-go zone, at least for us…but he would disappear into it with maddening frequency, disappearing for hours as a steady stream of pot smoke came from under the door, which we desperately tried to inhale. You see, this was one of those times when Weed-wolf didn't bring much pot with him! When Pot Jew would finally emerge, stoned, nervy, and shiftless, we would plunge back into work, at least until Pot Jew's bitch wife piled into the control room, screaming at everyone, but mostly him. Soon Weed-wolf and Thuglas were fulfilling a surrogate producer role, and at night I would curl

up under the console to the sound of PJ's (Pot Jew, if you are an idiot) wife screaming him to sleep. Not an ideal studio situation, but I was still happy to be there.

That week I finally started hanging out with The Bishop. His wide-eyed high school veneer had quickly been replaced by the cynical and sarcastic, yet always humorous, bastard that we know and loathe and love today and would one day go on to quit the band while making everybody else as miserable as possible. But for now (then) it was great fun to walk around crumbling 1987 New York (pre-Disney, a complete shithole), drink cheap beer, and listen to him make fun of anybody else in the band that didn't happen to be around. Always up for cruel fun, I jumped right aboard. Basically, anybody older was fair game, especially Thuglass and Hoseby, the truth of the jest being painfully unapparent to me. The Bishop was fresh from high school and I was already on his list. It's weird, but at that point just about everybody in GWAR was older than me!

We sailed through the basic tracks, mostly because the considerably more experienced Thuglas, Hoseby and Spewy knew what they were doing and wanted to get the fuck out of there as soon as possible. They worked so fast that they recorded large sections of the album with the window wide open, and in fact you can hear street sounds and sirens on much of the record. We only had one week to get it all done so I shut about the alarmingly tinny sounds PJ was getting, and busied myself getting my lyrics together. I loved writing fucked-up shit and this was a great chance to show everybody I deserved my job, even if I had never wanted it and then gotten it simply because there was no better choice. Classics like "I'm in Love with a Dead Dog", and "Jémme Apelles Jacques Cousteau" flew from my flair pen as I huddled at the two dollar burrito hut which had become my primary source of nutrition (we were forbidden from using the kitchen). When it was my turn to do my thing I knocked it out fairly quickly, mostly due to the fact that time was running out, the weed was completely gone, PJ was getting pissier, and everything was sounding like it had been recorded over the phone.

Finally we had finished the entire album and I decided to celebrate by blowing my last bit of money at the three dollar Chinese food store and listening to the rough mixes. Both experiences left me violently ill, and I proceeded to projectile vomit all over the bathroom and the hallway leading to it. Gripped by severe food poisoning, and wondering why GWAR didn't sound more like Black Flag, I was all too willing to accept PJ's explanation of it's "just a rough mix". I think even the Weed-wolf abandoned me at that point, and even if he didn't, I am pretending he did.

I left New York the next day and met the guys in Philadelphia where we were playing for the first time. I was flushed with pride as I leapt on to the Golden-Battle Barge and jammed the rough mix tape into the boom box, around which everybody was gathered. How their delighted faces turned crestfallen and grey as we made our sonic journey into bad-sounding-ness. In short, they hated it, and my use of the “rough mix” excuse didn’t work as well as when Pot Jew had said it…

Crushed, I said fuck it and was about the business of getting set for the show, taking care of the guys, and collecting the money. So much was going through my head I almost passed out. I knew the record sounded a little thin but, fuck, we had been working with a hippy! I had no doubt we were going to get a good mix out of it and I had every confidence in our performances, art, and song-writing.

Fuck, I have to stop writing now I have to be onstage in 15 minutes!

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all! See ya in 2011 with the next episode!

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 33

*The show at the Revival Hall in Philadelphia was an eye-opening experience for us. It was one of the first times we played a big city as a headliner and actually got a good crowd. Everybody from snotty punk rockers to greasy metalheads wanted to see the band that everybody was talking about.*

JANUARY 21, 2011; 12:00 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Hello there, everybody! Missed an episode, slept a lot. You'll do that after four months of non-stop GWAR shows. So what do I do with my spare time? Go to New York and break things!

## GWAR Bar: Oderus Urungus Defiles Happy Hour

Well,we are back in effect and we are gonna go extra hard this year! Unless of course I lame out as I am known to do from time to time. But here's this one, anyway!

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

# PART 33: EMBARRASSING, DANGEROUS, PAINFUL

Techno Slave, Sexecutioner, Flattus Maximus, and Beefcake the Mighty, somewhere on tour, 1987 (thanks to Danny Black for the pic)

The show at the Revival Hall in Philadelphia was an eye-opening experience for us. It was one of the first times we played a big city as a headliner and actually got a good crowd. Everybody from snotty punk rockers to greasy metalheads wanted to see the band that everybody was talking about. Thanks to El Duce and The Alter-Natives word was spreading about the fucked-up band from Antarctica (by way of Richmond). And we were eager to expand upon our modest success. We had an album in the can, a Slave Pit to work and practice in, and a Golden Battle Barge parked outside that would take us anywhere a gig beckoned — at 45 miles per hour, of course. But sometimes gigs led to situations that were embarrassing, dangerous, and painful.

## EMBARRASSING

We had made the trek all the way to Atlanta to play at the infamous Metroplex. El Duce had lived out behind the club in an old abandoned railway car and had convinced the club owner

(whose missing girlfriend was featured on an episode of Unsolved Mysteries) to book us. It was one of our first headline shows and there was even some money involved. And even better, The Meatmen were playing the night before we were. We decided to go down there a day early and see if we could drum up some support for our show at theirs. Nobody really knew who the fuck we were and we drew more than a few dubious glares as our Battle Barge heaved into view, slewing into the parking lot with a shower of gravel. The plan was to throw on the costumes and run around the show a bit, but of course as soon as I saw the ugly crowd of semi-hostile skinheads I chickened out immediately, and instead embraced the indolent pleasure of swilling beer and chasing ass. I abandoned the plan, but somehow I still managed to talk Sleazy into throwing on the Techno suit, even though memories of the Chinese Dragon Disaster I had thrust upon him were far from old. He stumbled around the club for a while, drawing jeers. Nobody knew who the fuck he was and soon they began throwing trash. Sleazy could feel the situation disintegrating and tried to reverse fate with the desperate gamble of actually running up on stage during The Meatmen's set, which he did just as "Crippled Children Suck" came to its thundering conclusion. The applause slowly faded as the audience stared on with a mixture of bewilderment, pity, and rage. Completely out of place and utterly unsupported (by me), Sleazy's (as Techno) dramatic entrance had assumed the dynamic of a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck. Tesco Vee took one look at the costumed clown, made an insulting remark, and proceeded into the next song, completely ignoring the chagrined cyborg, who shuffled off.

## DANGEROUS

We didn't learn from this episode, and indeed repeating our mistakes with mind-numbing regularity is a time-honored Slave Pit tradition. But when Sexy came up with the idea of walking around on the Virginia Beach Boardwalk to attract people to our show at the Peppermint Beach Club, for some reason I didn't worm out. Instead I joined Sexy in a booze-fueled romp through downtown Virginia Beach, which was crawling with gangsters, rednecks, and drunken sailors. We didn't have any Grammy nods or international tours back then; in fact we had no clout whatsoever…but we were about to get clouted. Approaching a group of menacing troll-people, Sexy began to mouth off about humanities insignificance, and was quickly punched in the face.

"Get them faggots!"screamed their Trog-like leader.

Exercising the better part of valor, and avoiding a flurry of blows, we ran for our lives, dodging a hail of beer bottles, rubber feet flapping all the way.

## PAINFUL

One of our early sick-outs was the classic “Oderus Gets Raped in the Ass by a Dead Dog”scene. After getting beaten on for a good part of the show, Techno would gain his revenge by savaging Oderus’butthole with the snout of a deceased canine — Pookie by name. I would paint latex on my ass and stick corn flakes in it It looked gross! Then Techno (played by Sleazy back then) would carefully stick the snout between the skin of my real ass and the gross rubber one. When he did the fake ass-rape action, the latex would bunch up around the dogs snout…and it looked really fucked up. We had done the scene a few times and it was becoming a standard. It was a real crowd pleaser! Then one night Techno was buggering Oderus with the dead dog, but not really…until he slipped, or something. Maybe it was his way of getting back at me for the Chinese Dragon disaster, or the Meatmen abandoning, or maybe it was me backing up suddenly, but at any rate the fiberglass snout of the filthy dead dog prop got rammed about two inches up my butt.

And on that note we bring this chapter to a close. We’ll see you in two weeks (yeah, right…) for the next…episode…of…

**GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death!**

# GWAR, Me, and the Onrushing Grip of Death: Part 35

*Nobody knew much about "the gay cancer" and neither did I. All I knew is that it took a long time to kill you, and I was sure that modern medicine would figure it out before it got my brother Andrew. I couldn't have been more wrong.*

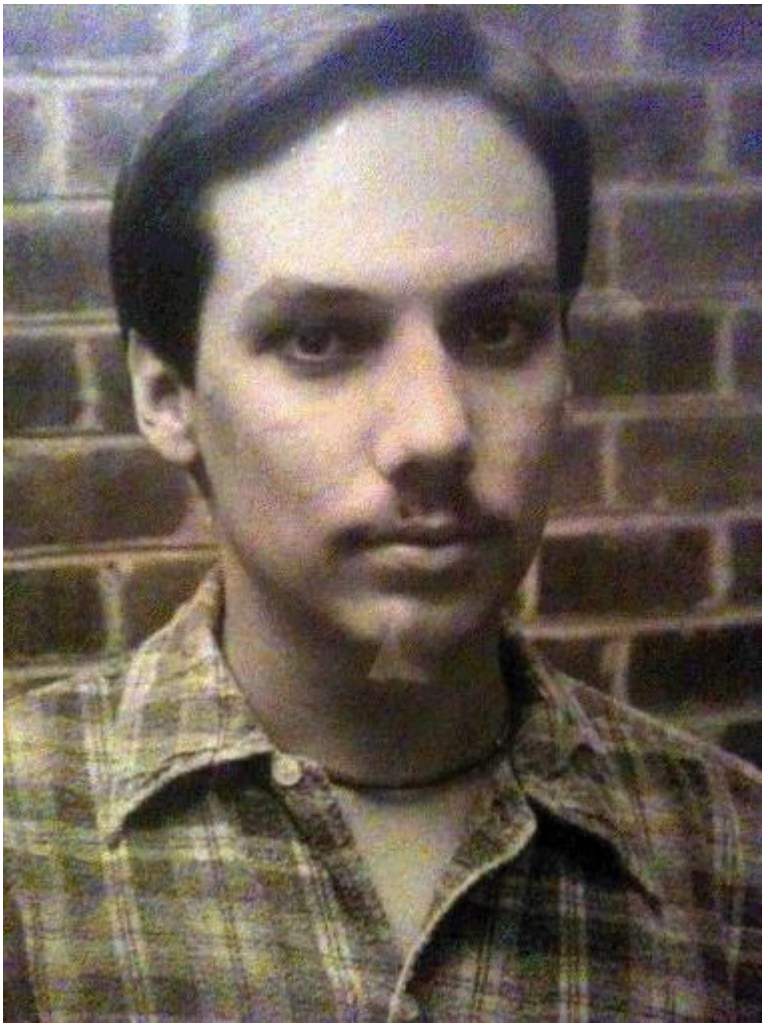
FEBRUARY 18, 2011; 2:33 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

I pissed off a bunch of people last time with my potty-mouthed commentary and I even retracted the original title because a certain person that it was about thought that it sucked because her friend called her up and said it did. Well, I am not trying to embarrass or belittle any of my GWAR-brethren, just get cheap laughs at the expense of others … especially me. So I called the affronted super-chick and asked exactly what was wrong (knowing full well what was) and was more than a little offended myself when I discovered that she hadn't even read it herself! Not because she hadn't had the chance to check out the facts firsthand before she started blowing me up with hysterical texts, but because she hadn't been hanging on my every word since episode one!

Look, nothing in this thing is anything but TRUE (except the stuff I make up), but I do recognize that some off this stuff could be embarrassing and inflammatory — shit, I hope it is, that's the reason that people read it! But I'm not out to win any popularity contests, and I'm certainly not getting rich here, I mean, why start now? So why the hell am I doing this? Why the hell do I do anything? I suppose I am doing this for a lot of reasons but by far the biggest: to remember all the stupid shit we used to get up to and laugh about it because it's fucking funny. If that pisses you off don't read it. But perhaps you can take comfort in one thing — nobody is going to look stupider than me. Especially around Episode 68!

But I don't think anybody is going to be mad at me over this one. So let's get on with the episode I have been dreading writing about ever since I started this thing.

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 35



"I Get Gang- Raped in the City Jail"

Say hello to my brother, Andrew Murray Brockie. I think it was taken when he was 16 or 17 (yes, he was always overtly hairy), and you can tell by the brick wall background that it was at Robinson High on one of the few days that Andrew actually went to school. Openly gay, he had a really tough time of it at the learning-coliseum and eventually stopped going altogether. It was a real loss for the world that my brother couldn't find a way to contribute to it other than by blowing load in anonymous men's beards in one of the many bathhouses where gay people had engaged in all kinds of anonymous sex until AIDS put the kibosh on

the whole party. He was so smart that he scored near-perfect on the SAT, good enough to get him in the "Who's Who of American Students" even though he failed to graduate.

Andrew contracted HIV around 1983. Nobody knew much about "the gay cancer" and neither did I. All I knew is that it took a long time to kill you, and I was sure that modern medicine would figure it out before it got Andrew. I couldn't have been more wrong.

If you have been following the twisted tale since the beginning, you know that I give Andrew a lot of credit for helping open up my tiny little mind (in that huge fucking head of mine) and getting me going in the right direction — that of a complete malcontent. He turned me on to bands like T.Rex and Iggy and the Stooges, and after that it was an easy hop to metal and punk. When I had been hanging around the D.C. punk scene, my brother's house on Capitol Hill had been a rallying point for me and my friends. My brother and his crew of young gay D.C. professional types were always happy to see me and my combat-booted crew descend on their house and proceed to eat everything inside of it. My Mom knew that whenever I would disappear into the city Andrew would be there to keep an eye on me, as much as that was possible.

After I went off to school, Andrew blew his way through several unsuccessful relationships in various parts of the country. These invariably involved him and an older professional type who would gradually grow sick of each other and then part amidst an explosion of caterwauling and long distance requests for money. My Dad was getting close to retiring with his new wife, after settling with my Mom out-of-court, so he was less and less involved with the continuing saga of Andrew. As we were both adopted it was sometimes easy to feel that our Dad didn't really consider us his children.

Two things happened that ended the "Andrew flitting-about-the-country-sucking-dude's-dicks-and- having-them-ram-dicks-up-his-butt" period. First of all, his friends started dying. Over a period of four or five years basically everybody in Andrew's D.C. social scene was dead. The exception was Tony, who was a caretaker at the Washington Cathedral. He had been offering me a tour of the place for years, but I always demurred due to an irrational fear that he would ask me to suck his dick — and that because he was always so nice to me I would be somehow obligated to do so. Tony was not getting sick, and neither was Andrew. Even though every single one of their friends had died, it still hadn't really sunk in that my brother had a death-sentence hanging over his head. But then the second thing happened, and that, coupled with the growing number of funerals my brother was attending, finally ended Andy's continent-spanning cock-fest.

He got sick.

So, he came home. In a weird way it was a good thing. My mom was getting older, moving into her sixties, and she was lonely. She was an old-world bride and a one man gal, and was going to remain true to my Dad even though she divorced him. She wasn't about to be moving in a new boyfriend. Not that she had become a shut-in or didn't still embrace life with passion. She had a job at a local law firm as a receptionist where her beautiful English accent earned her the affectionate nickname "The Voice". And she had some good friends, but living in that big house all by herself must have been pretty lonely. I did my best to visit and be an attentive son, but when I look back now I see a tremendously selfish and insensitive lout who could have been a lot more helpful but was too busy being a churlishly self-absorbed dumbass. So when my brother came home it gave her something to live for, even if it was something as terrible as helping Andrew to die.

Wow! This column used to be hilarious! And it will be again, after my brother kicks off … but that's not for a couple of years, which could be decades as far as this is concerned. Whatever happens one thing is certain: we will be back in two weeks!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 36

*Since I had graduated my life had been a series of hovels, shit jobs, and poor personal hygiene. It was awesome, but there had to be more. GWAR gave me the chance to escape the biggest fear I had in my life...that when I got to the end of it there would be nothing to be proud of.*

APRIL 15, 2011; 1:55 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Hey everybody! We are back! But you have the entire episode to read my stuff, so before you do, check out another one of the fine products offered to you by Slave Pit Inc. Check out The Blood Vomits!

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH PART 36: “DON’T EXPECT TOO MUCH FROM THIS ONE, WE ARE JUST TRYING TO GET IT GOING AGAIN”

I was living large. So large in fact that my car took up several spaces on Broad St. That’s right, my car was an old school bus. When not being used as a tour vehicle, the Battle Barge was often my ride, and on occasion my crash pad. It was very convenient to drive the bus somewhere, get wasted, and pass out in it. By this point, and due to Spewy and his welding skills (that’s right the nicknames are back), the Battle Barge was far more comfortable than its early, “pea-pit” days. The back of the bus now had a metal cage to store the props (which increasingly were stored in boxes), and even a little cube that housed “the urine-cone”. We had a little sitting area behind the driver, and I would regale the guys deep into the night with readings from Robert E. Howard’s *Conan* series, or Micheal Moorcock’s classic *Elric of Melnibone* novels. And we played D&D, confirming that part of the legend.

But best of all, we now had metal frame bunks, with custom cut foam pads. With a few curtains and a couple of push-pins semi-privacy could be attained, or so I thought. The complete opposite could not have been more true as me masturbating or fucking girls in my bunk became a common sight on the Barge, with me being completely clueless to any other aspect of the situation other than needing to drop a load and fall asleep as quickly as possible — regardless of how many saw or heard.

There are so many memories of this time. So many things come back so fast that it's really impossible to hope to get it all right, and do all the characters justice. Everybody needs to get their credit. From the beginning GWAR was always about tons of people helping. In fact our earliest shows quickly had become huge affairs due to the fact that every cool artist in town piled in to help. I mean, we had 30-40 people helping on the first Shafer Court show. So in a sense, the 1988 version of GWAR was a slimmed-down version of what we had done before, and the closest thing we had been to a real band yet.

Spewy and Rox brought us some legitimacy from their White Cross connection. They were the closest thing Richmond had to a "big" punk rock band, and after the demise people were still interested in what was up with the guys. Unseen Force had gotten a bit of notice as well, even though they had ended up in court, which was really weird back then especially for a punk rock band. But the timing was right for us and it was quite a coup to get Spewy onboard. But he wasn't the only musician that kicked ass…they all did. And that was a sign right there.

Beefcake, Rox, Thuglas, they were all excellent musicians who could have gotten involved with any number of other bands (actually Thuglas was always in about three other bands at all times) but chose GWAR. We were no longer a joke or a second string project — everybody who was aboard was aboard 100%. We already had the look, now we had the band. El Duce had spread the word, and The Alter-Natives had helped too. Actually I think it went like this: The Alter-Natives had told Greg Ginn at SST about GWAR, and he had shown the GWAR video to the guys in Nig Heist, and Mugger had shown it to El Duce, and El told everyone, and there was no way he killed Kurt Cobain or anyone else. There are a lot of El Duce stories coming up in this book and I think they will be amongst it's highlights) We had an album in the can and the attention of the scene. People were calling about gigs, pictures were showing up in Thrasher…we had a BUZZ.

Around the end of 1987 I invested in a couple of things that were necessary: an answering machine and a yearly planner book. With these two essential tools I began plotting 1988, the

year where GWAR would “Slay America”, as I wrote in one of the first pages of the soon-to-be filled but at that point empty workbook.*

I had finally bailed on living at the Slave Pit on the corner of Broad and Laurel. It was just getting too intense. People were getting beaten regularly right under our windows. One night I watched a guy kick a car window into someone’s face, the next my friend got jumped and beaten by a block of wood with a piece of string around it. The assailant had swung it around his head like a mad carpenter and smashed it into my friend’s skull. These attacks were usually racially motivated and involved 10 dudes kicking the shit out of you. I somehow avoided it for years but my luck finally ran out one day as I was returning from my bullshit job at the redneck sign company.

My skateboard had lost a wheel and I ran afoul of a group of young ruffians. As if getting up at 6:00 am to work with asshole rednecks all day wasn’t bad enough, now I had to get savaged by youth gangs on my way home. But despite my best attempts to whore, drink, and diddle myself into oblivion, GWAR was giving us a shot at something more than our crummy lives. Ever since I was a little kid I had known I wanted to be an artist, I just didn’t know what kind. For years I had thought I would be a cartoonist, then art school deluded me into thinking I had a place in the fine art world. Since I had graduated my life had been a series of hovels, shit jobs, and poor personal hygiene. It was awesome, but there had to be more. GWAR gave me the chance to escape the biggest fear I had in my life…that when I got to the end of it there would be nothing to be proud of. No matter how self-obsessed or selfish or smelly I got, no matter how many kids I didn’t have or wives I didn’t make happy, that there was one thing that I could leave behind that marked my legacy in a way that I was proud of. And increasingly, that thing looked like it was going to be GWAR.

Well that’s it. Let’s see if we are REALLY back, not Tiger Woods back…and the way to do that is to meet back right here in two weeks. Bye now!

* The tome survives to this day, thanks to the Muselman, who for some reason had it, and who had passed it on to Blobby, who in turn gave it to me. I hadn’t seen it in 20 years and it’s been a real help in this book. It’s full of doodles and drawings so maybe one day I will scan some pages for you.

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 37

*Hi! Dave Brockie here! Did ya miss me? I missed you! But there will be plenty of time to catch up later...right now, we have to get to EPISODE 37.*

APRIL 1, 2011; 4:16 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Hi! Dave Brockie here! Did ya miss me? I missed you! But there will be plenty of time to catch up later...right now, we have to get to...

## GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: EPISODE 37

Finally, the New Chapter is Done!"

Thats right, I finally got it together. After a few weeks off, I am back, and I have written by far the best, longest episode yet. Man, this one is great. You are really gonna love it! What?

You thought I had abandoned you? Ceased caring about my bi-weekly deadline and deserted my fans and my story, right when people when people were starting to get shitty with each other?

Never, dear reader, never! Never would I toy with you in such a manner, thinking you exist merely satisfy my narcissistic and deeply self-obsessed sense of humor (though that is a large part of it). Did you think I would take you this far, to have GWAR standing on the edge of the beginning of our soon-to-be semi-success, just to snatch it away from you? Much like the way VCU has snatched barstool bragging rights from the likes of the entire nation until the end of time. In fact I even got on ESPN.com and babbled about it...check it out.

I would never do something like that. This is an amazing story you people have supported for time eternal (what, the column has been going on for what, 20-30 years now?) We saw men die on the moon, hell, we saw women. We saw the birth, and death...and birth again, and again and again and a whole bunch of other shit...of the inter-web-net. Almost as epic as the story about the The Blood Vomits! What? You never heard about the Blood Vomits? Well, you have truly been missing out.Catch up with these medieval morons here.

O.k., all caught up? Good. because I only have a couple more things to do before we get into this episode. Like this. And this!!!

O.K., we are finally done. Nows it's time for....

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: EPISODE 37

In two weeks, that is! APRIL FOOLS!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 38

*One day I received a severed pig's head in the mail. It was Wild Bill's way of saying hello. The pig's head had been sawn off neatly and then encased in shrink-wrap, so it hadn't started to rot. I didn't know how to eat a pig's head, so I threw it away after everybody had a good look at it.*

MAY 16, 2011; 12:35 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

OK, my timeline was a little off on the last summation of what this episode was going to be about. I am always so happy after I finish one that I assume that I am going to fly into the next one, and just write up a ton! But I never do that. Instead, I put it off until the last second. I send email after email to my editor until they clog his box, all of them saying the same thing (I will be done in an hour) until the quantity of verbiage in these pathetic excuses dwarfs that of the very story itself.

And really, who should care about this story when our comments section is so lively. I think it is very cool that people are responding to this thing. I especially encourage ex-GWAR and Slave Pit people to write stuff, if for no other reason than to correct my many lies. But remember one thing about this...I am going for laughs here. I see this thing as a great way to get a lot of them. The shit we got up to was hilarious, and it deserves to be remembered. And I know I have forgotten far more than I remember, and sometimes these memories will be hazy. And that is when my imagination takes them over and makes it something it wasn't...for a laugh. I am far more a story-teller than a judge or a reporter, and I will try to abstain from being either of the last two. Generally speaking I will be the one thrown under the bus, by myself usually, but with others if necessary. It will be so funny as we all get crushed to pulp! But if you have anything to add to the narrative, disagree with, or outright call me out on, please do! That's what the forum is for! Who knows? Your comment might make the novel.

But as I was saying, I need to re-do the title from the last one...lets just keep it to...

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: PART 38

*Wild Bill, one of the first managers of the band, next to a pile of tires, 1987*

One day I received a severed pig's head in the mail. It was Wild Bill's way of saying hello. The pig's head had been sawn off neatly and then encased in shrink-wrap, so it hadn't started to rot. I didn't know how to eat a pig's head, so I threw it away after everybody had a good look at it.

Wild Bill was a promotor/barbecue guy from Indianapolis who had heard rumblings of GWAR and decided that indeed it was the band he had been waiting for. He began to bombard us with faxes, phone calls, and weird things in the mail, like the picture above. That picture hung in the Slave Pit for a couple of years, and at one point every thumb-tack on the cork board had been stuck through his dick. His approach was pretty easy to read — he had heard that we were wild and crazy and the best way to impress us was to out wild-and-crazy us. Bring on the decapitated pig heads and pictures of your dick! This actually had kind of an opposite impact. From the beginning everyone thought he was a freak.

Nevertheless we allowed him to barge on in, to the point that he drove out to Richmond with his girlfriend. When they showed up I was way bummed. That wasn't the same girl that had been in the pictures! Pretty much the only reason I had agreed with him coming out to meet us was because his girlfriend looked hot — and even more importantly slutty. I figured if this guy wanted to be our manager so bad there was a good chance he would let me fuck his girlfriend. But when he arrived he had a different woman with him, one that was his current girlfriend, one whose sour disposition quickly earned her the nickname "Stoolie".

Wild Bill really wasn't doing much better. The first thing working against him was that he had sent us a severed pig's head in the mail. The second was that he had been introduced to the guys by me, which made him completely sketchy by association. Plus he showed up and immediately gave me an expensive bathrobe (in front of everyone), then awkwardly and obviously pulled me aside, within earshot of the entire Slave Pit, and whispered loudly,"Brockie, YOU and ME are gonna be RICH!"

Nevertheless we allowed Wild Bill to book us some shows and drive us around, but that only made matters worse. You see, every time that that we came to a bridge or overpass, Wild Bill would suddenly freeze up behind the wheel…his face would contort, his hands would grip the steering wheel with white- knuckled intensity, and Stoolie would have to help him somehow guide his van onto the shoulder of highway and change drivers before we got to the bridge. Luckily we always managed to do it, so I never actually saw what would have happened if Wild Bill had been forced to drive across a bridge, but I am sure we would all have died. The point is it was a complete pain-in-the-ass. If this guy couldn't drive us across a bridge, imagine what flying was going to be like!

So Wild Bill was basically doomed before he even got in there. But in true Slave Pit tradition we didn't get rid of him, instead we kinda let him hang around, slowly blowing him off and refusing to sign the contracts he sent us, all the while probing him for any useful

information or contacts. And when I felt I had gotten everything I could out of him, he was set aside.

Sound awful? It was. And I felt bad. But you could only feel so bad for a guy who had shown you his dick before you even met him. I was already on to exploiting the one good contact Wild Bill had given me…a number to one of his old buddies from high school, who had gotten into music law and gone to New York to practice it. He ended up being the in-house lawyer at a little label called Def Jam.

For the purposes of this story he shall simply be called Tavel. Tavel never gained a nickname from the crew, possibly because "Tavel" didn't really lend itself to an obvious disparaging remark. Plus he was our lawyer (or was going to be, as soon as I got rid of Wild Bill)…and you didn't really want to make a habit out of insulting your lawyers. Tavel simply was Tavel, and he was like a super-being to me. From the first time he came to see us, at The Pyramid Club in the East Village, he exuded wealth and power like it was a cologne. Everything about him, from his custom-embroidered Def Jam bomber jacket, to his perfect blindingly white capped teeth, told us there was another world out there, one where we wouldn't have to grovel for scraps. That night he loved us, and just as certainly as Wild Bill was becoming a part of our past, Tavel was becoming part of our future.

The first time I went to meet Tavel at his office I was sufficiently impressed with the Times Square locale to actually soil myself. That still didn't stop me from drawing bizarre cartoons all over some sticky-notes, and placing them where I knew they would be found later, and indeed were for years. Then the meeting started. Soon Tavel's teeth were giving me a headache, so we decided to work together. We walked to the elevator, which suddenly opened, revealing none other than Flava-Flav. True to form, he was sporting one of those gigantic watches he used to wear around his neck. Greeting Tavel with a stream of gibberish, the two disappeared into yet another gigantic conference room.

Wow! I felt good about our new lawyer!

Next : Who knows? I am sick of embarrassing myself pretending I know what I am writing about next. Just be back in two weeks, more or less!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death: Part 39

*Why has Oderus been notably absent from Red Eye on Fox News? What happens when you put a bunch of guns in a GWAR van and drive to New York? Find out the answer to these questions and more!*

JUNE 13, 2011; 9:51 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

A lot of people have been asking me, "Hey Oderus, when are you going to be on *Red Eye* again?" After a few months of waiting for an answer, I am pretty sure I have one now.

NEVER.

It shouldn't surprise me or anybody else–the surprise part was me ever being on the show to begin with. As soon as I showed up on FOX I began getting assailed with alarmed inquiries

as to why the fuck I was doing it. Wasn't FOX a bastion of conservative crap, a fortress populated by mighty crusaders with names like Sir Beck and unassailable maidens like the fair Lady Palin? That may be true, I replied, but the King was named Homer! Surely there was a place for Oderus, even if it was at three in the morning and only semi-regularly.

So I settled in as the official *Red Eye* "Intergalactic Correspondent"…hell, I even had my own cool titles (I think they call them "kyrons"). And I think everybody would agree that I killed it! Over a year and a half I appeared fourteen times, and hilarity ensued. Who can forget such show-stoppers as "tank on the moon", or "make-up"…and my tirade against Ann Coulter's refusal to tip hotel wait staff was simply classic! Don't believe me? Check out a few episodes here!

About once a month I would show up, delivering most of the episodes from studios in Richmond but occasionally from spots on the road and even, most magnificently, from the FOX home studio in New York City. Completely at our expense I might add. But I didn't complain. MTV had taught me long ago that you had to pay to play in the big leagues. The conservative agenda of the network didn't seem to matter so much. I was funny; comedy shows needed funny people, so the calls kept coming.

Until the day I realized I hadn't gotten a call for a while. So I called, and e-mailed, and finally got a chance to sit down with the show's host, Greg Gutfeld, while we were passing through New York on a GWAR tour. Several beers later, I got the truth.

Certain people at FOX were pissed at Greg for having me on the show because we had been killing Sara Palin for the entire fall tour…I mean shit, that's what GWAR does! We have killed every president since Reagan, and even brought a few back from the dead to kill them again. But some people out there had gotten very upset at our mock-slaying of someone who was not even at the time an elected official. Even Greg seemed a little surprised that we had been decapitating Obama before he was even elected. Greg tried to be hopeful (and I love Greg, he is the guy that got me on there to begin with and did his best to keep me on), but I got the feeling the higher-ups at FOX had decided my little run of horror was over.

It wasn't a boot to the ass kicked off, it was more of a let's wait a couple of months and then a couple more and let's just never call him again kind of kicked off. And really, I'm not mad, just a little disappointed. I was surprised as hell to ever be on the show and even more so that my run lasted as long as it did. But a GWAR character being a semi-regular character on a network TV show was a big thing and to just stop it without any explanation to the

people that were digging it the most–GWAR fans–well, I had a problem with that. So there's the explanation.

It wasn't Sara Palin who got me kicked off *Red Eye*–it was her pandering pundits that kiss her ass in much the same way completely smart people embrace the gibberish of religion to facilitate whatever it is they are after: whether it's controlling their kids, keeping their job, or explaining the meaningless horror that this life dishes out in industrial sized heaps every fucking chance it gets. But I guess it's no surprise that boobs are running the boob tube. It just really makes me sick when intelligent people act dumb to make really dumb people happy.

We are in Europe right now and that just makes what is going on in America all the more…embarrassing. I mean, what could be more nauseating than the combination of Sarah Palin's shamelessly self-serving tour of America's lamest Tea-Party rallying points, our government's ability to wage a worldwide war against bullshit but it's complete inability to take care of its own people (especially the ones who had their lives destroyed fighting that war), and a recession that is threatening to make "triple-dip" the next phrase of looming doom? I'll tell you what: catching up with our buddies in Europe and realizing (for like, the hundredth time) that they live like kings and we like dogs.

But you know what's even more nauseating than Europe's superior health care, schools, and infrastructure? Stuffing ten euros worth of "Bremer Knacker" into several of my organs in less than five mintues, because that's exactly what I did! But Europe is so awesome I didn't vomit. But always remember, any time anybody starts mouthing off about how great Europe is, remind them, England is here! And I am sick to death with hearing about the "special relationship" that exists between England and America. It sounds like a couple of retards getting together.

Enough Euro-drivel, let's remember why we are here…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 39

## "Firearm Safety w/ GWAR"

The shows were piling up. We had passed beyond the level of a first-year freak and people were actually calling us back for gigs. With some of our hard-earned gig money, we bought what we considered essential ingredients to a successful Slave Pit—a jam box, a message machine, and a Tokemaster bong. A lot of people don't know the reason why the Tokemaster is such an first line choice for any east coast stoner's bong arsenal–and after careful reflection I have decided that this narrative will not do anything to change that.

Not that a few possessions meant any change in our economic level. We were still dirt poor and when money got really short we actually charged dues. And we were always looking for new ways to make cash, as actually "making" it in the Slave Pit using crayons and toilet paper simply wasn't going to work. So we decided to sell guns to our friends in New York!

Guns were always hard to get in New York and the average NYC thug had to look elsewhere for his or her firearm requirements. One of the best ways was to make some friends in Virginia and have them make the purchases for you, drive them up to New York, and then go shoot people.

At the time New York was still struggling its way out of the debt crisis that had almost bankrupted the city a couple of years earlier. There was nothing Disney-fied about the place. Times Square was a complete shit hole, filled with soggy strip clubs and abandoned movie theaters whose marquees were crowded with outlaw statements waxing pathetic on the portents of the coming apocalypse. A garbage strike had crippled the collection process and as a result huge piles of uncollected feces and medical waste was a common sight. Ranks of gay men jacked off into leaky troughs where starving children were made to lap up gallons of hot man-goo. Ok maybe that last one was wishful thinking.

Spewy and Rocks, during their tenure in White Cross, had played the famous CBGB hardcore matinees many times, and had met and forged friendships with plenty of the original NYC punk rock elite including the illustrious Big Nose (yes, I am using code names here, and will/will not whenever I feel like it) and his girlfriend, Clint Eastwood in The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly (abbreviated for the rest of this story to C.E.I.T.G.T.B.A.T.U.).* Both of them were gun nuts, as was Spewy (we used to call him Steven Seagal due to his penchant for walking around with loaded guns), and they had stayed friends through Spewy's musical journey from White Cross to Unseen Force to finally GWAR. Oh, how the mighty had fallen!

At some point Big Nose and his blonde, beautiful, incredibly famous lead singer girlfriend of a huge band that Big Nose played guitar for (and if you haven't figured it out by now, you probably never will). It started pretty small, just the odd Glock or two. Pretty soon we were on our way to our latest gig in New York with a SKS (Chinese version of the AK-47), a Mossburg shotgun, and a .44 magnum (just like Dirty Harry's) along for the ride. But did we have the sense to conceal our hugely illegal imports? If you have been reading this for very long, then you know what the answer to that is! Not only did we not hide them, we took them out of their boxes and played with them the whole ride up. That is until we got pulled over.

It had become a tradition for us to get pulled over every time we reached the New Jersey Turnpike but what made it even better was the fact that it was the same cop that did it every time. Officer Hopp, a state trooper sporting enormous jodhpurs had made it his personal mission in life to bust us for weed.

Every time the Golden Battle Barge, each time sporting more graffiti (and I think by this point a pair of steer horns had been bolted to the top) lurched into the first ticket-plaza it seemed like he was waiting for us. The first time was normal, the second a coincidence, and the third time we had tons of guns. We contemplated shooting him but realized we had no

ammo. But we were never apprehended by the man, as Proto-Slave simply stuck the weed in his cholo-headband and wore it on his forehead. As we stood on the side of the road in the spitting dawn, we knew that Hopp would never find the weed, and apparently he was so obsessed with doing so that he missed the weapons entirely, even though the box for the Mossberg, clearly labeled, was sitting in plain sight. We actually became quite fond of his frequent harassment, and it wasn't until much later we realized that if we painted the bus grey and discouraged our fans from writing stuff like "GWAR sucks huge cocks" on the side of it, we might have a better chance of not getting pulled over. I think we even had a little rhyme about our good buddy, Officer Hopp.

"Hopp cops stop to make the pot pop was a flop, it was hid up-top by a forehead mop!" Or something like that.

So we made it to NYC where we soon were pulling up in front of the brownstone of Big Nose and C.E.I.T.G.T.B.A.T.U. There Spewy and I collected the weapons and went inside to make the deal. Once in, I immediately set about the task of locating the bathroom and jacking off into the soapdish. When I got in there, I noticed an UZI was hanging from the shower spout. I put my dick away.

As I exited and rounded a corner I was suddenly confronted with the form of C.E.I.T.G.T.B.A.T.U., perched on a ladder in front of a huge shelf of books. She was illuminated from behind and was wearing only a night shirt. I had just enough to perfectly imagine every possible curve of her perfect body. It was all I could do to stammer out "Hey, here's your machine gun," handing her the SKS. I then came in my pants.

That's more than enough. See you again in what I say will be two weeks, but we all know will be whenever the hell I can get to it. As they say in Deutschland, Tschuss!

* This is the most elaborate code name I have come up with yet and I really hope somebody gets this joke…not just who this person is but the significance of the anagram.

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 40

*GWAR opens for Murphy's Law and, in D&D terms, we rolled a twenty, got double damage, instant kill, whatever...all I know is that the only blood the skinheads got to enjoy that day was fake.*

JULY 11, 2011; 3:39 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Greetings from Das Deutsches Panzer Museum! I recently realized the dream of a lifetime by finally getting to this place where it was said to house every example of German tank design ever made–some in running condition. Of course at that point my fertile imagination took over, and soon I began to envision a parade-like atmosphere to the place, as drunken Germans filled sagging bleachers beyond capacity, all to witness the continual running of tank after tank in an all-to-familiar display of military prowess. Unfortunately budget cuts have stopped the museum from running the tanks much anymore, but it was still one of the coolest places I have ever been to...check out my full coverage over on Facebook.

But, I am back from Europe, ready for another summer in the city! So it MUST be time for another episode of…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 40

## The Wall of Death

SEXY CONFRONTS THE WALL OF DEATH, SHITTY GARDENS, 1989

The New Music Seminar, held every year in NYC, was the equivalent back then to what SXSW is today, except it was like a million times smaller. We had made quite a stir there when we walked into the middle of a huge conference and contemptuously made our way to the stage, Sleazy handing out fake (but very convincing) vials of crack to the horde of music writers, label people, and NYC hipsters. Once we got to the stage I didn't really know what to do, so I turned around and took a hefty swipe at the giant banner which hung over the place. To my delight the blow managed to knock it off its support on one side, and the whole thing plummeted to the floor with a satisfactory crash. After a couple of bellicose remarks, we were out of there.

After about a year of playing mostly southern small-town venues, the east coast was finally beginning to open up for us, and one of our favorite places to play was in Trenton, New Jersey, at the infamous City "Shitty" Gardens. The hardcore scene was exploding all over the country and it wasn't uncommon to have ten-band bills where every band was a Bad Brains or a Black Flag, and the tiny dive punk bars which had spawned the movement had quickly been outgrown. In NYC The Ritz was the large venue of choice, and to the south Shitty Gardens, run by the notorious postal courier "The Male-Man", was the spot. Tongues were wagging about GWAR, and we were offered a couple of gigs at The Ritz and Shitty Gardens opening up for Danzig, who had just put out their first album. It was the first time he had played with the new band live, and for us to land a main support gig was pretty awesome.

The show in Manhattan was all Glenn's but at Shitty Gardens a curious thing happened. After Danzig had finished their main set, the crowd didn't launch into what you would have thought would have been raucous adulation but was instead surly silence which quickly began to form into a chorus of one chanted syllable, which grew in numbers and volume until the sound of it was unmistakable. We heard it clearly from backstage, and we were sure Glenn did as well.

"GWAR! GWAR! GWAR! GWAR!"

It was the first time we had ever heard anybody chant our name except for ourselves! Maybe we weren't complete losers!

After the show Glenn came to visit us in our dressing room, flanked by at least ten burly weight-lifting buddies, all in leather jackets, and a daffy stripper that for the purposes of this chronicle shall be known as Bubbles.

"Good show, man…" said Glenn, extending a burly paw. As one his minions nodded their agreement. But then Bubbles ruined everything.

“Oooo, whats this?” she said, reaching for and picking up one of the slave dicks, knowing full well what it was. Acting from instinct, she held the cock up to her face, where the last wad of stinky coffee-creamer and carrageenan faux-cum was jarred loose, spewing out of the slave cock with considerable vigor and draping Danzig’s girlfriend with its infested load.

For a moment there was silence as everyone looked on in horror. Then Danzig, with military precision, spun on his boot-heel and strode from the room without a word followed by his buddies who simultaneously emulated the leaders exact move. Last to leave was Bubbles, a confused yet-longing look thrown over her load-drenched shoulder on the way out.

We got a ton of good press following these antics. East Coast Rocker said that after GWAR, watching Danzig was like “watching grass grow.” And the Village Voice said we “rocked them like a boxed lunch and a giant Japanese robot.” Our friends in The Lunachicks had hooked us up with the nefarious persona of Jimmy Gestapo, singer of Murphy’s Law, and one of the few people in this story who doesn’t get a nickname because he already had one. Jimmy got us another Shitty Gardens gig opening up for his band, known favorites of the skinhead scene, which at the time was considerably more fearsome than it is today.

It was a huge gig for us and we planned appropriately with a new invention called “The Chandelier of Blood.” This device was made up of three huge hooks, on which were impaled three severed heads. Spew tubes terminated in the mouths of these three heads, and the idea was to have a spew device which could hose the crowd while being operated from backstage. We weren’t sure if it was going to work or not.

From the first song the local ape-men didn’t know what to think of GWAR and didn’t really know what to do. Some slammed, some stared, some made threatening gestures, but everything seemed under control…until the first decapitation hosed the first few rows with a drenching spray of food-coloring gore. Maybe they didn’t want to get their laces dirty, but the skinheads didn’t like that AT ALL.

Soon the threatening gestures had led to jeers. The mob began to get ugly as Sexy and I watched the scene with growing concern. There were no bouncers, no security, just us and a 300+ angry mob that was forming up in a wide wall of baldness, stretching from slam-pit side to slam-pit-side, and glaring at us with evil intent. It was the infamous “Wall of Death,” New Jersey skinhead-style, but instead of consisting of two opposite sides of the slam-pit there was just one ugly formation pointed straight at us, which after a brief period spent forming up charged the stage with a blood-curdling scream and the stomp of a hundred Doc Martins!

Right in the middle of a song, we watched in horror as the wall came closer, and closer, and then suddenly there was a great vomiting of spew, a tidal wave of gore, which blasted out from the stage and crashed with contact-lens ruining intensity into the front several ranks of the the skinhead menace. The effect was immediate, chaotic, and hilarious, as the "Wall of Death" instantly became a "Wall of Buffoons." From backstage, someone had loosed the Chandelier, which worked far better than we ever dreamt it would, and caught the horde in mid-charge with a debilitating dousing of what I am sure most of the baldies thought was an AIDS-infested substance. In D&D terms, we rolled a twenty, got double damage, instant kill, whatever…all I know is that the only blood the skinheads got to enjoy that day was fake. Their charge routed and their idiocy exposed, the mob broke apart under continuing blasts from our beautiful contraption, which I believe never worked again.

NEXT TIME! GET READY DEAR READERS! EPISODE FORTY-ONE OF "GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSING GRIP OF DEATH", HERE IN TWO WEEKS…WE HOPE!

Like this? Then be sure to check out my first novel, Whargoul, now available atAmazon.com.

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 41

*Our hero returns from the European tour broke and in arrears. But, with the sunny disposition he's known for, he soldiers on. GWAR! Part 41!*

AUGUST 5, 2011; 11:55 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Me and my buddy Neil Fallon from Clutch hanging around before a show in England while he gives me some beard-growing tips. Damn is my nose broken...

It is a time of great tumult for the brave rubber monsters of GWAR, as the crappy economy finally caught up with us. For the first time in a long time, we had gone on a European tour and returned home with no money. Sure we had our stories of red-light wanderings and beer-drenched debauchery, but without cash to pay the slaves their miserable pittance, they soon resorted to eating their own fecal matter. And just when you thought it couldn't get any worse, they began eating other people's fecal matter. They would make fecal matter out of eating fecal matter, and then eat the fecal matter.

And while I am at it, isn't it wonderful the way that words that describe nasty things are always so appropriate, like for instance "fecal matter". It's right up there with "phlegm" and "buboes". Who invents these words anyway?

And while I am still at it (as I haven't really figured out what to write about this time), who are "they", anyway? I first heard about "them" when I was in elementary school. I was asking a question about the textbook I had just smacked Calvin Livesay* with. Asking why a certain section was written a certain way, I was informed that "they" had done it that way, and nobody ever knew why "they" did anything. So right off the bat I was convinced a shadowy group of semi-demonic beings known as "them" controlled everything from what was in our textbooks to how much a Big Mac cost. Still am!

But to get back to the story—rising fuel costs, a lousy exchange rate, and a ravening beast that eats money (named GWAR) had left us in arrears, but were we worried? Fuck no. We had been through periods of no money before, like the entire first five years of our existence. So I came home with my head held high, ready to leap into preparing for the GWAR-b-q and catching up with my mountain of overdue painting commissions. But a fate more hideous than eating fecal matter or being broke awaited me.

I first met Symptom about three years ago. His sallow face and darkly-circled eyes made him look like a junkie and I thought he was until I heard he had "rotten guts," a condition that made him routinely beg near-strangers for pain medication. What made him different from the rest of my friends like that was his skill with the internet and constructing web sites. His help was immeasurable on a number of projects, and soon enough he was accompanying me to NYC to help me stream the Crack-a-Thon to the interweb. After that he began to enjoy more GWAR responsibilities, and soon the GWAR-B-Q and GWAR.TV sites were up and running. Much pleased with this, and desperately needing another responsible person as a roommate, I agreed to let him move into my hovel.

But cracks were starting to show. I returned home from my fall tour to discover that in my absence, Symptom had moved his girlfriend into my house without asking me. I was pissed to say the least but after hearing the sad story of how she had nowhere else to go I began to waver. She did have a job, and another income in the house would definitely help. So I caved in like a spaghetti lean-to in a rain-forest.

Then it got weirder. Symptom was out the door early every day, usually off to work by seven. His wench would follow a little later. When they returned from work, they would go straight into their room and not leave until it was time to go to work again. Now, I can sort of

understand that. My house is a bit of a mess, and my other roommate is a creature from Hell. Plus I am sure the young couple was enjoying having sex with each other. But it really seemed like a couple of junkies had moved in. I told the guys in GWAR to cool out on this guy, who up until this point had been a Slave Pit star on the rise. I knew something was up, but I just couldn't put my finger on it.

The wheels had fallen off (and burst into flames) before I got home from the latest GWAR European tour. Symptom and his girlfriend, who for the purposes of this story will be called "The Scumbag's Equally Scummy Girlfriend", were gone, moving out in the few days before I got back and using MY TRUCK to do it. They left behind four months of unpaid rent and bills, as I, in my infinite stupidity, had allowed Symptom to be the one who collected said monies every month and make sure they got to the right hands. He had performed this task admirably up until that moment, to the point where I completely trusted him…and then he fucked me HARD.

Four grand in rent…bills neglected to the tune of many hundreds of dollars…an eviction note on the door…but that wasn't the worst thing, no, not by far (though that was really bad)…the worst thing was that this piece of shit had actually taken pieces of my art out of my private collection, sold them on ebay, and then never sent the merchandise. A stack of priceless GWAR concert DVD's, some going back to the late eighties had also disappeared.

Why am I sharing this with you? Well, first of all I needed to explain what happened to the GWAR-b-q site and GWAR.TV. They are gone and won't come back. As for the rest, I'm not sure. I only know that a betrayal this deep, by someone who I considered a valued friend and ally, cuts to the bone, and by writing about it I might enjoy some sense of closure. But it never ceases to amaze me how low humans can stoop in their quest to elevate themselves. The damage to my life has been vast, and it could not have happened at a worse time—a time in which I was pretty broke already. It means instead of working on GWAR or my art, I have been forced to take any manner of actual "work" in order to somehow get myself out of this hole.

But I will! Hang in there brave followers of GWAR, greener pastures await! For next month is the 2011 Crack-a-Thon, and even greater, the GWAR-B-Q is soon after that. And after that we have an amazing fall tour with some awesome bands which I will be announcing soon. Before you know it, all will be right in the world again. I will get caught up with all of my projects, make good money on the fall tour, get out of debt, and hopefully find a good roommate, one that won't steal my art and money and do their best to ruin my life. I will get to the happy place again, and there will be much rejoicing.

The same cannot be said of my ex-roommate. Wherever he is (and he seems to have disappeared off the face of the earth), whatever he does, every morning when he wakes up and stares into that haggard face looking back at him from the bathroom mirror, he will see the face of an undeniable piece of shit, someone that took the good will of a good friend and turned it into a weapon. The face of someone that stole art from an artist who depends on such art to survive. A liar, a user, and a thief. He will see the face of a LOSER, and he will have that face for the rest of his miserable life.

So if I was supposed to get you some art by now, please continue to be patient (even the guys who have been waiting years). My life is currently a disaster zone and it may take a little while to get out of it. But I just had to get that off my chest before starting the next episode of …

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 41

## I Wrote Too Much About My Scumbag Ex-Roomate and Therefore am Going to Wait Until the Next Chapter Before I Tell You Anything Else

See ya in two weeks!

* Poor Calvin was one of my first victims. One day in fourth grade I attacked him and pushed his head into the folds of one of those accordion walls, which I then closed on his neck. I received no mercy from the elementary school Lords of Discipline, and it didn't help that the poor kid was actually retarded.

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 42

*Heartfelt thanks for the outpouring of support last week. Now on with the (typically disgusting and spew covered) show! The story continues!*

AUGUST 19, 2011; 2:27 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

I was deeply touched (by a clown) at the public out-pouring of support after my admission of complete and abject pathetic-ness in the last installment. Since then things have improved immensely, though I suppose due to my drug addiction I shall never be a truly wealthy man. Weed, caffeine, and sugar sure do take a bite. Now I find out you can be addicted to food…that you can be addicted to *stuff*. Man, I am fucked-up!

I want to make one thing clear before we get back to the action. Yes, it's true that my scumbag roommate ripped me and GWAR off and then disappeared. And it's true that he would not give us the pass codes to the sites he had been working on for us, so we lost gwar.tv, the Crack-a-Thon, and the gwar-b-q websites. But he never succeeded in taking ONE CENT from the various donations you wonderful fans gave to GWAR.tv and the Crack-a-Thon. That's because we immediately spent that money on the cameras, lights, and tripods that we will be bringing you this year's Crack-a-Thon with. That stuff stays locked-up in the Slave Pit. Just because this scumbag fucked us over doesn't mean he stole from YOU. We still have the stuff YOU BOUGHT US and plan to continue to entertain you with it. So for now, GWAR TV is residing here, and [GWAR.net][3] remains the official cyber-fortress of your Lords and Masters, the mighty GWAR! Don't believe it unless you see it there.

Now, there are a few of you guys that *were* duped and cheated by said scumbag, with fake ebay auctions and fraudulent "donation" links. We are in the midst of tracking down every one of these transgressions and taking the appropriate action. He will get his! PayPal and ebay WILL refund your money after checking out the claim so if you think you got ripped, email me at maggotmaster13@gmail.com!

OK, back to the story. When we last left off, we were waiting for "Hell-o" to drop and slowly expanding our tour horizons thanks to our Golden Battle Barge. It was 1988, and GWAR was starting to blow up! So it's time for…

Me and Bones, Seattle, 1989. Kurt Cobain was at this gig. Unfortunately he had to leave early to go shoot junk.

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 42

## Fuck a Chick From Playboy”

The City-Gardens gig had increased our following tremendously as word of our triumph over both Glenn Danzig and the Skinhead Army spread up and down the east coast.

Alarmingly we didn't really seem to be attracting many hot groupies, and seeing as my one and only goal at the time was to use GWAR as a way to get laid as much as possible, my standards (which weren't much to begin with) dropped alarmingly. We however had no problem attracting tons of dudes, and occasionally we even liked them. One such person will go down in history as "Bones," a perpetually-stoned band-dude who started showing up at all of our Jersey gigs. He had good pedigree as a Dayglo Abortions roadie and was smart enough to understand that any attempt at breaching our security screens had to involve an offering of some sort. And, much in the way Proto-Slave had used his constantly-brimming cooler of beers and bologna sandwiches, Bones and the "bones" he rolled became a regular part of any northern venture.

Bones was hard-working, trustworthy, and always had pot. And he was always willing to drive, and always had pot. One day I had a horrible hemorrhoid and Bones explained that if I "tucked" the offending bulb back in the anus where it belonged, chances are the pain would subside. It did! Bones's quirky home-spun wisdom, tempered by years of military duty, gave him an earthy texture that nobody hated too much and would go on to figure in Slave Pit affairs for years. And, his contributions to the Slave Pit verbal lexicon (this gig is geeked!) will go down in history. Bones still lives, and you can see his band, Bloody Crackdown, at the GWAR-B-Q!

I believe Bones had something to do with us getting a gig at Princeton. Our gigs at colleges were usually disasters and this one was no exception. Some braincell had the great idea of putting us in their frat's dining hall, which was pretty much destroyed by GWAR's relentless assault of spew. The one good thing about it was that I met this chick who had actually been in a Playboy spread about Ivy-League schools. I had seen her picture before I met her and she looked fucking hot…I mean she was in Playboy, right? But when I met her she had the face of a horse, the breath of a wrestler, and stood about six inches taller than Balsac. The only way to make sure she wasn't a man was to fuck her, which I did in a closet next to a room full of jeering frat-boys. As Bones became a regular part of this adventure (I believe he was watching the door)–and many more–he slowly became our music-slave, and the ex-roadie/ex-Blackhawk crew chief found a place as GWAR's guitar tech—and a new home in Richmond, Va.

Back then we were not the house-washing capable spew machine that we are today. Today we roll with a powerful compressor and a bunch of spew tanks that look like atom bombs. Back then we had a rickety wooden structure that housed anywhere up to ten or so regular fire extinguishers. We would generally roll into gigs late, due to the Golden Battle Barge not being able to travel any faster than 45 miles an hour (straight down off a cliff), and filling

and priming the tanks was the first and foremost concern. That would usually involve The Mantis frenziedly searching out a grocery store for those little bottles of food coloring, a garden hose to fill the tanks, and finally a gas station with a working air pump to prime the devices. The age of the tanks would make them wildly erratic in the range of their capabilities, and anything from a tepid dribble to an eye-gouging blast was likely to come out of them. But blindness was far from the only danger of the spew cart, as we called it.

First on all it was designed in a manner that made it way easy to trap your fingers in the plywood handle, and of course the wheels never worked, so you ended up dragging this thing around everywhere, mangling your digits in the process. But by far the worst to suffer were the fans. Back then we really didn't care too much about what we spewed, or maybe we cared too much, because we never missed an opportunity to fuck with people. We would use hot water, put salt, or sugar, or even worse flavors in it. Sometimes the creamer we would use for fake cum would rot inside the can overnight or even worse bake a couple days in the bus and become completely rancid. So when Oderus blew his filthy load (or even worse when we fucked up attaching the lines to the right place and blew it out a decap), he really did blow his filthy load–to the point that automatic mass-vomiting would ensue. It got so stinky that we actually considered chopping people's heads off for real.

IN TWO WEEKS – ENTER DIRTY D, EXIT A COUPLE OF OTHER'S, ENTER THE GREAT PUMPKIN!

[3]:http:// www.gwar.net/

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 43

*A trip to New Orleans, multiple band members fired (and hired), a new manager, and a heart felt apology. All in this (and more?) in chapter 43.*

SEPTEMBER 14, 2011; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

FLYER FROM THE INFAMOUS “TONY’S PIZZA”, LOCATED RIGHT NEXT TO THE OLD SLAVE PIT ON LAUREL

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 43

## "Comings and Goings, and Cummings…"

Despite our semi-steady rise to middledom, there were conflicts breaking out in the band. The Bishop just did not like Thuglas, and Hoseby said so little that it was unsure if he liked anybody. There had been some problems during a trip to New Orleans. Hoseby started having sex with Damnsmell, even though she had just broken up with Sleazy a couple of days before. And when I say she started having sex with him, I meant actually started having sex with him on the floor of the bus, about five feet away from where Sleazy was sleeping. We got into town, the truth was revealed, and Sleazy and Hoseby came to blows. As much as he didn't deserve it, Sleazy got cracked in the head with an empty beer bottle, and I spent the better part of an hour picking glass out of his ear. And even though Sleazy ended up going home, pissed as hell, it was Hoseby that had to leave the band.

But it wasn't solely his sexual indiscretions that led to our parting of the ways…hell, if that was the case I would have been fired repeatedly! It was more of the fact that Hoseby was a rock-solid drummer, in fact so rock-solid that he found it impossible to change or adapt to any new styles. Slayers *Reign in Blood* was spending a lot of time on my tape deck, and I lent it to him in hopes that he would be as blown away as I was and want to push the band in a similar direction. Instead he returned the tape the next day with a look on his face that said "you're crazy." That's how I interpreted it anyway, as Hoseby never used any actual words or emotions to get in the way of how he was feeling (however that was…).

I have never seen anybody get fired from a band with such grace. During one of our weekly meetings, Hoseby wandered in, sensed he was about to be fired, and quit. And all that without even saying a word! But in reality, I was very bummed we had lost him. I really liked him, and was really fond of his drum style–despite his stubborn desire to not take any influence from anyone else. Hoseby came up with the drum intro to "Horror of Yg", and any drummer that can do that is pretty awesome in my book. But back then there was just something inherently uncool about being in GWAR, and Hoseby was cool, super-cool, cool to a fault…and he was history.

The New Orleans trip was amazing. I had never been there before, and it was part of the longest tour we had embarked on to date. I'd never been to a place like it, with the 24-7 partying, and as soon as I saw a group of beautiful co-eds passed out on Bourbon Street in a growing puddle of their own vomit (and several other people's) I knew it was my kind of town. The locals warmed to us immediately and we found ourselves invited to a house party where the host encouraged us to try on all of his roommate's dresses. That didn't work so well on The Bishop, who tore up several trying to squeeze them onto his 250+ pound frame. Then the guys from NOFX showed up, and the party was really on. I remember being in drag, heels and all, my nose painted black, flying down a huge flight of stairs on a cafeteria tray and hitting the door at the bottom of the landing so hard that I set the bell off. The only way to shut it up was to rip it out of the wall, and as we did the REAL owner of the house came home who was none too happy to find out her entire wardrobe had been destroyed and her antique serving-tray used as a bobsled.

Thuglas was the next to go. He was the oldest guy in the band, and for some reason that made him a target for a considerable amount of scorn from The Bishop, who wanted his friend, Dirty D, in the band. Thuglas didn't help himself much by being in like five bands at once. I remember once he showed me a shirt he had made that had all of the names of all of the bands he was in, with arrows pointing to what he considered the appropriate matching body part. Mudd Helmut was his head, Death Piggy (which still hadn't thrown in the towel at that point) was his heart, and GWAR was his cock. I remember him proudly showing it off to me, and thinking it was about the stupidest thing I had ever seen.

Thuglas and Hoseby were also the only two band members who used hard drugs, though later I would find out what a complete lie that was, and indeed become a pathetic drug addict myself, almost offing myself in the process. But that's another story-—an ugly, horrible story. Thuglas was infamous for an incident in which he claimed that a piece of crack he had bought (which we thought looked suspiciously like sheet rock) was "blowing the back of his head right the fuck off." These things, and much, much less, led to his demise…and it was ridiculous and unfair. Thuglas had supported the band with time and money, had worked as hard as anyone else, and once had piloted the battle-barge through a dangerous glacier crossing in which icicles were actually forming inside the bus. I would have stuck with him for those reasons and many others, especially the fact that I was a complete pussy. But I was going to lose The Bishop if I stuck with him, and The Bishop was the best musician we had. It was a shitty position to be in, and I felt really bad the night we summoned Thuglas to the space to fire him. As it turned out, he sensed the impending doom, and quit before we could lower the boom. Thuglas was like an older brother to me,

and I felt completely shitty about losing him. It took about three pitchers of beer and a slobbery blowjob from Scrappy McGee until I felt better.

Thuglas's departure opened the door for Dirty D, who stepped into the character of Balsac, which fit him well, as he talked even less than Hoseby had. For our new drummer we cast our eye on the local scene until it settled on Cro-Mag, a burly brute of a man-boy who had a bright yellow Yamaha kit that was about the loudest thing I had ever heard–next to my mouth. Cro-Mag had first encountered me at a punk rock show at the legendary Benny's, where I had been slamming the wrong way and had a copious amount of dirt coming out of my mouth. He was advised by his friends that "everybody hated me" and to never drink after me. Still, for some reason, he felt compelled to be in a band with me, and liked that we had lost and gained both a guitarist and a drummer. If I knew then that 25 years later I would still be working with him, I would have shit a string of pearls.

I was still booking shows, mostly east of the Mississippi, but my eye was straying westward. I knew when "Hell-o" came out that we would have to tour the entire U.S., and I needed help doing it. Around that time I started getting calls from the notorious Jiz, a promoter from San Francisco who ran a club called the Covered Wagon and worked with a band named "Tragic Mulatto", a kinda poor man's Butthole Surfers. They had heard about us, probably from El Duce, and somehow dug up my number hoping to get a show out of me, which they did (see flyer above). I was pretty stoked about working with them as they had three girls in the band, and I was pretty sure I stood a chance of fucking at least one of them. We booked a gig with them in Raleigh, N.C., and took off to meet them. I will never forget seeing their van pull up outside the club and disgorge the most mutated crew of freaks I had ever seen. But they were a great band, and their singer Gail could shoot hot dogs out of her pussy, and sang like a mother fucker. Bambi played drums, and Jiz was the manager.

Jiz was one of the most formidable women I had ever seen. Called "The Great Pumpkin" by some, she had the dubious distinction of being wider than she was tall, with a brain that was even bigger. We had a great time over those few days, and when they left it was with the promise that she would help us book our first national tour. Little did I know that within a year she would move to Richmond, and be our first manager that was worth a shit.

But not all the girls that were starting to gravitate towards GWAR were managers…or mutants. Around that time a skinny brunette with legs up to her armpits began hanging around the Slave Pit, taking pictures of the various proceedings, and shooting down everyone that tried to fuck her. I hated being shot down, and my standards reflected that, but…damn she was hot. She quickly got the nickname of "Highbutt," for reasons that were

obvious. My idea of courtship was hanging around the Slave Pit and singing along to N.W.A. with my shirt off as she and her buddy Smelly took pictures of various disgusting things. My idea of a move was waiting for her to go to the bathroom, or the office, or anywhere on the premises where she would be momentarily isolated, so I could suddenly loom out of the darkness and jam my face onto hers.

Little did I know that it would work, and within a couple of years I would have my first real girlfriend…a bitching, righteous girlfriend, who stuck with my worthless ass for years. A girlfriend that I didn't ever appreciate or treat right, and probably never told her until right now just how bad I have always felt for the pain I put her through. For some reason, just like Hoseby and Thuglas and Jiz, we remain friends. I'm not sure why it happened that these people I loved, but let down, still stick up for me. I just want all of them to know: you were part of GWAR when we needed you the most, and you always will be. We miss you, and when we see each other on the street or at the gig or even in Australia (as is the case with Thuglas, whose band The Resignators just toured Canada), everything we did together is never far away.

I had a new guitarist, drummer, girlfriend, and manager, and I was the lead singer of the coolest band in the universe. How would I manage to fuck it up?

NEXT TIME : I don't fucking know!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 44

*In the latest episode of our ongoing foray into the mind and history of our GWAR frontman, we take a more sentimental, yet unsettling, turn into a brother's struggle with AIDS. How did our GWAR superhero deal with such tragic news, and can something inappropriate be...appropriate after all???*

OCTOBER 4, 2011; 8:33 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

I was looking at the episodes and their little preambles when I noticed that the word "heartfelt"had been used not once but TWICE in reference to this series. That will never do! So I thought I would do an episode where I undoubtedly came off as an asshole. Here goes...

"Homo Butt Chain" was more than a jumble of confusing lines in my sketchbook...it was also a song in one of my ever-present side projects, this one being the band Milk. We were

pretty good until I wrote this song, which pissed off the bass player so much that he quit the band. And seeing as he owned most of our gear, we were done. Oh well…no use crying over spilt milk! Ha ha! Get it? Here are the lyrics to the last part of the song (I can't remember the first part).

CHORUS

No!
No more Homo Butt Chain
You'll get A-A-A-A-A-AIDS x 2
No! No more homo-butt chain

You're lying there in the hospital bed
Your mind has turned to muck, and jello fills your head
Your eyes are getting cloudy and your life is sinking slow
The people making rubbers are raking in the dough!
Ain't gotta be gay and there ain't no cure
Soon to the top-five killer in the world
And you know things are getting drastic
Can't get laid without a piece of plastic

No!

– "Homo Butt Chain" 1986 (yeah the timeline is way fucked on this one, we go backwards two years and then forward three!)

Pretty sick, huh? And it's even sicker that I wrote this at the time my brother was entering the fifth year of his battle with AIDS. That's what pissed off Jazzbo so much, or what he claimed pissed him off so much…that I would write such an appalling song with seemingly no regard or sympathy for anyone suffering from the disease…not even my own brother. Truth is, the impending death of my brother hadn't really sunk into me at that point, and my sick humor was my way of dealing with it. I took a gleeful delight in discomforting others, and no joke was beneath me. My brother wasn't going to die, even if by that point half his friends had died. My Mom wasn't going to die either. Home was there, forever…but somewhere inside me I guess I knew that change was coming soon.

AIDS wasn't at all like it is now—that is as long as it's AIDS in a country where medicine is ample. AIDS in Africa is fucking awful, but because Magic Johnson is OK, nobody in the U.S. gives a shit. Back then AIDS was a death sentence.

One visit Andrew would look fine, the next he would be bed-ridden, pale, and thin. I would bring him pot, which helped with his appetite. But sometimes these episodes would be so serious that he would have to go into the hospital for days or even weeks to fight off whatever common cold or skin virus was ravaging him. Like shingles, a horrid discomfort that would turn large sections of his skin into painful lesions. So painful he couldn't lie on his back. Or a sore throat that rapidly swelled up to the point where he couldn't breath. But one thing was sure, my brother made sure he had good drugs, and towards the end was pumping morphine and diluted straight into his catheter. Thank god for opium, just try not to fuck with it until you are pretty sure you are going to die. For Andrew, it was still a ways off.  But I could feel it coming.

He still had good times in him, and would meet us at our shows in the old 9:30 Club. It was a sweet victory to be headlining at the same club that not long ago had banned us. We had a hotel in Chinatown and Bones fucked Andrew's nurse, who he nicknamed "Blood Bags." Andrew loved the show, was proud of his little brother, and Mom was waiting at home with the dog, Higgins. Moms or pets don't get code names, and we were still a family.

# THE SAD AND TRAGIC TALE OF LEE BEATO

Before we found Cro-Mag, but after we got Dirty D, we went through a brief period where we tried out a few different area drummers. One guy that had a good rep was this kid LEE BEATO (that's his code name anyway, you know how that goes…). He was rumored to have a "huge kit," and was supposedly an accomplished metal drummer. Then we heard that this kid was a bit high strung…and had some problems in college that led to a nervous breakdown…but he was "much better" now, and his audition was awesome. Plus he had this girl with him that was supposedly "taking care" of him, but wasn't fucking him, so I fucked her. He had one of those huge Neil Peart kits that all metal bands had to have, and had long heavy-metal hair…and seemed normal enough. He didn't talk much, even when addressed directly, but that was actually refreshing considering the general level of conversation around the place. But his entry seemed too seamless, so we decided that the best thing to do with our maybe-crazy new drummer was to devise and execute a brutal hazing ritual, one that was pretty much all my idea. We (I) overcame any hesitation Lee might have felt by insisting that this was a time-honored part of joining GWAR, when in actuality we had never done anything like this.

We met Lee at the appointed spot and immediately blindfolded and duct-taped him inside a large canvas sack, then spun him around a bunch and pushed him into the back of a van. We then took off and treated Lee to a hellish, jolting ride up and down the alleys of the Fan, one in which his struggling body was thrown about the back cab like a rag doll. After no less than a half an hour of this we dumped him out in the middle of a parking lot, where we released his bonds and drove the van away, leaving him to squirm free. At that point, from the far edge of the parking lot, I began running towards him at full speed, screaming all the way, right up until I stopped about half a foot from his contorted face with a final vocal blow. Lee stood his ground, and seemed strangely unaffected by the whole ritual, and the heavy drinking that ensued. What we thought was good-natured tolerance was actually the last remnants of his mind retreating to some dark place deep inside of him. But if there was any hope for Lee Beato retaining his new job or even having a shot at the rest of his life, the next atrocity we heaped upon him put an end to such aspirations.

It happened on a trip up to New York. We had to meet our lawyers or some such shit, and had a show in Baltimore (the timeline is really fucked as this takes place after Rotundra became our manager yet before we added Bam-Bam – remember I reserve the right to change the code-names anytime). After this episode we are getting it straight again! But anyway, it was set to be Lee Beato's first show. We had a new costume for him that Techno had built (kinda a gargoyle theme, he even had little wings), and practice's were sounding good. So we went up to New York and checked into a hotel. We were about to go to the meeting when we noticed Lee sitting on the bed, staring at the wall. Rotundra mumbled something about him not feeling well, and offered to stay behind and look after him. Thinking nothing of it, we went off to whatever it is we were doing that day, and returned a couple of hours later to pick up Rotundra and get on to the next meeting. When we got in the room we saw Lee sitting in the exact _same_ position he was when we had left, his hair mussed-up and his clothing in disarray, his eyes glassy and wide as drool dripped off his chin. He wasn't going anywhere. Rotundra bee-lined out the door, completely ecstatic, and high-fived me in the elevator.

"I got some!" she exclaimed.

The next day we drove to Baltimore and loaded in to the show. Lee sat backstage for the duration of the day and continued to not utter a word. Noticing that his drums remained packed, I went backstage and found Lee Beato rolled into a fetal ball, murmuring softly to himself. Any attempt at getting him to assay his responsibilities was met with more drooling, and soon it became obvious that Lee had lost it. Attempts to get him to snap out of it proved useless, until finally he uttered…

“I just feel…if I don’t get out of here…I am going to die…”

We had to cancel the show and drove home that night. We never saw Lee again after that. I heard he was doing well.

Next week! We get the timeline sorted out at last and power on into the last half of 1989 and GWAR’s first coast-to-coast tour! See ya in two weeks, more or less, for…

“20,000 Colleagues Under the Sea”

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 45

*Nothing tests us like death. I have seen with my own two eyes that it can make you stronger, if somehow you can find a way to turn it into something good. I am going spend the rest of my life trying to do that. But, now we are back to the never-more-appropriately-named…GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death.*

DECEMBER 8, 2011; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

The GWAR tour bus, the same one that Cory died on and the same one that we finished our tour with, stands outside the Slave Pit. We had just returned from the first tour where we left someone out there. On November 3rd we realized our dear and fellow musician, colleague, explorer, buddy and pal, Cory Smoot had passed away during the early morning of a sudden heart attack.

Of course we didn't realize that at the time. We had no answers, just the unreal reality that Cory was gone. Everything assumed a surreal sheen as we stumbled through those next few days. I'm not going to dwell on it. It was the worst, and we did the best that we could. We had to finish that tour, and it was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do.

But I wanted to say thanks again to everybody in the Slave Pit, our amazing crew, and the extended & loving family we have created over the years. You guys blew me away. You rose up and played your A-game. When one of us faltered, someone else was there to pick us up.

Nothing tests us like death. I have seen with my own two eyes that it can make you stronger, if somehow you can find a way to turn it into something good. I am going spend the rest of my life trying to do that.

Good bye, Cory. A lot of people loved the hell out of you, man. I think a lot more than you ever knew, and I hope you know it now. I loved you like a little brother, and I should have told you that more often. You saved my life…you saved GWAR. You gave us everything you had, and you had so much more to give. We are going to miss you.

Perhaps Oderus, for all of his idiocy, said it best…"Fuck you Death! You are a fucking ASSHOLE!"

LONG LIVE CORY SMOOT! LONG LIVE FLATTUS MAXIMUS! LONG LIVE GWAR!!!!

And now we are back to the never-more-appropriately-named…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 45

## “20,000 Colleagues Under the Sea”

OK, I remember now…we got WAY ahead of ourselves there! I guess I was just in a hurry to fire those guys again. The truth is we rocked with Rox all the way through 1988 and into 1989. It was after we parted ways that we got Lee Beato, and then finally arrived at the “Scumdogs”-era GWAR–which many would say was us at our finest. I really just couldn’t wait to tell that last story.

So let’s reign in this chronological circus until I can catch my literary breath. We find our heroes (us), firmly entrenched in our blood-red Slave Pit on the corner of Laurel and Broad. Every night the streets beneath us swirl with near race-riots, and on most weekends the Golden Battle-Barge lurches out of its Broad Street berth in search of gigs and booty. It usually went something like this:

After driving for a day straight we arrive at a burnt-out section of Detroit and the infamous Blondies. During the gig a large section of the ceiling collapses directly into the slam-pit, covering several unconscious patrons in soaked drywall. Nobody seems to mind much and the gig continues. After the show I meet this stripper who people keep calling “a retard”. I am thinking to myself “this is a good sign!” at the time not realizing that the girl really WAS retarded. I end up back at some abandoned factory under the care of a local drug and crime lord known as “Scary”*, where I have sex with the retarded stripper on a piece of damp cardboard in the middle of a cavernous assembly room. Afterwards (actually, after about five minutes…) we return to the club where her equally retarded boyfriend walks up behind me at the bar and proceeds to smash me in the back of my head so hard that I don’t even realize that I have been hit. I just sit there with a glazed look on my face wondering what warm liquid was running down the back of my neck. I guess the challenged ruffian mistook my concussion for toughness, as he immediately bought me a beer and said he was sorry for hitting me, but after all, I had fucked his girlfriend. At this point the guys show up and drag me back to the bus. I wake up in Richmond a day later, go to my room, and scrape my bong.

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We had finally made our way clear of the entanglements posed by a variety of potentially lethal managers until I was fully in the thrall of Rotundra. She had been a San Francisco girl since day one, and it wasn’t clear that one day she would move to Richmond and become our manager. She had a good spot for herself, booking the Covered Wagon, a bar in SF that had non-stop punk shows. She was the scene matriarch and had all kinds of great hook-ups in the biz–we loved her. As it was, she exerted considerable influence over the phone and was always exhorting me to get GWAR out to the west coast. Her relentless harrying was probably the biggest reason we finally did so.

The album had been out for a little while, and a year of ceaseless weekend gigs had built us a small but energetic following. People were actually starting to call me back, and the money was getting to the point that the band didn’t have to pay dues anymore. That’s right, back in the ancient times before the inter-web, when we didn’t have enough money to pay the bills we all had to cough up 20 bucks a month. But now we had worked ourselves to the point that not only did we not have to pay dues, GWAR would occasionally buy us pot!–the transactions dutifully recorded in the Slave Pit ledger under the heading of “wizzy” or “green paint.” For all of our triumphs we had yet to cross the Mississippi. The Golden West was calling, so I got on the phone.

The plan was to leave in early October, going to the warm places first and the cold places later when it was winter–so right off the bat we were fucked. Meanwhile we warmed up for the tour with a simply awful run through Florida. We played horrible gigs at completely empty clubs and sat around for days in sweltering parking lots. Nobody had any money, so Sexy and I made a whole bag full of bologna sandwiches, which we hid under a blanket so no one would get them. It never occurred to us to use a cooler, and we were appalled to find our food stash rotted and inedible within a day. Broke, hungry, and deeply horny, we limped home. But luckily we regained our panache when we hooked up with Bones's buddies from Canada, The Dayglo Abortions, for a classic show at the FloodZone. The gigs were starting to come in, and a full-fledged tour was developing. They were few, far-between, and for no money, but they were gigs nonetheless!

I am glad I got to experience this before the advent of the internet. We had to make our contacts with phone calls, and we didn't have internet yellow pages–so contacts were very important. I used to love going into offices for settlements and at the first chance go through the rolodex, dredging whatever numbers looked interesting. I would call and call until I got somebody on the phone that was willing to do the show. There were no contracts or deposits. Sometimes there was a guarantee, but mostly not. All the info was written into a calendar workbook, which was the equivalent of a laptop back then. I still wonder which is better. I mean, my workbook never ran out of battery, was always on, and had instant file retrieval. Best thing was that it only cost five bucks.

NEXT TIME! I DON'T KNOW! LETS JUST BE HAPPY THIS THING IS FINALLY HAPPENING AGAIN!

* At this point synchronicity occurs in a blatant way. While writing this, I took a break and went to a GWAR meeting, one of those weekly enclaves where we rub dicks and scoff. Bam-Bam hands me an letter that has shown up in the PO box. It's from a correctional facility in Michigan, and it's from none other than Scary himself. I hadn't thought about the dude in years, then on the one day I decide to write about him, I get handed a letter from him. I'm thinking about this for the rest of the day, and am still doing so when I go to dollar Taco night at Little Mexico. There I run into Fontaine. She is standing there with a guy in a Social D shirt, and they both look up in surprise.

"Dave!" she says. "Speak of the devil! We were just talking about you!".

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 46

*GWAR's first coast-to-coast tour continues! Also, mark your calendars for the Cory Smoot benefit show features Cannabis Corpse featuring Randy Blythe from Lamb of God. All proceeds benefit the Smoot Family Foundation.*

DECEMBER 23, 2011; 2:07 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

There was big news around campfire this week. No, it wasn't the fact that we just had to cancel our Euro-tour because lame-ass promoters make deals they can't fulfill and then bail at the first sign of slow sales, despite the fact that GWAR traditionally has one of the best walk-ups in the biz (follow me on Twitter @therealoderus if you want to hear me bitch a lot more about this). And, it wasn't Balsac and Oderus showing up on MTV's NextMovie, reviewing the new Steven Spielberg film.

No, the news was of a more local variety, and at first it was bad. We heard thatCannabis Corpse, one of Richmond's coolest up-and-coming bands, had lost half of their line-up. Uninformed, and rather presumptuously, I proceeded to get on the phone and bitch loudly to anybody who would listen. But my concerns were un-warranted. In a move that is as awesome as it was unexpected, Lamb of God vocalist Randy Blythe is going to fill in for their set at *The Cory Smoot Experiment*(**Saturday, January 7th; 6pm; $10; proceeds go to the Smoot Family Foundation**).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 2012
The Cory Smoot Experiment
CD Release Memorial Benefit
MENSREA
CANNABIS CORPSE
ANTIETAM 1862
DAVE BROCKIE EXPERIENCE
throne from royalty
MAKE LIKE MURDER
The Cory Smoot Experiment
"When Worlds Collide"
raffles every hour with prizes from
Schecter Guitars, Guitar Center Richmond, GWAR, Municipal Waste, Mensrea, Beefhog Records, and many, many more TBA
All Proceeds go towards the Smoot Family Fund
Canal Club
$10 ALL AGES
DOORS AT 6PM
THE CANAL CLUB
1545 EAST CARY ST
RICHMOND, VA 23219

Randy and Cory were good friends, studio buddies, and fellow metal-heads. They are both examples of the best that the Richmond scene has to offer, and as much as it sucks that Cannabis lost half its lineup, the quick-fix is a doozy. Let's get the whole city out there to pay respects to one of the most amazing musicians to ever strap on the feedbag. He's the guy that took GWAR's music and saved it from becoming the puerile pap that it was doomed to stagnant as if we had continued to make albums like *We Kill Everything**. He's the guy that blasted GWAR into the 21st century and made us re-set our focus on immortality. Because when I heard songs like "Bring Back the Bomb," it gave me a whole new vision of GWAR. Cory mother-fucking SMOOT.

Cory was my little bro. That's funny because I looked up to him, and he could never believe that. He was always unsure of his place in GWAR, so much so that he still referred to us as "you guys." He never could quite grasp the fact that, somehow, he had ended up in his

favorite band. He was the humblest rock star I have ever met. So let's all get out there and show the love! I promise DBX is gonna actually practice for this.

Now back to the reason I am here in the first place, the continuation of the lurching monstrosity that is this semi-regular exploration into the history of GWAR and the Slave Pit that spawned it! When we left off, our bumbling belligerents were getting ready to head out on their first coast-to-coast tour. Let's pick up the action in 5-4-3-2-1…

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH: CHAPTER 46

## "On the Load Again"

In October of 1988 we embarked on our first coast-to coast tour, cobbled together with a string of phone numbers attached to anonymous individuals on whose promises I was staking the well-being of nine human beings. For the most part I was confident we would be OK–OK in that we would usually have the essential ingredients for any successful tour: gas, food, beer, and the occasional bag of "wizzy" for those long, story-telling rides between gigs, as I searched the country for blow jobs. I had put a lot of effort into getting this thing together, and in the places we had been playing already we had modest guarantees and pizza waiting. Jiz had us set for Los Angeles, San Francisco, and the upper west coast. It was the places in between that were sketchy. Many of these people were found through random phone calls to clubs, and they set up the shows based solely on the vague rumors they had heard about us.

"Yeah, they fuck goats and chop off people's heads!"

Anticipation was high as we motored the Battle Barge south, and started the tour with a semi-crowded show in Athens, Georgia. This was at the height of the town's notoriety as an indie music hotspot, and Michael Stipe of R.E.M. was rumored to have shown up at our gig until he got a face full of jiz. He was fresh off a recent humiliation at the hands of the Butthole Surfers. The Buttholes used to tour around in a van with the words "Butthole" spray-painted on one side and "Surfer" on the other. They had found Michael Stipes house and parked outside for a day, relentlessly blaring an old sea-chanty through Gibby's ubiquitous bull-horn. As I recall it went something like this…

“Michael Stipe, despite all the hype, we still want to suck on your big, fat, pipe…”

Then we were off to New Orleans, where we had another great show at O’Sullivans, the Irish family that had adopted us and this time treated us to a genuine Cajun crawfish boil that went on for hours. And yes, I do suck the heads! The tour was off to a good start but New Orleans marked the limit of our southern travels. Ahead of us stretched the trackless wasteland of the great Republic of Texas, a place we had yet to defile. We pointed the yellow snout of our Golden Battle Barge to the west and hurtled towards our destiny at a blistering 45 mph.

Our first stop was Austin and the famous Liberty Lunch. It was a big place, kinda half-outside, and pretty much everybody played there. The Buttholes were in town and The Bishop and I went to go do his radio show. Gibby was one of the few people I got tongue-tied around. I was pretty much in awe of the man. At that point we had played together a few times, and they had spread the word well enough in their hometown that a sizable crowd of Texans showed up for our first show in what would ultimately mutate into one of the strongest bastions of GWAR devotees in the whole country.

Right before the show started I slipped out of the dressing room and through the darkened club. For some reason there was a picnic table in the slam pit and I clambered atop it, slowly rising in the midst of the crowd as the rest of the band took the stage. It was crude but effective, and we had an amazing set. After it was over I was complimented by a random female about my six-pack abs. I smugly accepted the compliment, knowing full well they had been achieved by the application of greasepaint. Ahhh, the power of illusion. Afterwards we piled into the battle Barge and drove out to the Buttholes’ ranch house in Driftwood. Here we engaged in an all-night acid-laden debauch of epic proportions, where we chased each other around the gullies and sagebrush that surrounded the sprawling house until the bloody dawn. But the highlight of the night was hearing NWA for the first time. This was pre-*Staight Outta Compton*, and the album cover featured the guys hanging around on a loading dock with some five-year old white girls, as a Richie Cunningham look-a-like served them malt liquor and serviced their shoes. I was fucking blown away!

Our strong start fell apart as soon as we rolled into San Antonio and the famous Tacoland…famous in that it was one of the worst gigs we have ever played. The place was a small taco-shop, where they pulled together some plywood covered pool tables for a stage and the most offensive David Allen Coe song you can think of played repeatedly. The surreal element of the gig was strengthened by the appearance of the promoter, who went by the name of “Baby Jesus”, was out of his mind on coke, and brought with him a gaggle of

transvestite friends. The show was a complete disaster, but unbelievably we let BJ talk us into hanging around another day and playing at yet another lousy club.

“This one has a marquee”, he said as he did rails off a urinal that a transvestite was vomiting into. “We’ll put your name up on it, and tons of people will show up.” The six people that did show were barely a half-a-ton. As soon as the show was over the place was overrun with transvestites, and I think one of our guys had sex with one–I’m not saying anymore about that other than it was not me! But it was the first time the word GWAR had been on a marquee, which makes it worthy of mention.

Leaving a puke-smeared promoter in the bathroom, we loaded up our faithful Battle Barge and continued our journey west…the golden west, and two weeks worth of gigs in California. GWAR’s first real tour was underway, and we hadn’t flailed out yet. But the real challenges lay ahead of us, and it was a long way to Los Angeles…but it was a fucking great time.

**NEXT TIME – A NEW YEAR!** Have a happy and safe holiday…make the most of what you have, and try not to think about what you don’t. If you are reading this, you are alive, and that’s reason enough to celebrate. Merry Christmas everyone!

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* Don’t get me wrong. I love WKE. With songs like “Babyraper”and “Fishfuck”, how can you go wrong? But the album lacked focus, and a lot of my punk riffs were sounding a bit dated. Rather than continue down this path, I formed DBX to suck up all of the silly stuff, and with *Violence Has Arrived*, GWAR began a quest to reclaim their metallic crown of blistering opulence! Which GWAR style is better? Who can say? But one thing is for sure–nobody is right!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 47

*This episode we get a peek inside the domicile of El Duce, where Courtney Love used to live, and a chance encounter with two members from the classic all-female punk band, L7. It's GWAR time, baby!*

JANUARY 13, 2012; 4:28 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

GWAR promo shot, 1988. At first I was unsure of why Beefcake (then portrayed by The Bishop) wasn't in the picture, unless it was "his turn in the bucket" day. Or perhaps he was taking the picture. But with closer scrutiny, you can see that he is actually in the shot, just obscured by the rest of the band (obscuring Beefcake is no mean feat). See his baby-hand reaching out from the middle? The Bishop has tiny child-hands, which until recently were covered in Russian prison tattoos. Welcome, dear readers, to 2012! Which means it's time to start another year of...

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## "La-La Land"

After a thoroughly forgettable show in El Paso (I think The Rhythm Pigs were there), we once again clambered into our up-until-that-point-faithful Battle-Barge and pointed it's snout due west. We slowly made our way through the trackless desert which gave way to trackless mountains, which would occasionally be festooned with gigantic letters made out of random rocks denoting whatever college was stupid enough to have a campus in the middle of fucking nowhere. These mountains were the first serious obstacles the Battle-Barge had thus far encountered and soon the blessed beast was wheezing brake fluid and oil in a final near-cataclysm that left us stranded a mere hour from our goal, the city of angels, Hollywood and Dogtown…Los Angeles.

Spewy once again proved his worth as a mechanic and after several hours spent under the bus declared it fit to make the final push into the city where only the sea would finally stop us. After spending several hours stuck in a paralyzing traffic jam, the bloody towers of downtown suddenly loomed out of the smog only a few blocks away. We finally pulled behind the warehouse where El Duce had told us he was living, and after scouting around a bit, we discovered that "living behind it" would have been a more apt description, as El was at last sighted crawling out of a refrigerator box that served as his domicile. El was homeless at the time, but his box suited him well, besides the fact that he was woken every morning from his drunken stupor by the chattering sprinklers of a nearby bank. It was of no matter anyway, as El fully intended to cash in on the huge favor he had been doing us for the last year by telling everyone he met about how great we were. So great that El immediately moved into our bus for the majority of our LA stay.

The warehouse was right on Hollywood Blvd. and was occupied by a group of bohemians who played as a band called Celebrity Skin. That's right, Courtney Love would later steal the name for an album title for her horrible band. It wasn't surprising that she would, as at the time she was living at the warehouse (along w/ about 20 other people, including Germs/45 Graves drummer Don Bolles), and was one of the first people I met. Courtney, who for the purposes of this tale shall be known as Coochy (for reasons that will be told later), was in LA on a mission. She was going to "find a rock and roll star and take all his shit." As proof of her success thus far produced a picture of her and Axl Rose all cuddled up together. Only later

did I find out that it was actually a picture of her and a slightly larger-than-life size cardboard cut-out of Axl, whose band, Guns and Roses, I had never heard of. It fooled me!

El, also known with reverence amongst the locals as "Eldon" or slightly less-reverentially as "The Doosh", had donned a Nazi helmet and led us into our first LA gig at Hollywood's Candlahaus. It must be remembered that at this point GWAR was exclusively a product of the world of hardcore. It was from hardcore's web of fax and phone numbers that I had used to get us to this point…a punk rock gig at a punk rock club at a time when the hardcore scene was arguably over, at least in the sense of it being a new thing. Hardcore had been around long enough at that point to re-define itself several times over, and the growing staleness of the offerings were at least a part of why we created GWAR. We looked like a ridiculous metal-band parody, and indeed we were, but we were still undeniably a part of the punk scene, and indeed the need for punks to ridicule the metal scene (which at the time was filled with nauseating bands like Poison) was a major part of our appeal to them.

We gave "The Doosh" a GWAR t-shirt (his first clean one in weeks) and blazed into our set for a crowd of a 100 or so stunned onlookers. Jaded old LA got a faceful that night as we blew the first of would turn out to be many thousands of subsequent loads (both on and offstage). I set the groundwork for a future one as I noticed a couple of tough-looking hotties in the front, covered in blood and grinning madly. These gals would turn out to be none other than a couple the L7 girls, Finch and Donita, who we befriended after the gig with amazing results. Finch invited the whole bloodstained horde over to her house. The Celebrity Skin palace was great, except for the fact that it didn't have a toilet. Finch had a real house, the like of which many of us hadn't seen in years, which she shared with her Dad, who apparently was never home. Showers, food, TV…we plunged into blissful recovery, even though I noticed with alarm that Spewy was already employing his main (and only) pre-make-out maneuver, the back rub. As we passed the bong around, Spewy and Finch disappeared into another room. I was smitten with the girl but had little choice but pass out. But the next morning she told me she had spent a restless night fending off Spewy's relentless advances.

"Everytime I woke up, he would be sitting next to me, rubbing my hand!" she said.

Maybe there was hope!

**IN TWO WEEKS:** Fang and SF…the return to LA…and will I have sex with Finch from L7? All this and that in the next mind-blistering episode of this bunch of…episodes. In the next episode of–

“GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death”
EPISODE 48
“Cannibalism and Corn-nuts”

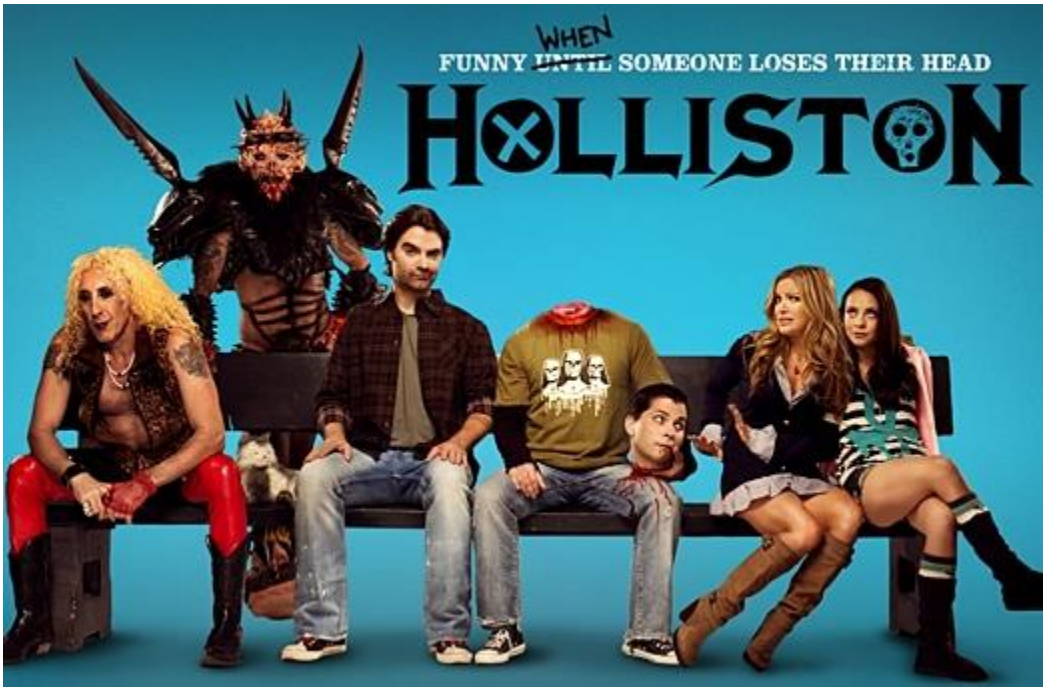
See ya in two weeks!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 48

*GWAR continues their West Coast tour despite a failing Battle Barge. And who opens for them during their first show in San Francisco? Just some band called Soundgarden.*

JANUARY 30, 2012; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Check out the new pic of the cast of my new TV show comedy-thingy, HOLLISTON! Aren't Cory and Laura HOT? They smell good too! Gee, Dee doesn't look too happy. I guess the bus was late! And WTF is Oderus doing in there? I guess we'll figure it out on April 3rd when the first episode comes out. That's right, Oderus is in a sit-com. Dreams do come true! But we're not here to watch TV, we're here for...




# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## "Cannibalism and Corn-Nuts"

So the tour had made it to the West Coast and it had yet to be a disaster. LA had greeted us with a leery eye, but we had won them over with relentless enthusiasm and wacky antics. The local scene was buzzing about this crazy band from Richmond, and to the smog-choked denizens of that strange place, we must have been a breath of fresh air. Plus we weren't a bad-looking lot, as Finch[1] put it:

> "I was expecting a bunch of fat, perverted old men. But instead you guys are a bunch of skinny, perverted young men."

The Battle Barge had found its berth in front of Babushka's house–one of those classic LA one-floors right next to a gigantic elevated highway. There were comforts for all and we spent a day re-charging our batteries as I tried to book us more shows. The tour was far

from completely booked, and there were holes all over the schedule. Despite Spewy spending an entire day under the bus, still it did not move. This was not good.

It seemed that we would have to actually spend some money and buy some parts rather than have Spewy continue to fashion them out of bark and chewing gum. The tour was usually running on less than 100 bucks, so at any point we were one happenstance away from a catastrophic plunge into ruin. But we were coming up on our San Francisco shows, home of the mighty Jiz. We were playing the Covered Wagon in San Francisco, and she had a bunch of other shows in the Bay Area ready to go. Then we were headed back to LA before we reversed our course and attempted to return to Richmond. Considering that the Battle Barge was breaking down repeatedly, I wasn't overly optimistic about our chances of getting home without having to call somebody's parents. But at that point I felt confident enough to give everybody a per diem (five bucks…) and set them loose on the city of Hollyweird.

Babushka and I hit it off hard, and our whirlwind punk-rock romance left both of us naked and breathless. She was the only girl I knew that had ever read Michael Moorcock's "Elric" stories, and that gave her limitless cool points. Her band, L7, was coming up in the local scene, and everybody loved them, so she was basically the perfect person to get a tour of LA from. We went to some insane warehouse party where the walls were covered in black light and florescent paint and a crowd of a couple hundred freaks were checking out a really kick-ass band whose lead singer was going fucking nuts. The name of the band was TOOL, and Babushka introduced me to them after the show. They shared a drummer with a band called Green Jell-O, and in a few days a band named Soundgarden was opening up for us. Funny thing, life.

Finally we got the bus moving and drove north along the coastal highway. The view of the Pacific Ocean was simply incredible, and we drove off of the road several times looking at it. Later tours would employ hulking tour buses which hurtle bands through the night at 85 miles an hour, but for now we were touring the world at 45 mph–which made it a lot easier to stop.

About halfway to San Francisco we saw a gaggle of various vehicles parked besides the beach, and a small crowd of people gathered on the sand. It seemed like a good place for a piss break, so we pulled the Battle Barge to a slewing halt and stumbled out into the brilliant sunshine. As we got closer to the ocean, we could see people in the group were pointing at something out in the water, and I strained to see what they were staring at. Suddenly a black shape broke the surface, followed by a larger mass; the behemoth rolled over on its side, and from not more than 100 yards away fixed its eyeball on the group of humans on the beach,

wondering at us as much as us at them. It was incredible. A group of three pilot whales were playing in the surf and for about an hour we marveled at them. They seemed completely aware of our presence and at times seemed to be putting on a bit of a show for us. Even the most jaded punk rocker could not be in the presence of such a creature and not feel a peculiar empathy with it. I'll never forget that glittering eye, and the way it looked into my soul.

If LA was a brash youngster, San Francisco was its weird cousin. LA was more muscular, San Francisco more cerebral. LA was Black Flag, San Francisco was Dead Kennedy's. San Francisco was Flipper and Fang, the Residents and Helios Creed. But oddly enough LA was heroin and San Francisco was meth!

San Francisco was the avant-garde clearing house for the punk movement, and the diversity was palpable. This was the city that Jiz called home, and ruled with meat-wielding fist. We rolled into town at about four in the morning, and parked on Mission, fending off local weirdoes until we finally made contact with Jiz. She took us to yet another warehouse where we crashed for a bit and then headed to what would be the first of many gigs in San Francisco–this one at the infamous Kennel Club. As I said earlier, some band named Soundgarden opened the show, and blew the doors off the place. Their set was incredible and tons of people were showing up. Then our old buddies from Tragic Mulatto played, and the vibe started getting incredibly freaky. Tragic Mulatto was like San Francisco's version of the Butthole Surfers, and the place was soon completely packed with tons of people on lots of drugs. San Francisco's finest freaks turned out in force that night, and about halfway through their set somebody threw a dead cat onto the stage. The singer, Gail, did a horrible puppet show with the thing, whose guts were coming out.

"Poor Flopsy.." she crooned. The woman had an amazing voice and could shoot hot dogs out of her pussy.

Backstage we were flushed with beer and power. This was it. GWAR's first show in San Francisco. I will translate directly from the spiral notebook journal I kept of this trip. How these words echo through time!

> "The crowd is over 450, and we begin to crush them. So close at first our majesty in unaffirmed. They react with a fury of their own. It's us against them. It won't happen without a fight, and these people won't go down easy. I look down and a wild-haired creature is gnawing on my toe. She rips it off and dances away. The Slave loads everywhere, right into this girls face, she helps him and gulps the GWAR load straight down. I go to fill

> up my brain and that fucking dead cat is back on the stage, eyeball hanging out, wretchedness personified. Don as the Redneck is dragged into the audience, desperately fighting for his ax, slugging audience members. Somehow his rubber head lands directly at my feet, and I feast. Two encores. It ruled."

**NEXT WEEK:** No, it's not next week, it's the week after that! But did you notice how once again the title of this week's episode had nothing to do with the episode itself? That's because I always think I am going to write more than I actually do. So don't be surprised if we use that title again next time–there is a really funny story behind it!

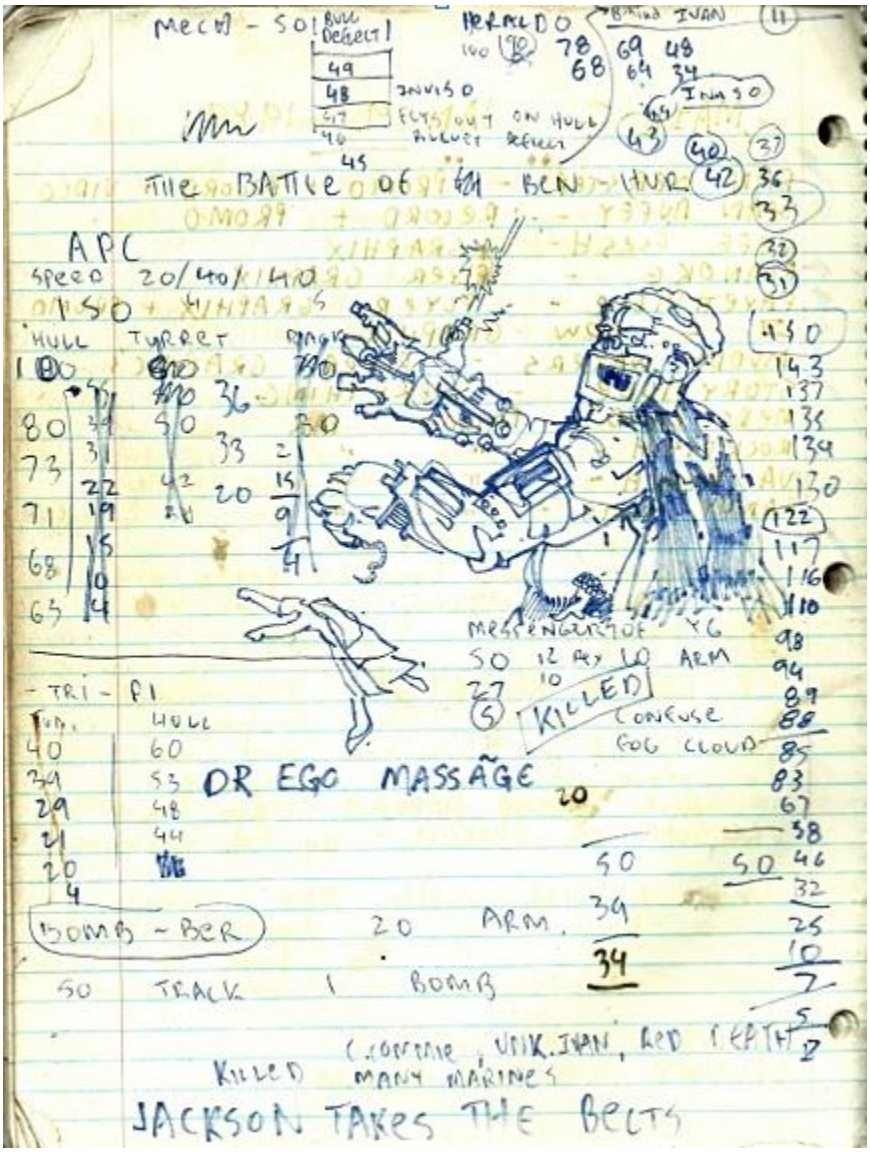
— ∮∮∮ —

1. Actually, I am gonna start calling her "Babushka," that was my nickname for her–or at least that's what it says in the old journal I'm getting a lot of this from. ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 49

*GWAR continues their West Coast tour, wrapped in the beauty (and drugs) of California. Encounters with famous people (and bums) abound in this the latest episode!*

FEBRUARY 17, 2012; 6:00 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE



*Here is a page from the original tour diary, this one being the character sheet for the Space Melee super-villain, Dr. Mechano, with his dwindling hit-points to the right. Somebody (looks like Sexy's handwriting) has given the Doctor a less complimentary name.*

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## "Cannibalism and Corn-Nuts, Part II"

After the gig we melded with the locals and stumbled through the darkened streets and parks of San Fran-damn-sissy-co, where we were immediately accepted into the tribe and slathered in acid. Due to the influence of Jiz, who had prepared the town for us in exquisite fashion, SF opened it's hearts and baggies full of illicit substances to us, and we plunged into a multi-gig meltdown of Bay Area debauchery with furious aplomb. That crazy band of mutant rednecks called GWAR had finally made it to the most fucked-up city in the U.S., and SF was going to make sure that it left its stamp on us.

San Francisco and California in general are basically on another planet, one that arguably shouldn't be allowed to exist. Of course it was end-to-end fucking beautiful, San Francisco included, unless you had the misfortune of witnessing bumsex in the middle of a Tenderloin sidewalk. It went from dark to light quickly there! The terrain in north California is my world-favorite, even when covered in bums. There are landscapes that are so impressive they are scary. Anybody who has ever seen Mt. Shasta knows what I mean. It looks like it's about to kill you! The climate adds to the general comfort level and attracts homeless people from all over the US. More people live outside there than anywhere else in our country, and they shit anywhere. But they will throw you in jail for flicking a cigarette!

This is kinda random, but what is more disturbing to you: the thought of bums having sex or old people? How about bums having sex with old people? What if the old people are already bums? Who cares? I just have to live life from every angle.

California. I just loved it. It was like some fantasy world of fun. Here I was, mid-twenties, with my mates, rolling around in the Golden Battle Barge, playing shows in the craziest place in the world, and being greeted with gusto and drugs–so many drugs. More drugs than I had ever seen…which wasn't that hard back then, I was still fairly innocent. I mean I partied. I did suburban drugs, like LSD, beer, and weed. I had done tons of acid, but at that point my hard drug limit was the homemade crank Bam-Bam had used to make out of nasal inhalers. I was still terrified of hard drugs. Memories of walking in on Landrew as he prepared to inject himself, or hanging around with punks in Richmond who were sharing needles (one had actually offered me a syringe full of their dirty blood, I politely demurred.) had given me a certain aversion to it. I liked to think that underneath my asinine persona there was a fairly reasonable and wise person. One who was smart enough to never fuck with hard drugs. After all, I had run the business to this point. Oh, but how that would crumble away…

The state was and still is flooded with cheap and powerful drugs which could be found easily and were in fact offered to us constantly. It seemed like everybody in California was on drugs! If you weren't injecting black tar heroin then you were snorting meth at least! Being terrified of dying, I had no wish to mess with needles. I pretty much left everything else on the table, and it filled up quickly. For many tours I would spend my entire time in California in a drug-induced stupor. But I would always leave my dalliances behind me. California was like some kind of drug-holiday land.

At a series of parties, meal, walks, and shows we bonded with the Bay and the plethora of personages that it produced. They bum-rushed us in a unrelenting display of attempted friendship, most bearing gifts, and most gifts being drugs. I mean, we had just hung out with a whale, so there was a high mark set, but with the Bay Area being the number one freak magnet in the USA that whale seemed maudlin by comparison (whales are, by circumstance more than nature, naturally sad). There was Gluehead and his speed, and Monteray mark, the scene-appointed "King of the Skins." We hung with R.K.L. and NOFX and FANG…it was the coolest.

Our next gig was at the Oasis, a club that had a swimming pool in it. Somewhere around there we encountered the hulking blonde bigfoot who would go down in GWAR-lore as the legendary BILLY BAD ASS. Billy was the monstrously cheerful beast of a man-child, and we immediately bonded over a keg of locally brewed barley wine consumed amongst the dunes beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. Billy loved GWAR and gave me a whole sheet of acid. On later tours we would pick Billy up in LA and let him ride around with us for a while, mostly because he always brought weed but also because we liked him. He was probably most

famous for having to consume an entire sheet of acid (over 100 powerful hits) at a border crossing and suffered no apparent ill effects!

It gets a bit foggy there, but after a couple days of dogged pursuit I found myself groping a young nymphette who shall be known as Wartney, a blonde beach bunny with big boobs and a slightly bulging forehead. We rudely coupled in a cluster of dirty sleeping bags that our drug-ravaged brains dubbed “acid island”. I blew a load and finally passed out.

When I awoke, I discovered that Muscle, Hootie, Slave1, and Hot Heather had all just arrived from Richmond. With Muscle on board, we added our samples, which made the shows so much better. Slave1 was still on the run from the Navy, and together with me and Hootie made up the improvisational/comedy/hardcore band called Dairy-Aire. We actually had a show set up at Jiz’s club, the Covered Wagon, which Slave1 drove 3000 miles to miss. SF was his original home and he had grown up on it’s streets and almost died on them. His near-death misses included being trapped in an exploding camper to almost bleeding out after ripping himself open jumping over a wall. So the shows were a hell of a homecoming for him. But the whole time, because of him bailing on the Navy, he was one traffic stop away from going to jail at any moment–no fun.

Together the gang plunged into a frenzy of shows that included the Phoenix in Oakland. This legendary venue had walls stitched with Uzi rounds and was in one of the worst neighborhoods in the Bay. Nevertheless we had a sick show there and then proceeded to sell out the Covered Wagon the next night. People were following us around, seeing show after show. Not only fans but now people from record companies. We were doing interviews with Kerrang and hanging out with Robert Crumbs wife! Shit was happening!

So after days of this we finally peeled ourselves out of SF and headed back to LA, where Finch had set us up a final spate of California Shows…and a bunch of good press with photos. It was here that we ran across an obscure group of freaks led by a a guy named Manspeaker. They called themselves “Green Jell-o” and worshiped “the Cow God”. We recognized our shared designs and became fast and life-long friends. Then we hung out with members of the Vandals, St. Vitus, Faith No More, and The Adolescents. Coochy was back too.

I remember sitting with her on a beach, eating fish and chips. It was fucking good. I asked her why people in LA did so much dope.

“Why do you give a shit?” she said.

Right around then we got the word that Slave1, on his way back to Richmond, had been busted by a Nebraska State trooper, and was in a Naval Stockade for at least a year. We were bummed, but knew it had to happen. He would do his time and then return to us. It was actually a pretty good move on his part. For him like many others, GWAR provided a lift-off point from life's stagnation. The freedom we offered was worth that year in the pokey, and he had hooked up with Hot Heather as well, who would be waiting for him, as would we.

And then it was time to point the snout of the great Golden Battle Barge to the east and leave this drug-soaked fairy tale land behind us. El Duce waved farewell and crawled back into his box. Coochy got her rock star, and L7 went on to the cover of SPIN! But it was time to go. We had to drive all the way to Salt Lake and then to Lawrence Kansas. After the constant partying of California there came a period of endless driving as we took on that journey at 45 mph. We'd managed to build up some money but it was reduced chunk by chunk as we filled up the tank again and again. The 20 people that showed up to our Salt Lake gig didn't help much.

The first thing to be cut was the grog, then the rations. We whiled away the hours with our favorite game, Space Melee, a hybrid of several miniature wargame systems that Techno had customized for our purposes: building elaborate death machines and painting the super-villians that piloted them, to wage mighty war across the front lounge as we crossed the Rockies. My guy was named Dr. Mechano, and he was a Dr. Doom type of super-cyborg that had ten fingers all of which could do a different attack or defense. I had maxed him out in every respect, and he entered the battlefield inside a giant skull-meteor that had giant drills sticking out all over it. That would bounce around, crushing everything, until it broke apart to reveal Mechano inside his "Slay-Mek", a customized Goblin Juggernaut. When that finally died, Mechano would fight out in the open, where he was invariably beaten down by a combined assault from all of the games participants.

We were down to our last pack of corn-nuts when we rumbled into the cornfield outside of our gig in Lawrenceville, Kansas, almost 2000 miles from the west coast where we so recently had ruled. Now beaten and bedraggled by days of bus travel, we stumbled around the grounds of the hovel-esque club waiting for the pizza to show up. When it did we were so hungry that we attacked the Dominos man in his truck, eating the pizza through the window like that scene from Night of the Living Dead.

**Next time:** The final leg of GWAR's first tour…will our heroes get home alive? And what will await them once that they get there? Find out in two weeks in the next thrilling installment of…

GWAR, ME, AND THE ONRUSHING GRIP OF DEATH!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 50

*Fifty episodes! How did that happen? A look back at the year that was and what GWAR has endured to get to this point.*

MARCH 7, 2012; 12:20 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Come on out to the Cory Smoot Memorial Show II at the National! Support the Smoot Family Fund and celebrate the life of one of Richmond's most amazing musicians. HAIL SMOOTY!

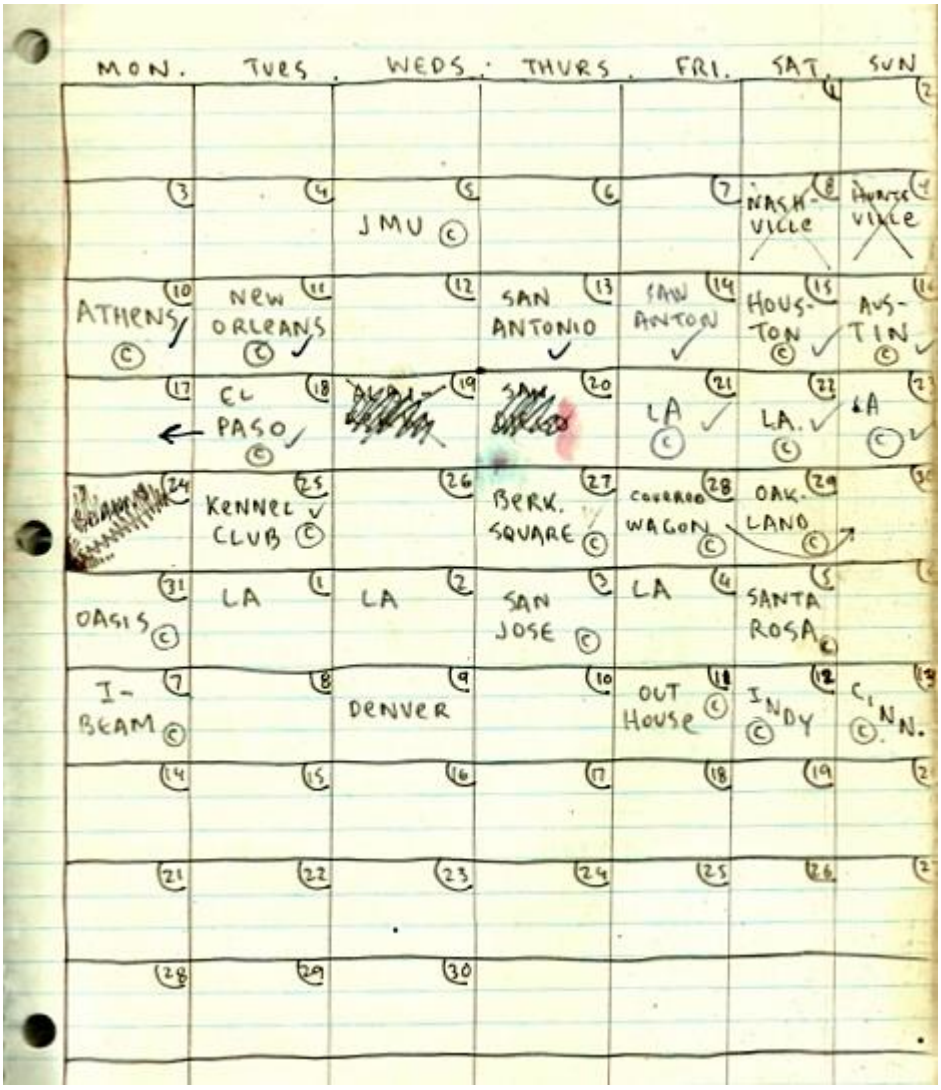
— ∮∮∮ —

It's hard to believe that it has been four months since we lost Cory that cold morning in North Dakota. What was undoubtedly the worst day of my life has in my memory become a dull smudge of pain that all-too-frequently flares up into a not-so-dull one. Yeah, it still sucks, and it always will, and I can only imagine how much worse it is for Jaime. But there are good things happening and I am going to concentrate on that stuff.

The Smoot Family Fund now has its own FB page–check it out! I'd like this site to be a place where Cory's friends, family, and fans can go to read stories, look at photos and hear the music of the man himself…maybe his daughter will use it one day to show off how cool her

Dad was to her friends. People can upload their own photos and memories of our beloved Smooty as well. There are a lot of Flattus tattoos out there.

I just want to thank everybody involved for all the support. It's been unreal, and very humbling. I am looking forward to getting out there and wrapping up the tour we started with Cory but couldn't finish with him. Give everybody a chance to say goodbye Flattus and Cory one last time. They'll both be there, in spirit.




OBJ

Check out this page from my original tour diary, circa 1988. This was the original lap top, called a "notebook." It couldn't play movies, and you couldn't use it to lie about yourself on the internet, but it had a few advantages over today's classroom standard: it never ran out of batteries, had instant file retrieval, and only cost 1.99!

Holy shit! We are turning 50 today. 50 episodes spewed out semi-regularly over what? Two years? I need to turn up the heat on this thing, for fuck's sake we are only at just now reaching 1989. Looks like it is going to take the rest of my life to finish telling this story.

A couple quick observations and comments as to how we got here…

In the two years since we started this thing a whole bunch has happened. Sometimes it feels weird to be reporting so much on stuff that happened 25 years ago when so much is happening now. But hell, that's what Twitter is for! And while we are at it, let's get me up to 15,000 followers!

Looking back over the work so far, I realize the events have in some cases gotten a little confused. I've reported on things that are still in the future (like Lee Beato and losing Rocks for instance) and forgotten things that weren't in the past. I think. But with the help of Bob Gorman and his amazing GWAR timeline, and my stack of old "lap-tops", I think I have got it under control, and will attempt to sort it out in future episodes.

I am pretty stoked I have stuck with this as long as I have, and happy I have not pissed off too many ex-band mates or girlfriends so far. Maybe I should try harder? Naw…I love all of my GWAR brothers and sisters, old and new…there are far too many sordid stories about me to tell about myself to spend TOO MUCH time humiliating my co-workers. The aim of this work is not to embarrass anyone, it's to get some laughs, and the best way to do that is keep them at my expense. For some weird reason I often value the friendship and support of people I suspect of despising me. Anybody who hung in there with GWAR hung in there through some insane shit…and I am grateful for anything anyone ever did for GWAR, whether they hate my guts or not. That kind of useless drama doesn't even enter into my thought process any more. I mean, I can honestly say I wouldn't hang out with most of the people I work with, and that may be true for you as well. But the idea of GWAR is so awesome that it binds together people of very disparate backgrounds, and forces them to work together to serve the common good…after all these years I still really enjoy that.

Last year really sucked. But for all the meaningless horror of it, despite Kodar getting beaten to death with a baseball bat, or my old buddy Mindbeast finally losing his long fight with cancer, despite the tremendous professional and personal loss we have suffered, somehow, inside my head, I am in a better place than I have been in years, and feel like I finally have full control of my life. Somehow this group of people that I do my best to lead went through just about the toughest thing you CAN go through and not only came through it, but did it

with respect, reverence, and class. I can't say how proud I am of them and how honored I am to continue working with them.

I guess the best thing about my life is that I'm not lying unconscious next to my bed, about to die of a drug overdose. That's right, at one point in the darkest of my days it had gotten that bad for me. I did so many different drugs that I was high enough to think I should do MORE. The only thing that saved me was the noise I made falling out of bed, alerting my equally fucked-up but not quite as unconscious drug-buddy. Yeah, I probably would have died if they hadn't been there to call the ambulance. But I am happy to say that even in the midst of my room being filled with EMT's and cops, even with me shuddering with cold and the effects of the Narcon that was in the process of saving my life, even with me being unable to answer ANY questions about what the fuck was going on, or what I had taken, or ANYTHING really, I still would not consent into letting the attendant cops search my house. In fact I was told later my exact words were:

"All of you cops get the fuck out of my house!"

But that was enough. I started going to NA. And though I am not a 12-stepper, I got a lot of good stuff out of the program, and still go to the occasional meeting. I can't not enjoy beer, and I love weed. I can party and control myself. Yeah, I know, I know…but the one thing I know is that hard drugs are out of my life and it's been long enough now that think I made it through my jungle, and met my old self on the other side. The one that wasn't on his way to an early grave. The one that has to finish this book, and that painting, and a whole new album. This guy. I like him a whole lot better.

We all have triumphed over death. Somehow this group of people that I do my best to lead went through just about the toughest thing you CAN go through and not only came through it but did it but somehow became stronger, better people. We took the hardest shot death has given us yet, but GWAR will live.

After all of that, I don't feel much like writing the next episode. That's a lot of heavy shit and now I feel all mushy inside. But don't worry! The next episode will be chock full of the asinine depravity and idiotic antics you have come to expect out of me. We'll be back in two weeks with: life after tour, the cover of Flipside and our first national TV appearance, Black Donna, Mind Control Monthly, inappropriate gifting, and our quest to find a musical home for our next album, which would history would know as…

# “THE SCUMDOGS OF THE UNIVERSE”

ALL THIS AND MORE IN THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF
“GWAR, Me, and the On-Rushing Grip of Death”
HAIL SMOOTY!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 51

*We had successfully made it around the entire country without the bus suffering any major blow-outs or any of us killing each other, but my older brother Landrew was entering the final stages of his long struggle with AIDS.*

MARCH 30, 2012; 2:03 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

We are getting close to the big premiere of my new TV show, "Holliston", on FEARnet. The brainchild of horror director Adam Green (*Frozen*, *Hatchet*) and Joe Lynch (*Wrong Turn 2*), this show is, quite simply, a sitcom for horror movie nerds and people who love metal dudes who dress in ridiculous costumes! Check it out on Direct TV or the web or however the fuck you are supposed to do it. Here: go here.

But we are not here to watch TV, we are here to read more ridiculous stories about the world's hardest-working band: the mighty GWAR. So let's be on it!

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 51: "My Homo-Brother is Dying of AIDS"

We had done it! We had successfully made it around the entire country without the bus suffering any major blow-outs or any of us killing each other. The clubs had been far from packed, but we had some good shows and there was definitely a developing interest in the band. The biggest proof of this was a huge article in the then-very-influential *Flipside Magazine*, featuring a great shot of Slymenstra on the cover, fist in the air, blood streaming down her thighs. There was a long in-character interview with the whole band, and whoever wrote it used those annoying Mac-emoticons (computers were pretty neat back then!), so

nobody could tell who the hell was saying what. In the same issue we were voted “best show” and “worst new band” of 1988. With the exception of having to leave SlaveOne in a Navy stockade, we had come through all right. It was a chance to catch our breath and take stock of the situation, and I split to the D.C. area for a weekend with my brother and Mom and the new dog Higgins, and hopefully some late-night Advanced Squad Leader games with my best friend Dr. Skull. But it was getting tougher to both be either present or away from there for too long.

My older brother Landrew was entering the final stages of his long struggle with AIDS. The symptoms would come and go but they were always nasty. My brother suffered from shingles especially. The pain meds were heavy, but I never touched his medicine. At that point I was still terrified of that shit. Besides that he needed every bit he could get. The shingles would form into big patches of sores and scabs that itched and ached him woefully. When they formed on his back he couldn’t lay down flat for days. It was fucking horrible. He’d lost a ton a weight and was becoming more and more bed-ridden.

Then, suddenly, he’d get better. He’s be back to his usual bossy yet indolent self, indulging in all manners of yummies I would get for him at the local mall that now occupied the ground that, as child-soldiers, we had once ruled. He would laugh and drink a glass of wine, smoke a joint, and sit in the sun. If I was lucky I was home for these times. If he was lucky I would work out in the yard.

It would only last a week or two and then he would get worse again. Then he started having to go to the hospital–sometimes for days. Then he’d get better, and come home again. So we still had every reason to think that it was possible a cure or treatment could be found before the illness claimed his life–as it had claimed the life of every single person thus infected so far. To fight the disease, and dull it’s pain, Landrew was on a wild concoction of drugs…the beginnings of the famous “cocktails” used to slow the disease down. I’d sit there and watch him take pill after pill. He had survived years with the disease so far, and I wasn’t going to let him down–I wasn’t going to give up hope that somehow Landrew could be saved.

But slowly at first, and then with alarming regularity, his friends had started dying. Landrew had lived all over the country in the diaspora that was his life after high school. His lovers and friends were scattered coast-to-coast. And one by one they began to get sick and die. My Mom would tell me all the details over the phone and I would listen in stunned silence as people I had known for years started dropping like flies. At first Landrew had spent time taking care of them, but it wasn’t until the disease made it hard for him to take care of himself that he had to move back home, to that room where he had used to come as a child–

the only sanctuary he had against the relentless teasing and abuse that drove him from school. Over the next few years Landrew had lost pretty much every gay friend and lover he had ever had. They had been doctors and drunks, bell-ringers and book-shop owners. All of them were great people, kind, generous, full of spirit and life. Their deaths seemed so cruel and their lives so useless. It made me want to cram as much life as possible into whatever time I had.

To cope with my brother's impending death, I made myself believe that with Landrew it was somehow going to be different. He hadn't come home to die, he had come home to get better. They were going to find a cure or at least a way of slowing this thing down. He would just have to fight it out until then. But he wasn't going to be alone in his struggle. Landrew had made good friends with many of the GWAR people, and his best friend was Kathy Duck, who had been my girlfriend in high school and the early D.C. punk days (which were actually still going on at the time). And of course he had my Mom. I did my best to get up to Northern Virginia at least once a month, bringing Landrew pot to help him work up his appetite.

It was a bittersweet feeling for my Mom, I am sure, who was delighted to have someone to share the house but would have given her own life in an instant if she could have somehow altered the circumstances that dictated the situation. For my Mom it was the final acknowledgement of the crummy cards life had dealt her, and if it hadn't been for my brother's illness I am sure the depression that finally consumed her would have struck much earlier.

It hadn't been an easy road for my Mom. She had lived through a horrible war, then lost her boyfriend in the King David Hotel bombing in Palestine. Thoroughly fed-up, she had met my Dad and moved to Canada, leaving her entire life behind. After that there was a series of no less than FIVE miscarriages, and each one must have been a devastating experience for her. Then came years of my Father's infidelity. My Mom was a very intelligent woman and was well aware he had been dorking his secretary for years. She'd put up with his cheating ways until Landrew and I were out of the house, then hired a private detective. When she had enough evidence (he had dumped his secretary and moved on to another, younger woman) she had him served with it, and the out-of-court settlement was both quickly rendered and substantial. Dad hadn't been around much since. Mom was looking at the prospect of living the rest of her days alone in that house, and unless my brother had moved in she might not done that very long…the prospect of Landrew's death had given her a new lease on life.

We were beset with the forces of death, but for that fragile moment the family was still together. I would get Sexy or Sleazy to take me to the old Greyhound Station and take the bus to Springfield. There my Mom would be waiting for me in the new Cierra she had treated herself to after the divorce–that I would go on to drunkenly wreck years after her death. We'd drive along and yak it up until we came to the house, where Landrew would either be up or down depending on how he felt. If it was a good day he was dressed and active and might even come to the table to eat dinner. But usually we'd bring him his food in bed, and sometimes I would sit in there with him until he would fall asleep. Then I'd go hang out with my Mom and we would gape at the wonders of cable TV. Higgins would sniff around until I walked him, or Dr. Skull would come by and we would play ridiculously complicated hexboard wargames that would cover the entire living room table. This was my refuge from the stress of running the rest of my life, this was the home of my youth, complete with a mom, a brother, and even a dog. I'd lived there forever and thought we always would, but it was beginning to dawn on me that things were changing fast.

Back in Richmond the guys were getting ready for whatever came next. It seemed obvious that we needed to get back on the road as soon as possible and play as many gigs as we could.

Wild Bill from Indy was still trying to get us to sign a management deal but it was looking like Jiz from San Francisco was a lot more useful. Wild Bill hadn't really got us any good gigs on the last tour, Jiz had delivered tons. A strange war had developed between them to try and develop their influence over me. They both started giving me presents. While we were in SF, Liz had given me just about every Slayer shirt ever, plus a pair of rad sneakers. The shirts were courtesy of the folks at Winterland merch, where Jiz was in the process of getting us our first merchandise deal. Wild Bill, sensing doom, pathetically countered with a new bathrobe and some barbecue sauce. Of course the guys didn't appreciate it too much as I strutted about the Slave-Pit, wearing my new bathrobe, sneakers, and several of the Slayer shirts at once, yammering on about how great I was.

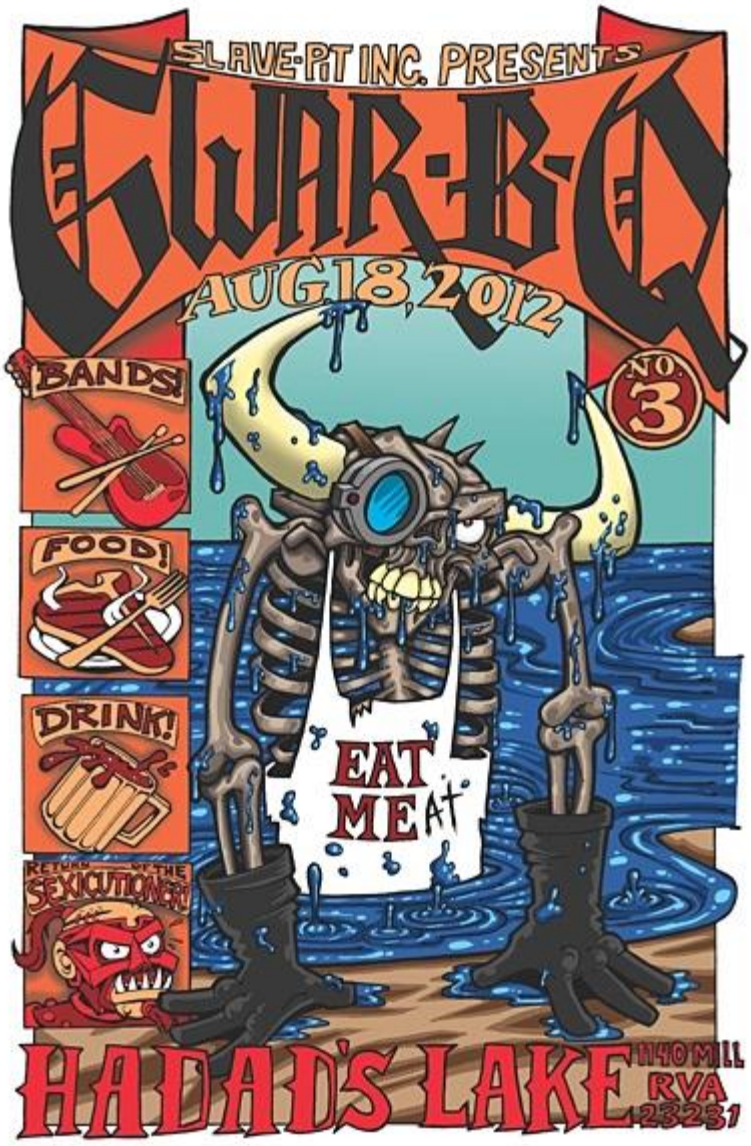
**NEXT TIME! AS USUAL, WHAT I SAID I WAS GOING TO WRITE ABOUT LAST TIME!**

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 51 (cont.)

*It's back! GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death continues down GWAR's memory lane. In this episode GWAR's offered a record contract from Road Runner, but are they interested? Plus details on this year's GWAR-B-Q*

JUNE 4, 2012; 4:28 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

I'm finally getting back to battlespeed after some well-spent time off–well spent lolling on my couch, sitting on the porch, and then retiring to my bedchamber after an exhausting day. Occasionally I would rise from my torpor, fire off a few nasty tweets, and then go back to sleep. But were we completely idle? HELL YES I was, while other people did all the work. And when I finally reappeared from behind a pile of garbage, amidst an explosion of smelly socks and dusted rocks, they told me about THIS! Check out the latest dispatch from the bowels of the Slave Pit, your source of underground debauchery for over 25 years!




Ring Dog Rescue and Slave Pit Inc are proud to present the sickest slaughter-fest of summer, set for Saturday August 18th at Hadad's Lake in Richmond (1140 Mill Road).

After months of paperwork, hoop-jumping, and making the appropriate sacrifices, today the Slave Pit is pleased to announce that the GWAR-B-Q is 100% completely legal, confirmed, and set for August 18th at Hadad's Lake–the location we had planned on using last year. As you may recall, last year's GWAR-B-Q was switched from Hadad's to the National Theater because of problems getting the correct permits. Even though the event was still completely awesome most people seemed to agree that, generally speaking, GWAR-B-Q's should be held outdoors.

“All the proper arrangements have been made in triplicate and the proper demonic sponsorships attained,” said GWAR spokes-thing Oderus Urungus. “It’s going to be a stinking hot, beer, and beef-smeared metallic murderfest of unprecedented debauchery…the most splat-tac-cular GWAR-B-Q!”

This marks the third consecutive year for the growing festival, and like last year, GWAR will headline the event. As Best Friends Day, the hugely popular Richmond music fest, is taking this summer off, the GWAR-B-Q is set to be the hugest heavy music event of the Richmond summer scene. Bands will be spread across two stages and feature such acts as The Casualties, GHOUL, Valient Thorr, Occultist, Lionize, Highness, Antietam 1862, MUTWAWA, and Black Naked Wings.

There will also be Spew-O-Lympics, numerous food vendors, endless streams of golden nectar, pools to cool your fevered sunburn, and much much more, including the return of the Sexecutioner to the GWAR stage for the first time in twelve years. Sexy has completed a lengthy sabbatical beneath the catacombs of Paris with his good friend, Prince Ray Pierre, better known as “Frenchy” the demon of France. His return to the rock stage provides the promise of attaining unprecedented levels of naughtiness.

Added Oderus, “I can’t tell you how ecstatic I am to once again be engaging in acts of necro-bestial delight with my old buddy, The Sexecutioner. Well actually, I can. I am ecstatic I am to once again be engaging in acts of necro-bestial delight with my old buddy, The Sexecutioner.”

Some of the proceeds from the event will go to benefit Richmond’s Ring Dog Rescue.

And there you have it! So let’s get back to the real reason I am here…and bust into the latest installment of…

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 51 (cont.): "The Last One Just Kinda Stopped and Didn't Tell the Whole Story So We Are Not Going to Give This One a Name"

But Wild Bill and Jiz were not the only professionals that were interested in GWAR. As my contact list grew, more and more people who worked at record companies were appearing on it. The deal with "Shitty-dick",[1] was a one-off, which meant we could do whatever we wanted with the next album. The songs that would lead to*Scumdogs of the Universe* were beginning to take shape in the dungeon of the Slave Pit (actually it was a walk-up) and we began to think about a new musical home for our band.

We were as surprised as anyone at the buzz we had going but needed to follow it up with a strong showing ASAP. We felt more confident about our line-up and abilities so we went into writing the record in a completely different way than we did *Hell-O.Hell-O* had been our documentation of the first few years of the art school metal band GWAR and reflected the looseness of the concept and the different ideas of the many musicians who had passed through the band in the "dim time."

*Scumdogs* was designed to be more challenging for us as musicians. We realized that this beast we had created had a lot more life to it than we thought but was in danger of being dismissed as joke unless we did something about it. Metal had become extremely horrible for a while, with glam bands being the most nauseating symptom of just how awful it had gotten. Luckily this phase of metal didn't last too long, though its impact is undeniable. In fact, it's common knowledge that glam-rockers overuse of hair spray burned a hole in the ozone, hastening GWAR's birth unto this world. At least they were good for something!

This period of mediocrity was chafing to many in the metal scene, but truth be told, it's hard to hate a glam-rocker for long. I mean, they really put a lot effort into how they look, and there is a certain amount of pride there that is admirable. But I still want to knee them in the crotch.

For me, it had been all about the hardcore ever since I had experienced my first slam pit at one of the first Minor Threat shows in 1980 or so. Maybe it was the furious pace of the music that drove its evolution, and within a couple of years of hardcore's inception there was speed-core and metal-core and thrash-core and surf-core until finally it started to become bore-core. So in a sense the same discontent that was filling the metal scene with a glossy malaise was also driving the hardcore scene into new places. Metal bands like Slayer, Celtic Frost, and Metallica were beginning their rise, and in the hardcore scene, Black Flag was twisting their entire being and changing what hardcore and punk was all about. The arrival of punk rock had changed everything. The entire world of rock and roll had been reborn, and the fertile loam that was the lead-up to the end of the century beckoned to us with the promise of unknown delight and high adventure.

Our second album was our chance to stake our claim in this new country, and we set about writing it amidst the blood-red walls of the Slave Pit, at the corner Laurel and Broad.

But we didn't feel like we wanted to sign a multi-album contract just yet. We felt strongly that if we put out a strong musical effort and had a successful US tour to support it we would be in a much better position to negotiate. I already had my first contact with "the industry:" on our swing through L.A. Finch had introduced me to her friend, Mr. Chinese Chicken, named so because his lisp made it very hard for him to say "Chinese Chicken Salad." Because the main thing that labels do is take you out to eat, we would always get him to take us to Chinese places and make him order that for us. Chinese Chicken worked for Enigma Records and had produced some big albums, including one of WASP's good ones.[2] He made us our first offer, a three-record deal for a modest amount of money. We politely demurred, though the wheels were in motion to bring in Chinese Chicken (also known as Ron Goudie) as producer on our next album.

Right around then I got a call from Road Runner. They, along with Metal Blade, were my favorite metal labels, so I was all ears. I got on the horn with the Big Guy, and he invited me up to New York to see the offices in Manhattan and grab some lunch. Before we hung up, the Big Guy let me know they were very interested in signing us to a multi-album deal. In return I told him we were very excited about the offer, but we were looking for a more one-off kinda thing to build the band some more before we made such a commitment. We decided to continue the conversation in New York, and before you knew it I was winging my way to New York, cabbing across town, and sitting down to lunch in a swanky Midtown eatery.

We had a pleasant feed where I managed to chug five beers before we adjourned to the Big Guy's very impressive facility. Occupying about half a floor of a skyscraper in New York, his office had a 50th floor view–considerably different than the racial-beatings I witnessed nightly. As his assistant brought coffee, we had the same conversation we had on the phone earlier. Then we had it again. For some reason the Big Guy didn't seem to understand what I was saying. We only wanted to do a one-off, just one record in order to build the band and test the waters.

"But here's the contract…" he said, producing one from his desk. I believe it was for seven records.

"Mmmm, yes. But as I said, we are just looking for a one-off."

At this point the Big Guy called his assistant back into the office. We had the same conversation again, this time in front of the assistant. Still I was un-moved. I think we did this for like another twenty minutes or so. Finally it started to sink in. I wasn't going to sign the contract, though I did promise to read it when I got home. The Big Guy excused himself, and I went back home to tell the guys.

A couple of days later I got a call from the Big Guys assistant to see if I had changed my mind about the deal. I said no and never heard from them again.

Well, that was kind of anti-climactic! At least I got this thing up and running again. Let's see if I am really back or if this is just another one of my half-assed attempts…we will know in two weeks!

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1. As we referred to our first record company, Shimmydisc. We had already developed a deep loathing for anyone who was trying to help us. ↩
2. Actually, I am not sure if there such a thing as a good WASP album, but it was at least one of their most successful ones. ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 52

*An Oderus is born!*

JUNE 29, 2012; 7:02 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

Brockie prepares to hawk a loog.

We are happy to announce to the world that little Corie Smoot is amongst us! That perfect little creature (beneath the horrid large one), the daughter of our brother the late and great

Cory Smoot and his lovely wife Jaime, is at this moment crawling the Earth in her endless quest for milk! I should know, she kept trying to suck my tit! Even babies hit on me.

I can't tell you how much we appreciate all the love and support you sent and continue to send to her and her Mom–she's a perfectly healthy little baby girl, and Mom is doing great too. Cory would have been very happy and relieved that she looks more like Jaime. Her face is kinda Cory from mid-nose up and Jaime from that spot down. Flattus Minimus lives!

Every baby needs a new pair of shoes…remember that when trying to decide whether you should get that box of Oreo "Cakesters" or contribute to the Smoot Family Fund…

OK, let's get with the program!

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 52: An Oderus is born

It was during the period after *Hell-o* that we took our first steps towards establishing the characters that have lasted ever since. Above is an early sketchbook rendering of how I envisioned Oderus in 1989. If you look at that crude-ass drawing I scribbled some twenty years ago, you see pretty much the same Oderus as you see today–but it took a few years to get there. Also, I have no idea what the word “celastil” means, unless it was a lame attempt at spelling “celestial,” which it probably was. The drawing is certainly less than celestial,

marking an early (and crude) attempt at establishing Oderus' look as he came out of his "big floppy head" years.

My friend Ignatius the hat-maker made the "big floppy head" for me out of leather. At that point we hadn't learned that any material we used on the costumes had to be as water-proof as possible. The floppy head soon was a sodden, rotting mess. Every show it got drenched with sweat, plus we would fill it up with noodle bags (baggies filled with melted egg-noodles and food dye). They were a pain in the ass to make but made for a good brain-eating scene. The bags would pop and coat the inside of the floppy head which would then start to rot. It was obvious a latex solution was needed.

Sleazy and Chuckles powered much of this latex change-over, and slowly latex and molds took over from cloth and glue. Gone were the endless electric knives we used to carve foam, or the hot-wire contraption we would use on hard foam (the kind that emitted cyanide gas when cut with the hot wire). Clay forms and molds were the order of the day. Of course Muscle blew us all away with his mold-making skills, and we did our best to ape him.

These were the days of throwing down, of chugging "glugs" and smoking "wizzie," of listening to Iggy or Slayer or whoever was playing across the street that night. And these throwdowns led to the genesis that took the old hockey-pads and cloth-and-glue look of the costumes to a whole new level. Having some of the best young artists in town around me didn't hurt either. So we set about imprinting Oderus hoping he would have a real connection with the fans and therefore a lasting relevance. And the first thing I needed to do was make his visual image powerful and unique.

Oderus started simply. I wanted him to remind people of the devil, plain and simple, and the devil in that very medieval, monastery-wall way. Another big part of his look came from a 1950s movie I was crazy about called *Mark of the Demon* (or *Curse of the Demon* depending whether you got the European or American cut). It's a great film about a sorcerer that kills his victims by summoning a horrible demon. The sorcerer lets the demon know who to kill by putting a slip of runes in the intended victim's pocket. Well, the hero gets the drop on the sorcerer and manages to slip the runes into his potential murderer's pocket, which brings the demon who claws out his chest. The face of the demon is super intense—a slobbering, steaming, pig-horned hellion from which I gladly lifted the look for Oderus' face.

The original Oderus was just a suit of straps with fiberglass spikes all over them. Techno had made them as a part of the very first set of suits. There was a fake-fur codpiece and that was about it. A little later Techno carved up the famous "Kaiser-pads," and we attached them to the straps, and the basic look was born. As my construction skills slowly grew, I started buffing out the costume, adding the big three-toed feet (identical so I wouldn't have to make two molds) then the shin and knee-guards. Of course I made them poorly and usually the stuff would fall apart after a show or two.

But with introduction of the five-gallon buckets of latex (which we ordered fromCanal Rubber Supply Company in N.Y.), we finally had access to the product at a reasonable price. For years we had been buying one-gallon containers of the shit at the Art Market (or "Art-Mark-Up" as we called it) and cutting it with water endlessly. Now we could make really big things and really go crazy on the costumes. In quick succession Oderus got his devil-faced shin-pads, his spiked wristbands, and his rubber clawed hands. Those in particular took a long time to learn how to make and it wasn't until we actually made a mold of my hand that we were able to make a good pair.

The "big-floppy head" went into storage, and Oderus became a pig-lord. I can't quite remember if I had the cock first or if it was ProtoSlave–I think it was him and I built mine out of jealousy. By then there were a bunch of dicks and asses hanging out. As a final flourish I added the fish-net stockings of Frank N. Furter, but rolled them down over my

butt. That was it! That's Oderus! And I have done him that way ever since. It's just now the costume is, like, a million times heavier.

So after a brief time spent repairing and re-building, we began to prepare for the biggest year yet. Right off the bat we were headed to Mardi-Gras again, and this time we were gonna get custom t-shirts made. But much to our dismay the shirts came back with the words "Party-GWAR" instead of "Mardi-Gras" on them. But a mere printing snafu wasn't going to stop GWAR. The little red light on my answering machine kept going off, and, increasingly, the messages I was getting were good. Everybody wanted us to come trash their club!

After our little "Party-GWAR" jaunt was over, we began booking our second coast-to-coast tour, and this one was going to dwarf the first one. I think it was the first tour that ever had a name, "Death Tour", and it was called that with good reason…because doing such a tour would kill most people.

A big stop on the Death Tour was at the upcoming New Music Seminar. Yes, that's right, the same New Music Seminar they used to have in New York every year. It was a pretty big deal, like the SXSW of its day. We were supposed to have played it the year before but got cancelled because of some bullshit bill…this year we were invited back for a headlining show at the Rapp Arts Center with our buddies Blitzspeer. To make matters even more interesting a bunch of labels were calling, and one day MTV rang up. Kurt Loder wanted to interview GWAR at the Seminar.

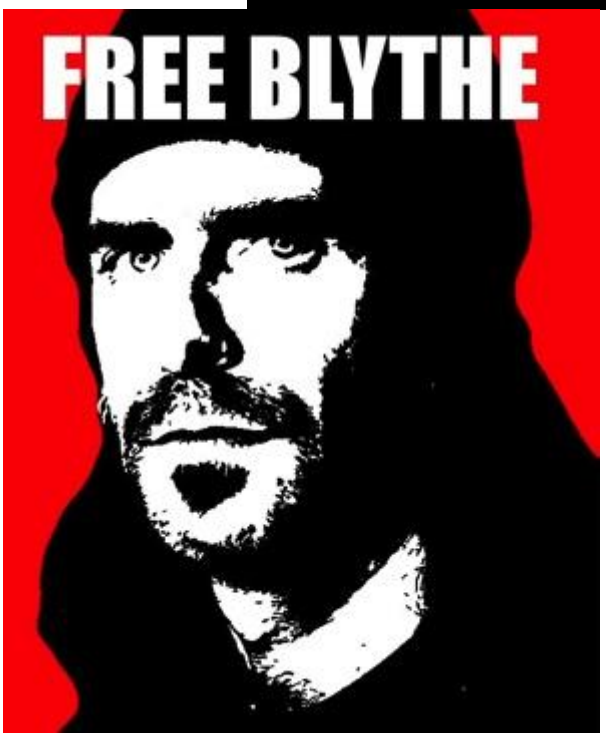
I was gonna get so much pussy!

NEXT: Things get dirty as I describe random sex-acts!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 53

*Oderus Urungus speaks out on Randy Blythe's imprisonment, plus details on this summer's GWAR-B-Q.*

JULY 17, 2012; 10:39 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE




Free Randy Blythe!

As I write this Lamb of God lead singer and escaped GWAR Slave, Randy Blythe, is still locked up in the Czech Republic. For those of us who wish to do whatever we can to assist and support Randy, be sure to attend **the rally on August 31st at the Canal Club**, hosted by yours truly, the beautiful-yet-brutal Evil Eve, and a host of awesome bands–all TBA. Proceeds will go tothe Randy Blythe Defense Fund.

It truly is a tragedy that a young man lost his life in such a pointless manner, but to compound the misery with the unjust incarceration of Randy is vindictive as hell and reeks of vendetta and shakedown. The Czech Republic is a member of the EU and underwent a major overhaul of their judicial system eight years ago in order to get in. It's just bizarre that the band was unaware of this situation, were invited to play a show in the country, and then were met at the airport by the local equivalent of SWAT–who were by all accounts less than cordial. Overkill and deception were the tools used to entrap Randy, and he has been locked up in what looks like a fucking medieval dungeon ever since.

To think that at any moment any member of any band could be arrested and charged with such a serious crime in the wake of what was obviously a terrible accident casts a long shadow across the lives of many people. The denial of Randy's $200,000 bail has created a maddening situation for everyone that loves Randy, and the lives of his family members and bandmates have been plunged into chaos. It truly seems like the authorities have one king-sized boner for our homeboy, and it's difficult to make any sense out of the matter–so Oderus is here to mouth off about it!

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Oderus in slave pit studios, recording a Randy-rant for his weekly segment on "Full Metal Jackie"

"Hey kids, it's Oderus, ready to mouth off about things we all hate, while filling your head with ideas of chaos and woe, hatred and horror…and tons of laughs! Now, to catch-up—here it is, mid-July, and Randy Blythe, escaped GWAR slave and lead singer of the metal band Lamb of God, is still languishing in a Czech prison where he is supposedly learning Mongolian from his cellmate. "Shaky Slave," as he is referred to around the dungeon, was arrested before the band's show in Prague on the charge of manslaughter. It is alleged that he somehow caused the death of a fan (who was, by all accounts, acting like a complete idiot) during a show in Prague two years ago. GWAR has taken an interest in Randy's case– because nobody punishes one of our Slaves without GWAR's permission!

First thing I did was go to Europe to try and bust him out of jail, but once I got there I found my way blocked by giant mounds of chocolate, delicious cheeses, and kegs of delicious beer all piled up on a road lined by bars full of legal weed and gorgeous hookers…I didn't get any further.

So after failing in my first attempt to rescue this rascal, I am calling on the metal community to support Randy, in his hour of need…and I don't care if you think he is a dick! He is one of my slaves and I want him back, so we must mobilize metalheads worldwide to demand these ridiculous charges against Randy be dropped. But how, Oderus? I don't know! Get creative! Annoy your congressman with an endless string of emails and letters. Stand outside his

office and yell at the building…or you cansign the poorly-drafted petition to President Obama demanding Randy's release…hmmm what else? Oh, I just remembered! Most of the strippers in the US seem to come from the Czech Republic, so I don't know…maybe don't tip them so well?

However useless these actions may seem, there is a point and the point is this: ummm…oh yeah…the continuing detainment of Randy is unfair, unjust, uncool, and it's up to us to voice our outrage in the loudest manner possible. And if there is one thing the metal community is good at it is making loud noises. And now that noise is…FREE RANDY BLYTHE!"

At that point Oderus received an important communiqué from Sleazy P. Martini, listened intently, and then stuck the headset up his butt. After getting the rest of the message via carrier pigeon, he continued:

"And don't forget the sickest slaughterfest of the summer, on August 18th at Hadad's Lake, the **2012 GWAR-B-Q**–featuring GWAR, Strike Anywhere, The Casualties, GHOUL, Valient Thorr, and many, many more. Get all the latest atwww.GWARBQ.com or on our Facebook page."

Thanks Oderus. Can you take that axe out of my head now? You can leave the dick in my ass. Because it's time for the lead-in to the latest episode of…

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 53: This is Another One of Those Episodes Where I Talk More About What is Happening Now Than What Was Happening Then

From left to right, Joe Lynch, Adam Green, Corri English, Laura Ortiz, and You-Know-Who…

*What is wrong with this picture? Beautiful, attractive, talented, Hollywood star-quality material, and a bunch of stinky humans. But seriously fucks, here's Oderus with the cast of Holliston at San Diego Comic-Con 2012. The FEARnet horror-sitcom thingie was recently rewarded with a second season, and Oderus was there to blather on about it. Moments later, he was in a mop closet with his dick hanging out and a miniature cleaning lady inserted in his bunghole…*

Holy shit. What a weekend.

It was both infinitely horrible and supremely satisfying, often at the same time. It all started about six months ago when we got offered a chance to play at a small festival in Guelph, Canada that just happened to be the same weekend I was flying out to the San Diego Comic Con to do a bunch of promo for my FEARnet show, Holliston. I had a feeling it was trying to do too much, but ended up caving to pressure. All that would be required of me would be flying thousands of miles with a million-pound costume bag in tow; getting dressed in various mop closets; having to get back into street clothes and cleaned of GWAR-goo in the aforementioned mop-closets for various meetings, parties, and photo shoots; then somehow catching a 6:30 AM flight back to Guelph, Canada for a show with RAWG (the world's only non-costume GWAR tribute band); and then somehow talking my way back into the USA despite the fact that I had my lost resident alien card and had been trying to replace it for the last three years!

Everything was going splendidly as I bathed in the gurgling, geeked-out grandeur of what is the world's biggest nerd-fest. Highlights included a great panel with my Holliston castmates (minus Dee Snider, who had a previous engagement squeezing the pus out of Donald Trump's infected goiter), hanging out with the lovely "Miss Katonic" to help her promote her new comic series (which features guest stars GWAR doing a variety of nasty things), and running into my old buddy Jason Miller, former singer of the band Godhead. He's brilliantly transformed himself from a creepy-yet-polite goth rocker, whose band used to open for Marilyn Manson (we called him "Niceferatu"), into a kind of "dark country" singer. Basically he just put on a cowboy hat and boots and laid off the corpse paint and eye-liner. He was always a talented motherfucker, and apparently his new style is working well–well enough to get him on a Randy Travis tour (whoever that is). He's also making money doing voice over work, and is featured as one of the bosses in the new Warcraft video game. In short, he's making way more money than me and working way less. Damn him!

Everything was going well. I had finished all of my Con duties and was ready to catch an early-AM flight when suddenly I woke up in my hotel room projectile-vomiting a hideous combo of Jägerbombs and half-digested crab cakes. Stricken with the worst case of food-poisoning I've ever had, I stumbled about the room, arms flailing, chunks flying, desperately trying to locate the bathroom light-switch as I continued to coat the walls and furnishings with stinking swaths of reeking tummy-goo.

Plunged into an abyss of suffering, I realized with horror that I had a plane to catch. Dragging myself and my bulging costume bag to the lobby, I somehow managed to make it to the airport only to discover my flight had left an hour ago. World spinning, I drop my new Kindle Fire, cracking the screen. What followed was an all-day odyssey of rebooked flights

and barely-made connections which somehow led to my still-heaving form being delivered directly to the stage in Guelph–just in time to make the set…and somehow manage to deliver a good one. Mission accomplished…or so I thought. Because when we finally got home on Sunday night a final surprise awaited me. The airline had no idea where my luggage was, and I'm not talking about some socks and toiletries, I'm talking about my entire Oderus costume. As I write this, I know that somewhere out there in this vast world Oderus lurks inside an oversized hockey bag ready to animate and strangle the life out of whatever baggage handler was responsible for this colossal fuckup. Maybe if the bag hadn't been crusted in puke they might have taken better care of it.

In two weeks—the chapter I meant to write this week!

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death : Part 54

*The latest episode of the GWAR diaries takes a moment to talk details about the upcoming GWAR-B-Q, and then takes us back to 1989 when the band had a nerve-wracking time crossing the Canadian border...*

JULY 30, 2012; 10:05 AM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

# GWAR-B-Q 2012 IS GETTING CLOSER EVERYDAY—SPECIAL “MEAT AND BEAT” TICKETS GOING FAST—OH, AND BROCKIE HAS ANOTHER EPISODE READY

Some of the excellent food vendors that will be on hand to service your gaping mouth-holes

In what is shaping up to be the most amazing social event in the history of the human race, the Slave Pit has released their official “commercial” not only to promote the event, but to assure their warped followers that no effort is being spared to make this the greatest GWAR-B-Q ever! Shot on location and also in their top-secret studio facility, the commercial was directed by long-time GWAR slave Davis Bradley and is available for viewing at your number one source for all GWAR-B-Q information: www.gwarbq.com

In case you didn’t know already, Ring Dog Rescue and Slave Pit Inc. are proud to present the 2012 GWAR-B-Q, being held Aug. 18th at Hadad’s Water Park in lovely Richmond, VA! Tickets are available online at www.gwarbq.com or you can pick up physical tickets at Plan 9 Records in Carytown or Vinyl Conflict Records in Oregon Hill.

We are down to our very last few “meat and beat” tickets, so snatch them up quickly—here’s the final running order, as best as we can tell at this point:

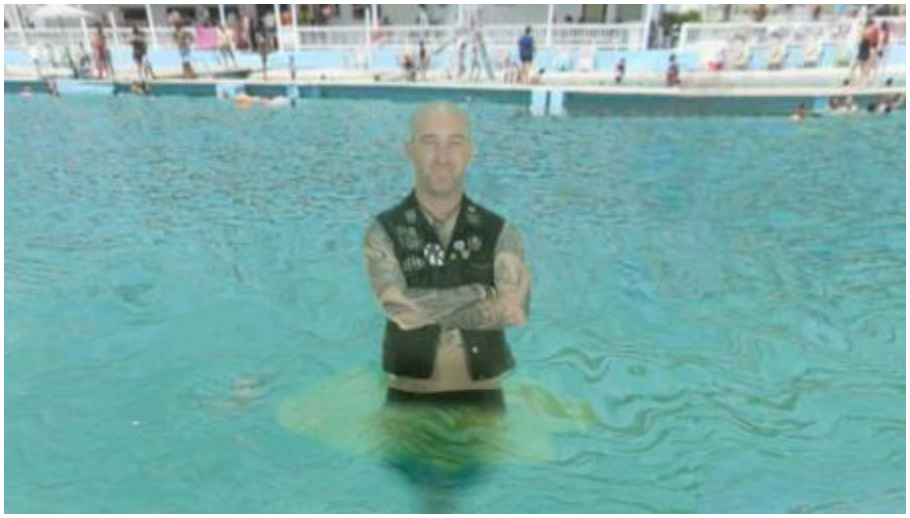
# SET TIMES FOR GWAR-B-Q 2012 GATE OPENS: 11:00 AM

Gate opens: 11:00 AM

# SET TIME • BAND STAGE • SET LENGTH

11:30 AM – 11:50 AM • Black Naked Wing • 2nd • 20 mins
11:50 AM- 12:10 PM • The Burial Man • Main • 20 mins
12:10 PM – 12:30 PM • Mutawa • 2nd • 20 mins
12:30 PM – 12:50 PM • Antietam 1862 • Main • 20 mins
12:50 PM – 1:10 PM • Highness • 2nd • 20 mins
1:10 PM – 1:40 PM • Lionize • Main • 30 mins
1:40 PM – 2:05 PM • Lost Tribe • 2nd • 25 mins
2:05 PM – 2:35PM • Ghoul • Main • 30 mins
2:35 PM – 3:00 PM • Occultist • 2nd • 25 mins
3:00 PM – 3:45 PM • Strike Anywhere • Main • 45 mins
3:45 PM – 4:15 PM • Murderess • 2nd • 30 mins
4:15 PM – 5:00 PM • The Casualties • Main • 45 mins
5:00 PM – 5:45PM • Valient Thorr • 2nd • 45 mins
5:45 PM – 6:45 PM • GWAR • Main • 60 mins

One of the days premiere events is GWAR’s special “Meat and Beat” session, which is available to any worthless mortal who can shell out enough for the premium ticket and will start at 1:00 PM! Said humans will be allowed to bathe in the presence of their undead overlords, the mighty GWAR. That’s right, the entire band as well as the Sexecutioner, Sleazy P. Martini, Bonesnapper the Cave-Troll, and Sawborg Destructo will be available for signing stuff, taking pictures, vomiting on you, *etc.* in a special “Meat and Beat” session that will last just as long as it takes to kill every single one of you! But that’s not all! One of those lucky humans will be picked (using super-secret “picking” technology) to actually appear on stage with GWAR and get slaughtered by them in front of their drunken friends. And if that human just happens to be a female(s) with giant boobs, then so be it!



Member of Lost Tribe does his part in keeping bathroom lines manageable…

Throughout the day raffles will be held for awesome products like snowboards from Capita, skate decks from Sined, signed band merchandise, and much, much more! The raffle tickets will be sold at the GWAR merch tent. Winners will be announced from the main stage by a variety of infamous weirdos (like members of GWAR, the local music and art community, and visiting Cyborgs). Winners to the raffles will be announced at 2:35. 3:45, and 5:00 from the main stage.

Every year the GWAR-B-Q holds the "Spew-O-Lympics", and in this year's Olympiad it seems more appropriate than ever to pit our fans against each other in a display of skills ranging from the drunken to the sublime. This year the "Spew-O-Lympics" will consist of three events. The first event, "The Rope Swing" will be open to everyone and will be judged by longtime GWARtist and man inside of GOR GOR, Scott Krahl.

The top ten competitors in event one will move on to the "Pillow Launch", another judged event where competitors will be launched into the air by a celebrity jumper, hopefully a really fat person!

The top five high scorers from event two will move on to the final event—the "Race of Death!" The competitors will race head-to-head, carrying eggs while being showered in spew from GWAR's hideous biledriver. The top two will go head-to-head for the gold in the GWAR-B-Q version of the "Sperm 'n Slide"!!! Then and only then the winner may claim their prize, which is going to amazing, we just haven't figured out what it will be quite yet. Maybe free tickets to next years GWAR-B-Q? Because there IS gonna be one!

1:30 PM – 2:30 PM • 1st EVENT: ROPE SWING
3:00 PM • 2nd EVENT: PILLOW LAUNCH
4:00 PM • 3rd EVENT: EGG RACE/SPERM & SLIDE

But that's not all! We just found out that Red Bull is bringing a half pipe to the GWAR-B-Q!!! So feel free to bring your deck and break your neck, you WILL be signing a release form.

But enough with the free publicity! Set the time travel machine for Jan. 1989, and get ready for another episode of…

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# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH EPISODE 54

## "Anally Violated by a Dead Dog"

I was reading one of those "tell-all" rock star books and realized how similar they all are, usually being rambling narratives of the said rock star's booze and coke bloated debaucheries. I really don't want my sordid tale to read like all the other sordid tales, but hey, us rock stars are a shallow lot, by and large. But I am fairly confident it will be not do so because:

A) I was always way too low-budget to have a coke problem, and…
B) I can actually write my own story.

Not to say that this WON'T be a meandering missive of my alcoholic adventures, it most certainly will be!

1988 had ended and as 1989 began our biggest tour ever was coming together quickly. The first tour, though poorly attended at times (all times), had done much to spread the word of the smelly barbarian band from Richmond, VA, and the country was full of people promising themselves that next time GWAR was around, they would not miss the band that had covered their friends in fake blood from head-to–toe. Reports of ruined furniture and kidnapped girlfriends added to the mystique. The band dressed up like monsters and at one point the lead singer had a dead-dog rammed up his butt. The legend was growing! The

dead-dog butt-rape scene was always both a joy and a terror to perform. The original dead dog, Pookie by name, was fashioned from hard foam and covered in cloth and glue strips. The snout was…stout.

The scene involved an enraged Techno engaging a listless Oderus in a bout of combat hot, after which the victorious cyborg took his horny revenge by raping Oderus up the butt with a dead dog. There was no way to really fake it, he just placed the snout between my ass-cheeks and mimicked the action. I clenched my butt and clamped my hole, and hoped that a variety of things didn't occur, like for instance some slam-crazed kid didn't run into him from behind, forcing said dog-snout into my Hershey highway. I don't care what you may think about me from my lyrics, but I DO NOT like having things rammed up my butt, so I lived in fear of pseudo-necro-bestial-anal-penetration.

One particularly greasy night, I think maybe Sleazy was mad at me (someone was ALWAYS mad at me) because the fake fuck horribly became a real one. To any fan in the crowd, or even to Sleazy, it was just a typical dog-rape scene, but for me that hideous moment when my butthole opened told me that two inches of fake dead-dog snout had been shoved into my poo-chute. It didn't feel good, but it was a job. Not that GWAR was a paying gig in those early days. We were no longer collecting dues from grumbling employees, but didn't make enough to pay anybody much of anything either. There was only one way to do that and that was to get out on the road and play shows, and 1989 would prove to be the busiest year for touring thus far.

Calls were coming in from all sections of the country, and even some from my long-abandoned homeland, Canada. In the first part of the year, we went on a week and a half tour that included some shows in "America's Hat" where we encountered the joy of crossing a border with a gaggle of mutants for the first time. I am not sure what the border guards thought of us as we rolled up to the checkpoint. The Golden Battle Barge was covered from end-to-end with graffiti and the people within were coated in filth. Back then we rarely got hotel rooms and we were lucky if the clubs had a shower. We would get used to the smell (as the costumes were piled up in the back of the bus in a sodden heap), but we would forget that everybody else wasn't.

The "smell" syndrome of GWAR continues to this day. I think we are the only band in rock and roll history that has its own unique stench, one that is as recognizable as a rose, only completely disgusting. It's a combo of latex, leather, and body funk and it continues to haunt me to this day. I was recently asked to leave a green room at Sirius because I was "making the place stink". A year or two back I did the "Opie and Anthony Show" a couple

times…the first time at the beginning of the tour when the costume didn't smell so horrible, and the second time after three months of touring when it did. I smelled so bad I think one of the guys was actually MAD at me. Did I mention that was the last time I was on the show?

Of course not washing after a GWAR performance meant that anything you got on you during the show was still there, and these substances could be any of a number of things ranging from fake blood to real dog vomit. A quick rinse would take care of this, but scrubbing away the make-up we smeared around our eyes took a little more care and skill. If you used just regular soap it was inevitable that it was going to go into your eye, so you just tried to minimize the contact and therefore the pain as much as possible. Finally we figured out that baby oil took it off pretty much with one swipe. But we would run out of baby oil, and forget to get more, and then have these dark circles around our eyes that of course we would forget were there. When you combined that with the smell and the blood-spattered clothing we were always wearing (which often was emblazoned with the grotesque or obscene imagery of the bands we liked), we stood out like a sore thumb. [1]

On one of those first Canada crossings they made us all get off the bus and come sit for hours in a bleak holding area. The novelty of crossing a border was wearing off quickly as we realized these guys had a real boner for American bands coming to their otherwise unspoiled country. A couple other groups of musicians were being waylaid as well, and one of the guys was sobbing in pain, holding his butt cheeks and trying to stick his ass-crack in the water fountain. From inside we could see them going through everybody's stuff but we weren't worried. I had told everybody to throw away (do) their drugs and weapons, and I was reasonably confident they had done so. We inspected the bus thoroughly for any forgotten roaches, and felt we were in good shape, but when the cops came back their manner had grown even surlier. We were separated and interrogated for hours as they grilled us over any prior criminal charges any of us might have had. Failing to produce anything like that led them to their next option—a strip search and cavity inspection!

Now it wasn't a flash-light in the teeth bend your booty over and spread your ass cheeks wide kinda cavity search, but they checked out my junk and everybody else's. I took a certain amusement in watching the cop examine my underwear, as he found nothing but dick-lint and the occasional tick. We put our clothes back on and went into yet another room, a small one we were all piled into. After waiting about an hour or four, one of the officers strode into the room, triumphantly holding aloft a large bag full of white powder.

"Who does this belong to?" the cop boomed, far too loud.

As one, we all turned and looked at Rox, our drummer. If anyone in the band had a huge bag of blow, it was him. But Rox, ever the cucumber, just stared at the floor. We all turned back to the officer with uncomprehending stares. There was a LOT of coke in that bag, but as I looked at it more closely it seemed very grainy. It certainly didn't look like any cocaine I had ever seen…at any rate the cops disappeared once again, and a few minutes later came back and told us that we were free to go.
We were on our way, and for the first time, GWAR was going international! "Death Tour 89"had begun!

O.K. kiddies, see ya in two weeks as I give you the sickest shit from the biggest tour we had done up until that point. We will be back with "Death Tour, 89". Until them, hydrate!

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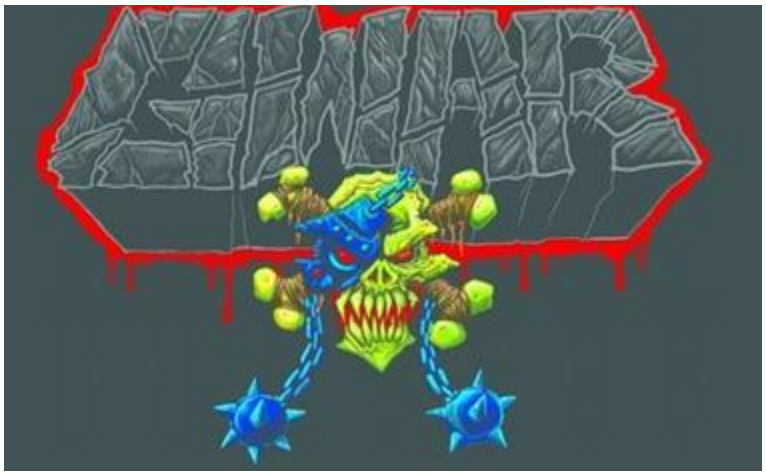
# FOOTNOTES

Why the hell does "sore thumb" lend itself to standing out? I mean, if I had a sore thumb I don't think anyone would notice, much less say it stood-out. ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 55

*GWAR finds a new drummer and readies itself (and their Battle Barge) for a new East Coast tour.*

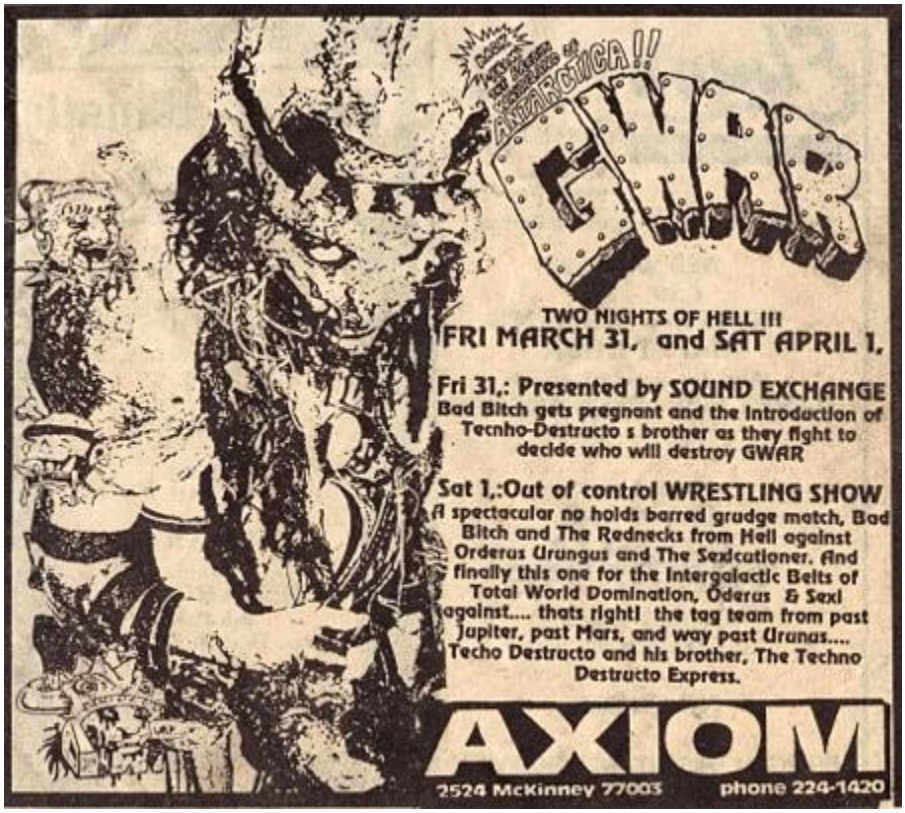
AUGUST 10, 2012; 12:30 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE



WELCOME HOME RANDY! Now, let's travel back in time some twenty years ago, when we were young, dumb, and full of cum, and getting ready to get out the door on our second coast-to-coast tour! Yes, it's time for another...

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 55: Death Tour ’89 (Part One)


ANTARCTICA!!
GWAR
TWO NIGHTS OF HELL !!!
FRI MARCH 31, and SAT APRIL 1,
Fri 31,: Presented by SOUND EXCHANGE
Bad Bitch gets pregnant and the introduction of Tecnho-Destracto s brother as they fight to decide who will destroy GWAR
Sat 1,:Out of control WRESTLING SHOW
A spectacular no holds barred grudge match, Bad Bitch and The Rednecks from Hell against Orderas Urangus and The Sexicationer. And finally this one for the Intergalactic Belts of Total World Domination, Oderas & Sexi against.... thats right! the tag team from past Jupiter, past Mars, and way past Uranus.... Techo Destracto and his brother, The Techno Destracto Express.
AXIOM
2524 McKinney 77003
phone 224-1420

Flyer from our two-show stint in Houston, which also happened to be the first two shows of the so-called “Death Tour”, circa 1989.

So Lee Beato had gone crazy and Rox had finally lost his job after cracking Sleazy with a beer bottle. Rox was always so much fun. I can remember so many fun things we did together–like shooting at highway signs with his Saturday night special while driving down the road in the middle of the night, hanging out of the open front door of the battle-barge (our school-bus tour vehicle). Or the time I caught him and J.J., yet another one of our potentially disastrous early pseudo-managers, shooting up in stairwell in the Bowery. Back then downtown Manhattan wasn’t trendy or cool, it was a shithole, so it was two dudes shooting up in a shithole stairwell. Barf! Needles never happened in the world of GWAR, so that was actually shocking to me–and still is. The physical act of shooting up just seems so pathetic and absurd. Of course, this coming from a guy who thinks nothing about hitting a multi-tube water pipe five minutes after he gets out of bed. There is something very pathetic about that as well!

We didn't want any needle users in the band, period. Crack was just starting so that wasn't an issue; I'm pretty sure that I hadn't even SEEN crack at that point of my life–except for the time Thuglas smoked a piece of wallboard and insisted it was crack. Even though it looked like piece of sheetrock he insisted it was "blowing the back of his fucking head off."

Point being after the bottle and the needle incidents, things had finally reached an end with Rox. It wasn't all about drugs or cracking people in the head with bottles after pulling their coats down around their shoulders (which is a great technique). He just wasn't getting the new heavy sounds that bands like Slayer were laying down. I wanted GWAR to go that way, and I was having trouble getting musicians who were good metal players interested in playing in GWAR. The fact that my drummer was stuck in the seventies wasn't helping. Rox was pure punk rock and thought metal was for "pussies."

That was a problem for me in shaping GWAR. They didn't all have to be metal players, but some of them did, and certainly the drummer HAD to have a double-kick. I didn't want GWAR to be a punk-rock band but knew we weren't going to be a pure metal experience either. I remember playing "Reign in Blood" for Rox and receiving a blank expression for my efforts. But he wasn't alone. Dirty hated metal, but had a great guitar sound and enough talent to shape it in any direction he needed to for the band. The Bishop would turn green when I cranked Carcass, but loved Iron Maiden, so there was hope. We all knew GWAR had to be at least partially a metal band so they were willing to go along. It wasn't until much later that The Bishop got sick of it and Dirty actually grew to love metal. But all that is in the future, like episode 90 or so!

In the last year we had gone through two drummers—one had gone crazy and one had been fired. We were all sick of the drama and needed somebody we could count on to do this one tour. Then we would find our ultimate drummer and keep him forever (we actually did that). So I turned to local band buddies The Alter-Natives and their drummer Tommy Gun Thompson who, to this day, is one of my favorite people. Whether he is running a cool label in NYC, or making an art space out of an old prison, or joining some Indian sex-cult, Tommy Gun is always doing something interesting with his life. I'm glad to say we are still good friends.

I met him through the Reston tribe of NOVA[1] folks, but he was from further out in the country where his dad ran an apple farm. He was a Dairy vet and was known locally for his movie-star looks and banana-dick. He totally got laid way more than me, and his girlfriends were always superhot. Tommy Gun was playing in the Alter-Natives but they were on a break or something so he hopped aboard for the Death Tour, which was shaping up fast. By

adding Tommy Gun Thompson I finally was able to enjoy the confidence of the band playing in harmony for a whole tour, even if he was going right to back to The Alter-Natives when it was done. At the time they were one of the most beloved Richmond bands. They were on SST and were about to make a new album. We weren't going to be able hold on to him, even if he was fucking GW. Come to think of it, maybe that was why he agreed to do the tour in the first place! Duh.

The Alter-Natives were always a fascinating band and are one of my all-time favorite live groups, probably because so many hot girls would come to their shows. I probably saw "the Natives", as we called them, more than any other band in my life. At the time they were one of my favorite bands, even with the flute player they had added (much to my horror and voiced displeasure). It was a pretty bold and amazing step to put a flute/sax player in front of a psychedelic-instrumental-hardcore band (think Gone but way more fucked-up). I liked it, but still made fun of them for having a wind-instrument. In fact the GWAR lyric from the song "Uaintshit" was actually directed at them.

> "Where's my fucking axe? — Don't want no shit-playing sax"

Just for the record I didn't write that lyric but I had no problem singing it. Our sense of humor was brutal and the best target for our cruel jokes was often our friends. That shit was lightweight, really.

Dirty and The Bishop liked playing with Tommy Gun. I loved Rox, but was glad he was gone. The only sad apple in the cart was Spewy, who played Flattus. From the first days Flattus was ridiculed by the other GWAR members and musicians, mostly because of Spewy's depressed character and vegetarian lifestyle. Sensing this, The Bishop and I would join together to torment him and his tattoos. His nickname was "Stupid Tiger Leg" because of the tattoo of a stupid tiger on his leg. He used his lethargic misery to get girls to feel sorry for him so he could give them sleep-inducing backrubs and then beat-off next to them. He was also a wicked guitar player and the most metal player of the lot.

But it wasn't just the band that was happy. The artists had produced their most spectacular GWAR show yet with the "Wrestling Show," which we had done a few times already up and down the East Coast. It was GWAR vs. the Techno/Techno Tag Team Express, and we had floor mats and turnbuckles to complete the rude illusion that GWAR was fighting for "The Frank Sinatra Belts of Utter World Domination" against a host of ridiculous opponents. We had extensive choreography and cues, and it was a far cry from the un-tuned chaos of early shows. With Muscles sound-effects, keyed from the house with a midi-keyboard (and that

was some cutting edge shit back then!), the illusion was complete with bells and boos and metallic rending noises. The “Wrestling Show” was our greatest show yet.

Tommy Gun’s GWAR character was known as “Hans Orifice.” Back in the earliest days of GWAR, when Tommy Gun was playing with us and the Alter-Natives, he was known as “Hans Sphincter,, and played with his brother, “Stephan Sphincter”— but were also called “The Orifice Brothers.” In the chaotic world of naming early GWAR characters, it made perfect sense that when Tommy Gun re-joined the band he became “Hans Orifice.” Tommy Gun Thompson had an irrepressible wit and a way of making the most serious subjects seem absolutely ludicrous.

We scrambled to get a costume for him and he rummaged around the old ones until he ended up with a curious combination of what looked like a lightly-armored GWAR character and a sleepy college student. He actually wore long underwear along with his other shit and for some reason it really worked–that is until Tommy Gun realized that he would piss himself every show. He had played in bands for years, but when he went out with us on that tour he started spontaneously pissing himself every time he climbed on the kit. The long underwear was ditched for a pair of “Wilma’s”,[2] and a new GWAR character was born!

We pulled out of Richmond with high hopes and a brand-new grey paint job on the school bus. We had learned the hard way that driving around the country in a yellow school bus covered in graffiti with a huge pair of bull horns on the roof and the word “GWAR” painted above the windshield in bloody red letters was a great way to get pulled over. So our beloved “Golden Battle Barge” became “The Lead Sled,” covered by an unremarkable uniform grey coating with a white roof and black bottom-trim. But a nice paint job wasn’t the only improvement: there were storage bays welded under the bus and nice new foam for all the sleeping compartments (stacked like cordwood atop each other on a central aisle). We still had all the costumes piled up in the back of the bus but increasingly they were stored in boxes, so the stench wasn’t quite as bad. We still had “The Urine Cone” in the front exit well right next to the driver. It was a brine-encrusted contraption whose purpose was all too obvious. Luckily nobody ever took a dump in it!

Whew! I keep thinking I’m going to be writing about this tour but I keep remembering cool stuff that happened before we even started. Well, at least we got the bus crewed and on the road—so in two weeks—GWAR launches itself on a flurry of coast-to-coast shows, breaking hearts and cutting farts! See ya in two weeks!

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1. “NOVA”—Northern Virginia, specifically the suburbs of DC, my childhood and teenage stomping grounds. It was fertile spawning ground for delinquency and many of its more expressive spawn ended up filtering down to Richmond and the VCU art school. ↩
2. Another word for the Slave Pit Dictionary: “Wilma’s” were any sort of furry shorts, usually fun fur stitched onto a pair of regular underwear. We would cut them a little long and then serrate the edge, Fred Flintstone style. ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 56

*The adventure continues with a 1989 trip to Texas and then California. Along the way, we'll learn the origin of "Socky."*

AUGUST 24, 2012; 12:15 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 56: Death Tour '89 Part II

Finally, the bus was all packed up and ready to depart the Slave Pit. It was then that GW let out a scream of rage that cleared the bus. Someone had scrawled "mercy fuck the GWAR slave" on the ceiling of her bunk, right at eye level. One look at Flailo Slave's smirking face told me who the culprit was, but I was too busy laughing to be mad or appreciate how it might have made GW feel. I was, as usual and of course, completely heedless of others' feelings. Slave One rolled his eyes and Muscle lit a cigarette, settling back and enjoying watching the situation develop on the sidewalk. After much cajoling, crying, and hysterical laughter we were all aboard.

After that unfortunate incident, the "Lead Sled" was out the door and down the road, barreling at a whopping 45 miles-per-hour to Houston, Texas, where we opened the show with two performances at the Axiom. It was a decent-sized club and we couldn't believe that

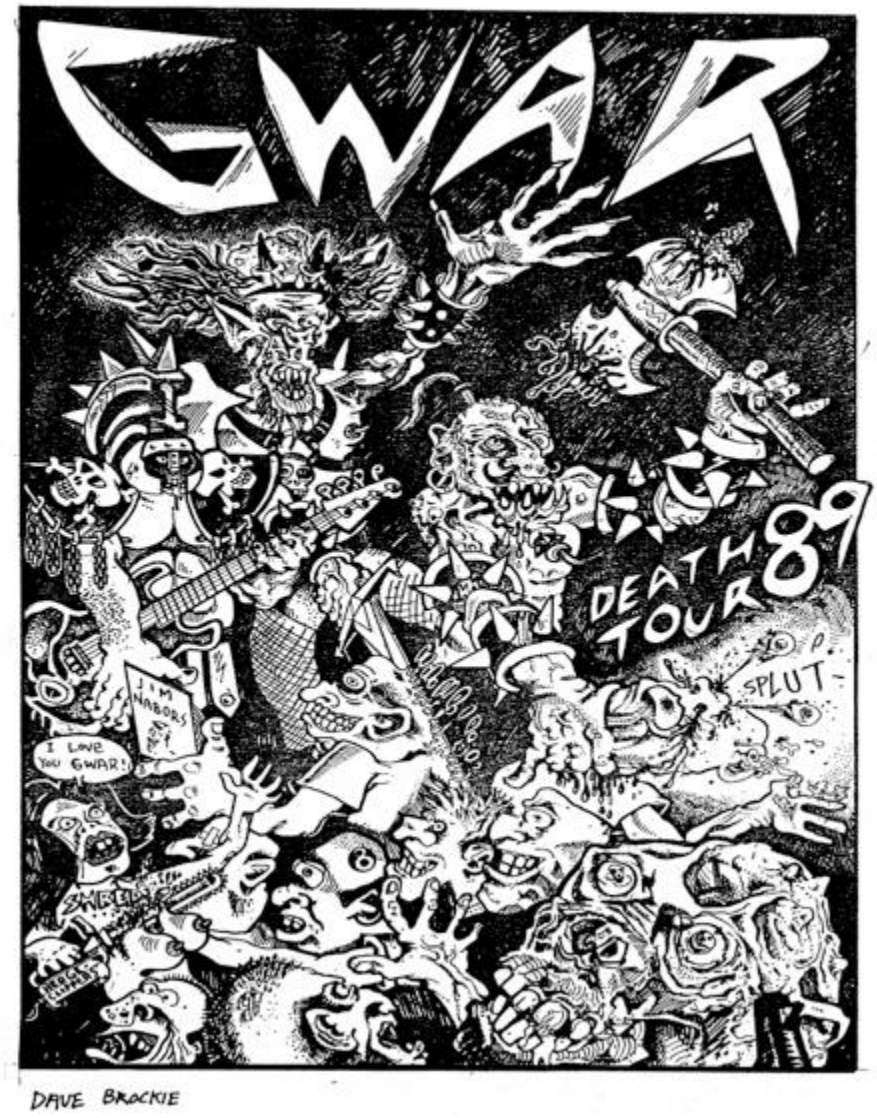
we packed it two nights in a row. There were posters, flyers, gawking fans…they even paid us well at the end of the night. I couldn't believe it! If one thing in particular stood out it was the opening band "Squat Thrust." They played inside a giant plastic bubble in an already sweltering club and its inside was soon dripping with condensation. Finally, they ripped open the plastic and were "birthed" onto the stage. It was pretty awesome!

But what was even more awesome was the amount of gorgeous punk rock babes that came out. I don't know if you have ever noticed, but Texas girls are hot. That combo of Daisy-Dukes, cowboy boots, and punk rock chic made me want to stick my dick inside anything that drawled. In fact it was on this trip that I met Nay-Nay and Frog-Neck, two tough and gorgeous Texas babes that I would be life-long friends with (especially my NAY-NAY!). The aliases are far from appropriate though ("Nay-Nay" was far more likely to say "Yes-yes", and she did, quickly succumbing to Spewy's "back-rub" technique). And Frog-Neck, who I often lost track of over the years, did not have the neck of a frog, she merely had a tattoo of a frog on her neck, and soon after had a puddle of warm jiz on said tattoo.

Then it was up the road to Austin where we played our first show at the Liberty Lunch. Here the timeline introduced earlier gets all fucked up again. I am pretty sure this is the tour where we ran into Gibby and the Butthole Surfers, went out to their ranch in Driftwood, and ran amuck for a couple days. But we couldn't dally long…we had big time West Coast shows and two days to get there. We blazed a trail across the country and unbelievably made it to Long Beach without any major bus malfunction. I was so happy to be back in California with my good buddy Tommy-Gun, and as we pulled up alongside the Pacific Ocean in Venice Beach, I was the first one at the bus door waiting to get out. The lever was pulled, the door opened, and I leapt out, directly into the path of a speeding bike messenger, who flattened me and flew head-over-heels into a bush. Both of us were miraculously unhurt, if slightly groggy, and we wobbled off in opposite directions.

We were playing at the legendary Fenders Ballroom in Long Beach which was quite a step-up for a bunch of Richmond chucklebutts,[1] who had played sparsely-attended club shows the first time through the L.A. area. We couldn't believe it as we watched the line form outside. Besides the Shafer Court shows, which were always huge no matter who was playing, this show was by far the biggest yet. They crammed like 1000 people in there and soon realized they were going to need a barricade. A bunch of tipped-over tables fulfilled that purpose (poorly), and were completely wrecked in the first song. At that point I noticed that the heat was rising dramatically. There was no AC, it was a sunny spring day, and I am pretty sure it was the hottest show we have ever done. There are few things more horrible in life than having to pretend you are an invincible god from outer space when you feel like you

are about to die of heat stroke. Most of the characters could slink off stage and catch their breath (I remember many times looking over and seeing Sleazy sitting backstage reading a newspaper), but the band members were trapped in their buckets[2] and had to tough it out.




So cool! Someone finally sent me a copy of the official "Death Tour 89" poster, the original of which was destroyed in a flood. Notice how there is no room left for other bands, the club we are playing at, or any other info regarding the gig. We still had a lot to learn. Also notice the dude handing Oderus a Jim Nabors record. This was based on a true incident.

The sheer hell of that show can scarcely be described. We are talking Long Beach (which was LA to us East Coast folk), 1989, Fender's Ballroom, barely any security, GWAR in all our youthful glory (with GW looking her best), 100+ stage temperature, and the wildest crowd you can imagine, most of whom had never seen GWAR. We could hear them roaring our name from backstage as we drank beer and tried to not freak out. Jiz and a good part of our

SF friends had come down, including the lovely Forehead-girl, much to the disdain of Finch. She was way too cool to be a bitch to me, but she wasn't going to let me fuck her if I was fucking someone else in the same state. Nevertheless we were surrounded by our new friends, exhorting us on, and we went out there and dove into the set with mad aplomb.

The crowd went absolutely nuts. As soon as the blood hit them they just exploded. And there was such a mix of people that there was no tradition established…the crowd was equal parts punks and skins and weirdos in general, so there was no ritualized mosh-pit, just an avalanche of bodies that wrecked our pathetic barrier in seconds. It was all we could do to control the stage, and without the spewing stumps and dicks, I doubt we could have done it. Waves of heat started rolling off the audience but we grimly held on, hitting our cues and staying the course until we brought the show to it's final climax. It was fucking awesome.

Backstage, we toweled off and looked at each other with sheepish grins. Then we toweled off the sheep. It was going to be a good night. We had just conquered LA, and the promoter rep, Wartney, told us that they had an actual apartment we could stay in. BillyBoy was there with a whole bunch of LSD, which he began dolling out. After loading up the Battle Barge (and me fucking Forehead Girl in the back of her truck), we adjourned back to the apartment. It was then that we discovered the reason it was vacant was because the occupant had just died. She had sat in there for a few days as the cat ate her eyes, so there was an undeniable smell. Things got worse from there. We had so little booze that we strained old drinks through a sock, and gave it to people we didn't like. Thus the GWAR tradition of "Socky" was born.[3]Right around then we got a report that GW had been spotted walking around the parking lot, completely naked. We ran down and swooped her up into a piss-stained comforter. Finally Wartney showed up again, this time not so happy.

He faced the room of drunken, tripping, dirty people and said, with all politeness, "So far today we have had fun. You have seen the good Wartney. But now, it's stopped being fun. People want to go home and go to sleep, and you are causing trouble outside. So shut the fuck up, stay in this room and everything will be fine. If you don't do that, you will be meeting BAD Wartney, and you don't want to meet him. OK?"

It was a convincing speech.

In two weeks–I will be done shooting *Holliston*, and back with another episode of this rambling tome–looks like the "Death Tour" is going to take at least 8 parts!

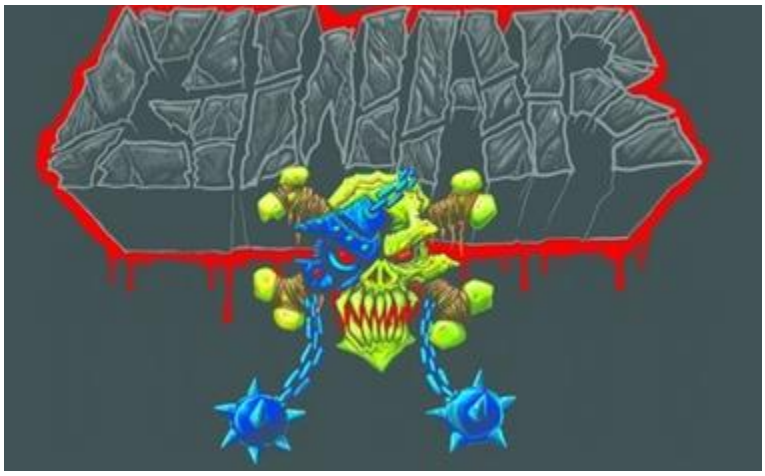
— ∮∮∮ —

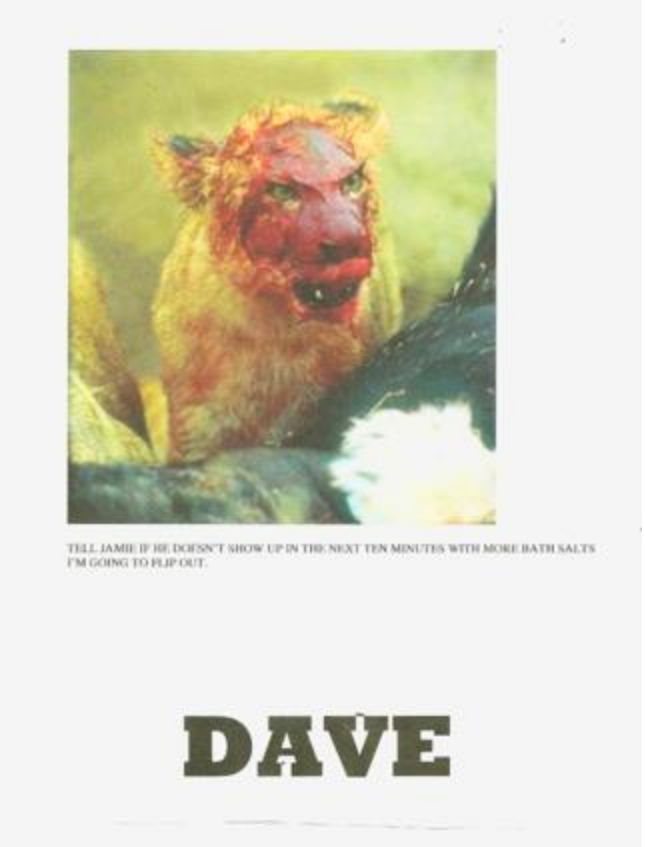
1. This is another Slave Pit word, one that I was never quite sure of the meaning of. It had something to do with being portly and drunk and relaxed at a bar. ↩
2. Any piece of GWAR head gear that completely covers the head. We do leave holes for breathing. ↩
3. Any liquid strained through a dirty sock before drinking ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 57

*The West Coast tour continues, as well as the tales from the filming of the second season of Holliston!*

SEPTEMBER 10, 2012; 1:10 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE






Here's the little thingy the production crew of Holliston made for me so I would know what room to smoke meth in. Slavis made me a brand new costume so I wouldn't stink up the set too bad. There were far too many examples in this season's scripts comparing my odor to that of "a bag of dicks" or a "sack of scrotes." But then I realized I had nothing to disguise the odor of burning meth. So I just shit myself and rubbed poo all over the walls. Problem solved!

Whew, just as our last chapter told the story of our 1989 LA escapades, so does this intro tell the story of my latest adventures in that sickening sprawl of urban mayhem that is the City of Angels. The fact that I am typing this right now is evidence enough that I escaped with my life, but I am not gonna lie…acting is HARD!

Because that's what I was doing! That's right, I was recently back on the set ofHolliston, shooting season two of the FEARnet horror sitcom, feeling like I was about to die. First of all the fact that I was in Hollywood, shooting a sitcom, much less doing it for a second season, freaked me out so hard that I felt like I was going to explode any second. Being on set was like a weird mix of euphoria and a panic attack. I mean, this studio, which used to go by the name "Desilu" if that rings any bells, is where they have shot everything from *I Love Lucy* to

one of the *Underworld*movies. It's a sprawling complex where they often have several productions going at once. Parked in the lot is one of the armored vehicles from *District Nine*, and over there is the bathroom where Kate Beckinsdales perfect ass took a big, greasy shit.

In short, it's the real deal, and you don't want to go in there and fuck-up, which, considering the amount of lines I had, and the lack of effort I had put into learning them, was a real possibility. But I am happy to say that everything went well, except for the almost-dying-part. At one point, racked with exhaustion, I collapsed off a scaffolding, falling directly onto a power main which exploded with enough force to hurl me across the parking lot into a row of always-occupied porta-potties. I guess I fell asleep or something, though I can't understand why I was so tired. Something to do with wearing a 60-lb monster suit underneath blazing hot studio lights for un-ending hours, sometimes having to hold extremely awkward positions through multiple takes, perhaps? At one point they wrapped a rope around my chest and held me in a postion where I could stick my head into a tent and deliver my lines. It was sweaty work, even with the beautiful California-girl production assistant hand-toweling me down between takes.

After I had finished the ten episodes and one Christmas special ("wrapped"as they say in the business), I enjoyed a little job-well-done back-slapping, indulged in some booger-hiding, and then tried to enjoy the obligatory cast and crew circle jerk. Returning to my swanky hotel, I proceeded to curl up in the fecal position (sitting on the toilet yet somehow having your head on the floor) for a solid 36 hours as my body replenished itself (thank god for room service—if I could have had them chew it for me and spit it into my mouth, I would have done so and paid considerably extra if neccesary—this is part of the "Mama Bird" culinary school). I think I had sweat out every last molecule of anything inside of you that you need to enable your body to do anything other than lay in a heap.

It was my birthday, I was in LA, I had just finished a major project, tons of old buddies were blowing me up, but all I wanted to do was sit on the couch, drink beer, and watch every movie that Showtime HD had to offer. So I finally caught up with*The Kings Speech*, *The Big Empty*, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (or whatever they call it, I forgot), and finally that movie where Jennifer Garner and a bunch of random nimrods are somehow flying their "earth-ship" to the center of the planet to nuke the earth's core–of course some kid saves the day by "hacking the net." How the hell did she go from *Boys Don't Cry* to that schlock-fest? Ahhh…the magic of Hollywood.

Fitting, as in our last episode we were just leaving LA as part of our continuing coverage of GWAR's second coast-to-coast tour–so lets get back to:

# GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

## Episode 57: Death Tour '89–Part Three

Here's a little design I did of you-know-who for GWAR's upcoming "Fate or Chaos" North American tour. The art will be printed w/ green, glow-in-the-dark ink on a long-sleeved black shirt, with the arms going down the sleeves. Now everybody can get at least a crude idea of what it is to be Oderus, and as you lope about your house, frightening (or perhaps exciting) your beloved pets, you might get an idea of what it's like to bear the responsibility of being such a tremendous asshole.

We escaped LA and headed for the Bay Area. It was our second time in San Francisco and the buzz had grown ever since we had left our mark on several venues–that meant there was

blood all over the walls wherever we played. We were mostly in graffiti-covered shitholes anyway, and a good douching was what these places needed, of that there was no doubt. So douche we did. In addition to spraying the stage, ceiling, floors, and walls with our food-coloring and water blood, we would also leave cryptic GWAR-scrawl all over the place—cartoons of the characters or various "mojos"[1] were always left in our wake, and we returned to many of these clubs to add to these stains. Places where 50 people had shown up the first time through were filled up this time through.

Omigod! Some celebrity fact-checking has revealed that Rox was still in the band at that time. All that lead-in work I did in the last episode was for nothing. I just can't seem to get Rox out of the band. Yes, the chronology of this piece is a little disjointed at times. I would be nowhere without Gore-man's time-line of all the known GWAR shows. Gore-man has been laboring intensely on "The Dim Time" video and his research and recording has saved much history. One day he'll get out the ultimate GWAR coffee-table book and it will be awesome. But back to the story!

We roared into the Bay Area with slammed shows at clubs like Berkley Square (with Operation Ivy, who were great), Covered Wagon (Jiz's place) and finally the I-Beam. I remember having to walk all the way across town to get to the bus and seeing a few people standing on the corner ahead of me. One of them was that dude from Redd Kross. When they saw my GWAR t-shirt (free shirts are better) they all started talking excitedly about how cool GWAR was. That was a really cool feeling. These guys had no idea I was in the band, and I didn't tell them.

There were lots of stories that night as we broke apart into various groups and spread out across LA. I believe this was the night I first came into contact with the raging horror that was Billy-Boy.

We had first come into contact with the man through a series of letters he sent us which included copies of a intriguingly bizarre fanzine he published…made all the more intriguing by the sheets of blotter acid he would include in the letters. When we finally met I was a little shocked. I had been expecting an average dude, not a 6-foot-4, 250-pound beast with a mane of sun-bleached hair and the perpetual grin of an eternal stoner. Billy Boy won us all over immediately with his combo of reverence towards GWAR, ample supply of good drugs, and pleasant nature. He was the living embodiment of the California maniac: full of life, pumped to the gills on any possible variety of powerful drugs, blonde, tan, and huge. It was useful having such a beast on our side. He immediately became part of the tribe, and after

the show at the I-Beam led us down to the beach beneath the Golden Gate Bridge where we drank a mini-keg of some kind of amazing barley-wine and got intensely hammered.

This was the beginning of a long friendship, but unfortunately, Billy-Boy slipped off the radar after getting arrested in the wake of the LA Riots. He had been providing security for a neighbor's damaged property and got involved in some kind of violent altercation that led to him getting arrested. I was completely bummed and totally surprised. Billy Boy had never, not once, displayed any tendency towards violence. But I have a feeling I will hear from him again. For the next ten years or so, any time we were in LA or SF Billy Boy was also there, always with very naughty things. A complete master of debauchery, he was several years my younger. He always had tons of cash that I guess he made selling drugs. We were impressed!

One of the good things about Billy Boy was that he always came alone. Many a potential friendship has been snuffed out by the ruthless application of a crowd of obnoxious buddies!

Shit…looks like I made my intro too long again. That's OK, I will have more meat in the next one. Looks like "Death Tour" is gonna need a few more episodes. See ya in two weeks.

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1. **Mojo's** –Any GWAR cartoon artwork left on the walls of clubs, shirts of fans, or any other surface we felt like drawing on. We were always leaving mojos. The skull with the eyepatch is probably the most emblematic and consistent mojo we have. ↩

# GWAR, Me, and the On-rushing Grip of Death: Part 58

*Business lessons from our unofficial manager and our first merch deal.*

SEPTEMBER 21, 2012; 3:23 PM • BY DAVE BROCKIE

*Above: a great shot by my old buddy John Durham of our recent show at Riotfest, held every year in Chicago's Humbolt Park. It's always weird playing in direct sunlight–makes me feel like a living Hot-Pocket. Now, on to the meat of the matter!*

## GWAR, ME, AND THE ON-RUSHING GRIP OF DEATH

### Episode 58: Death Tour '89 Part Four[1]

With our new buddy Billy Boy firmly in tow, we were off to do another gig with Operation Ivy at the infamous Gilman Street, a building synonymous with the legendary publication Maximum Rock and Roll. Maximum Rock and Roll was THE punk fanzine, and in its well-packed pages could be found scene reports from all over the country and indeed the rest of the world. Yes, Jiz told me, there were clubs all over the world, and if we kept running amuck in the manner that we currently were, we were bound to get over there.

I was blown away! We could actually go and play shows in Europe? That might actually be happening? Yes, said Jiz, the word was spreading about GWAR internationally. *Hell-o*, our

first album, had been out for a while, and Shimmydisc had distribution in Europe. We started to receive our first international fan-mail, even getting a letter from a Dutch U.N. soldier in the middle of the Srebrenica siege, who basically thanked us for being so cool and hoped to show us around Amsterdam if he got out of there alive.[2] For me the desire to travel had always been at the heart of my being, and it seemed that being in a band was a only way I had a shot to accomplish that. I mean, it was crazy enough that we were headlining at the spiritual heart of the Bay Area punk scene, but to think that we could actually go overseas and do GWAR shows? It blew our pointy little dicks right the fuck off!

The Gilman Street scene always had a reputation as being the closest thing to "politically correct" in the punk scene as you could get: racists, fascists, and assholes in general could count on getting their asses kicked. I wouldn't say I was nervous, but I was certainly interested in how the 300+ crowd was going to react to our decidedly not-correct-in-any-manner sense of humor. But any concerns I had were erased as they reacted like everybody else in the world was reacting. The word was out on GWAR. Everybody there knew what to expect and expected to love it. Hopefully there were some people that hated us too! But even they acted like they loved it, writhing in spew and groveling in slam-tastic delight to the glory of GWAR!

Jello was backstage stealing pizza. He had expressed an interest in getting involved w/ GWAR, and we loved chatting with him and receiving his merciless critiques. But he was into GWAR, of that there was no doubt. When you had guys like him and Gibby Haynes backing you in various drunken backstage conversations across the country, it had to be a good thing. All across the world, the few people that had seen GWAR were trying to explain what GWAR was. Ah, such an innocent time, because there is little doubt people know what we are now!

A lot of these things were happening because of Jiz, our un-official manager at that point. Everybody loved her, and through her running the Covered Wagon, one of San Francisco's best punk venues, she seemed to know just about everybody in the world. I can say that without her help GWAR might have stayed a Richmond art-school joke, I would have continued painting houses, and my life would have sucked. GWAR never would have become the two-time Grammy losing entertainment juggernaut that it continues to be!

She was the biggest part of the rock and roll learning process for me, my rock and roll mentor, and she began my schooling as soon as we became friends. Slowly I was learning my way around record contracts, licensing deals, and most mystifyingly, publishing agreements. All of these things are made to help musicians make a living off of their art, but

they are also made as confusing as possible, so you have to hire lawyers and managers to decipher them. If you hire the WRONG manager or lawyer, they make it even MORE confusing, and it only becomes understandable if you take wagon-loads of money and dump them into a flaming pit in the floor. Once you have given the right people enough money, it becomes crystal clear–right at the point when you realize you have just enough money left over to make the album, pay the studio, lawyers, and manager, and just enough left over to buy the band a 12-pack of beer (Milwaukee's Best Lite Ice).

But right from the start Jiz made it easy to learn. While we were in SF, Jiz took us by Winterland Merchandising, who were interested in GWAR. It was a big warehouse full of activity, and in the central area there were a bunch of artists working on designs. One of the guys had just completed the famous Slayer "Green Demon" shirt, and I marveled at the fact that the image had come from a small (like five inches high) clay model! We loaded up on as much free stuff as we could and took off for Guerneville, the next stop on our journey.

Guerneville was a little riverside resort/arts community tucked into a tangle of valleys about an hour or so north of SF. There was a decent hall there, and for many years after it was a regular stop on any GWAR tour. The terrain of Northern Cali is some of the most beautiful in the world, and as we whiled away the hours before the show splashing in the river, or hanging out in the cool cabin they let us stay in, or letting Billy-Boy squeeze drops of liquid LSD into our eyes, all was right in the world. We had just crushed LA and SF for the second time in six months, and this time, people had actually came!

But what was really amazing was what I had walked out of Winterlands offices with–no, I hadn't stolen somebody's wallet–I had a deal memo…a deal that had several zeroes attached to it. At first I thought it was a typo but no, explained Jiz, Winterland wanted to do our merch and were willing to pay us a lot of money to do it. If we took the deal we would have enough money to actually pay people…to buy road cases, and new amps, and many other essential things we had basically had just done without up until that point. If we could make it back alive, and take this deal, we could set up the Slave Pit like a REAL business, get incorporated, have shareholders, and really have a shot at success (whatever that was). Hell, we thought, we might even have enough to buy the Slave Pit a new bong and jam-box!

Mind alight with the many possibilities ahead of us, I wandered back into the club to check out the opening band. Standing on stage was a man smeared from head-to-toe with what looked like either mud of dogshit. Branches from various trees protruded from his underwear and he held a larger branch in one hand, which he pointed at the audience like a

magic wand. Some fucking horrible pre-recorded track was playing as the dude repeatedly said the words “I am living sculpture…I am living sculpture…”.

Wow! This was going to be even more fun than I thought!

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1. I’ve realized that the “Death Tour” was the name for ALL of the tours we did in 1989, so after this week we can go back to having regular chapter titles again. Whew! ↩
2. Little did I know that was the beginning of a “life-long buddy” class friendship with the The Big E. He survived the siege (8,000 Muslims didn’t). ↩

DAVE BROCKIE IS THE VOICE BEHIND ODERUS URUNGUS, BELLICOSE LEAD SINGER OF GWAR, RICHMOND’S MOST LETHAL EXPORT NEXT TO TOBACCO. CHECK OUT HIS WEBSITE AT WWW.ODERUS.COM AND KEEP UP WITH GWAR ATWWW.GWAR.NET